

# McCALL'S

10¢

MARCH



MARY PICKFORD AS DRAWN FROM LIFE  
By NEYSA McMEIN—See Page One.

ETHEL M. DELL'S NEWEST NOVELETTE In This Issue



**"You're a wonder, Ruth. I can hardly believe you got this beautiful rug for \$16.20."**

A genuine bargain—these beautiful, rich-colored *Gold-Seal* Art-Rugs. They cost much less than woven rugs and carpets—and they're so much easier to clean and care for.

Their charming patterns will amaze you—elaborate Oriental and Chinese designs for the living and dining room—simple, dainty ones for the bedroom—conventional, bright patterns for kitchen and bathroom.

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9 x 12 feet	16.20			

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# Gold Seal CONGOLEUM ART-RUGS

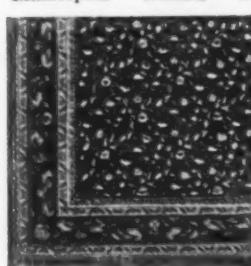
#### *Don't Fail to Look for this Gold Seal*

There is only one genuine Congoleum and that is *Gold-Seal* Congoleum identified by the Gold Seal shown above. This Gold Seal protects you against imitation floor-coverings, and gives you the protection of our money-back guarantee. It is pasted on the face of every genuine *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rug and on every two yards of *Gold-Seal* Congoleum By-the-Yard.

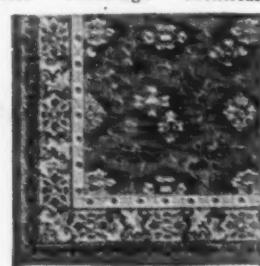
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*Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rug No. 381.*



*Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rug No. 518.*





# Introducing THE POSTER GENIUS of AMERICA

By Alexander Woollcott

Author of "Mrs. Fiske—Her Views on Acting," "Actors and Problems of the Stage," "The Command is Forward," member of Editorial staff of "The Home Sector" and "Stars and Stripes" and now dramatic Editor of *The New York Herald*

SOMETHING of the emergence of Neysa McMein as an artist and a portrait-painter to be reckoned with, has proceeded unobserved and unchronicled, much as a ship can loom suddenly out of a fog. It has taken many onlookers unawares—onlookers who have been distracted from a scrutiny of her work by their amused or annoyed or delighted contemplation of the artist as a person. Just as the full quality of Heifetz's playing might not focus attention completely if he were eight feet tall, so there are plenty of folk in this country who can hardly keep their eyes on the mere work of so glamourous and eventful a lady as Neysa McMein.

Because she has often allowed her pastels to be reproduced by thrifty processes that drain them of half their color and more than half their character; because she will cheerfully draw for a department store, or a soap-maker; because the newspaper reports of her judging beauties at Coney Island, or playing tunes and singing horribly for the wounded soldiers, or opening a new movie house in Toronto, or swimming impromptu in the Marne, aroused suspicions either that she lacks the apocryphal virtue called dignity (which is quite true) or is a schemer for publicity (which is not true at all)—because of all these things it is some-

times too hastily assumed that she can't be a serious and important artist.

"Look at all the things she does!" they say, "—and all the people that swarm and swirl about her. Why, she can't even have time to work."

TO which mystery there is really no explanation, except to say first that she is one of those fated persons to whom, and near whom, the most bizarre and nightmare things are always happening. And to say next that she is also one of those amazing beings for whom the day is forty-eight hours long. When she turns out her light at night, she smiles in the joy that another day is coming and, to gather strength for it, she sleeps the fathomless sleep of one buried deep, deep in warm, protecting sand. Her secret is an insatiable, childlike appetite for life—and for the Neysa McMeins of this world, every night in the year is Christmas Eve. The next day may hold an invitation to go on a specially chartered ship to the Orient or a summons to Boston, where she will be permitted to sit humbly at the side of Sargent's easel. Or the White House may send for her. Any day of hers might have all three excitements, and yet the event that would leave the glow at her heart as she snapped out the light at night would be rather the memory of the coal-truck driver who, jammed in the traffic next her car that afternoon, had leaned over and roared jovially: "Hello, there, Neysa!" He had known her in the A. E. F.

From the day when she first came to New York—Marjorie Moran McMein, of Quincy, Illinois, who docilely changed her name because some seeress had assured her in sibylline accents that it would bring her luck—from the early, pre-war days when her first covers were appearing on the news-stands, the work had its present salient characteristics, honesty and vitality. Each girl of hers was a real girl.

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The Twelve Most Beautiful Women  
in America to be Painted for  
McCall Readers

NEYSA McMEIN, by virtue of her position as the foremost pastel portraitist in the country, has recently caused much discussion by announcing who she considers the dozen most beautiful women in America. For days newspapers all across the country were filled with comment and challenge as to her choice of America's fairest. McCall's, deciding that its readers would enjoy Miss McMein's portraits of these twelve beautiful women of her choice, immediately contracted with her to paint them as covers for McCall's. Miss McMein will paint no full colored covers for any other magazine while she is painting covers for McCall's.

The dozen American beauties selected by McMein follow, the first being Mary Pickford, whose portrait adorns this issue of the magazine:

MARY PICKFORD  
ETHEL BARRYMORE  
MRS. ANGIER B. DUKE  
ALICE JOYCE  
MRS. LYDIA HOYT  
WINIFRED LENIHAN  
IRENE CASTLE  
LADY RIBBLESDALE  
Formerly Mrs. John Jacob Astor  
CHRISTINE NORMAND  
MICHAEL STRANGE  
Mrs. John Barrymore  
DOLORES  
Formerly a Follies girl  
HEBE HUBAN

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A brilliant novel of moving-picture life and a lovely country girl who dreamed of becoming a film star.

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The history of Moses, the great leader and lawgiver of the Hebrews.

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McCall's will not knowingly insert advertisements from other than reliable firms. Any advertisement found to be otherwise should be reported immediately to THE McCALL COMPANY.

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# The Lost Talent in the World

By Gene Stratton-Porter

Famous American author of "Freckles," "The Girl of the Limberlost," etc.

In my progress through this world with what I am pleased to hope is a fairly keen eye for the affairs of nature and of human nature, one of the things that has wrung my heart inexpressibly is the talent coming under my immediate observation which has been lost to the world through the stupidity and the mercenary hearts of parents. A discussion of this subject must of necessity be limited to personal observation, but I have no reason to believe that the part of the world with which I have come in contact is any different in this respect from the remainder. I think the ratio of lost genius will hold about the same the globe around.

Everyone believes in the genius of a world-renowned list of painters, poets, sculptors, authors, scientists and inventors; but many fail to grasp the concrete idea that these bright and shining lights who have performed scientific miracles, who have filled the world with household comforts, who have brightened it with beauty, inspired it with poetry and entranced it with music, all came into the world as little children; the great and overwhelming majority, children in homes that knew nothing of wealth or position, many of them in homes of the very poor.

People easily grasp the vision of the great achievements but they forget the small and humble beginnings; they do not seem to realize that it is quite as possible that the youngster evincing a tendency to make things with his hands, to experiment with water and steam, to draw, to paint, to chisel, or to make music, in his own home, given the proper encouragement and appreciation, might become equally as great as any genius—might even eclipse any work that has been done previously. There is no foundation upon which to base any theory that genius is either declining or exhausted. It may be that we are not fair judges of our own work, that it will take the verdict of posterity to stamp some of the achievements of today as masterpieces in any line; but the prospect that this will come to pass is quite as great today as it ever has been. The only way in which this can happen is for the children who are born into the world with strong predilections in any direction, to be fostered, to be developed along the lines in which they are interested, with self-sacrifice on the part of their parents, with deliberate intention, with religious care.

There have been observant persons who have figured that a great national cataclysm was productive of a race of especially endowed genius. Any outstanding period of national stress during which the minds of the people have been unduly inflamed, have thought deeply, and have aspired to great heights, have suffered severely, has produced strains of genius apparent in children born during that period. Several such waves have swept over this country, a strongly and particularly marked one during and following the Civil War. There was a noticeable flame from the Spanish War. The war just past, the cruellest known in history, that cut the most deeply into the hearts of people, inflaming their imaginations to the uttermost, should be productive of the greatest wave of genius that has ever swept the world. Now



Gene Stratton-Porter

is the time to begin to watch the children born during and at the immediate close of this period. Now is the time to study the little people, to try to select the poets, painters, musicians, writers, scientists and inventors of the coming generation. Now is the time to study your children as parents never have studied children before in the history of the world, to seize upon any tendency which exhibits or presages the inclination to give utilities, culture, beauty and music to the world in the future.

There have been many times in my life when I could have wrung my hands and wept over the stupidity and the mercenary spirit which prevented parents from

developing the genius which they knew existed in their children; but because they were *their* children they were either too selfish or they had not the faith to believe that *their own flesh and blood could produce an artist of marked ability*. There are very few children born into this world who do not come with a predilection in favor of some one certain thing. Once, my sister Florence, in discussing genius in a letter to me, wrote the following paragraph, which seems to me the best exposition of the subject I ever have read:

"Of course the distinction is a fine one, but as I understand it, genius is born in one. A genius is a person born with remarkable aptitude, with natural endowment embodying the possession of high mental powers and faculties. Talent is more the will to do a thing, combined with mental capacity, eminent ability, skill and cleverness."

Granting that this be the case, then genius is sufficiently apparent, even in very small children, that fathers and mothers, watching with the eye of love and discernment, should be able to detect the earmarks.

It has been my painful experience to have had under my immediate observation the loss to the world of a very great cartoonist, a boy of amazing talent, hounded from his home, thrown upon the world, his life lost in an accident which could not have occurred to him had he been kept at home, his ability recognized, his education worked out in the direction of the development of a God-given endowment. I knew one girl, whose parents could have accomplished her musical education, to lose to the world the deepest, highest, mellowest contralto voice I ever heard. I could continue for a sickening number of instances.

If parents want to develop genius properly, they must take it during the impersonal years from birth to adolescence. It must be captured, and started in the groove in which it is to run, while the minds of children are occupied with the beauty of the world, its mystery and its wonders. After the urge of sex is upon them and the necessity for equipping themselves to earn money with which to meet

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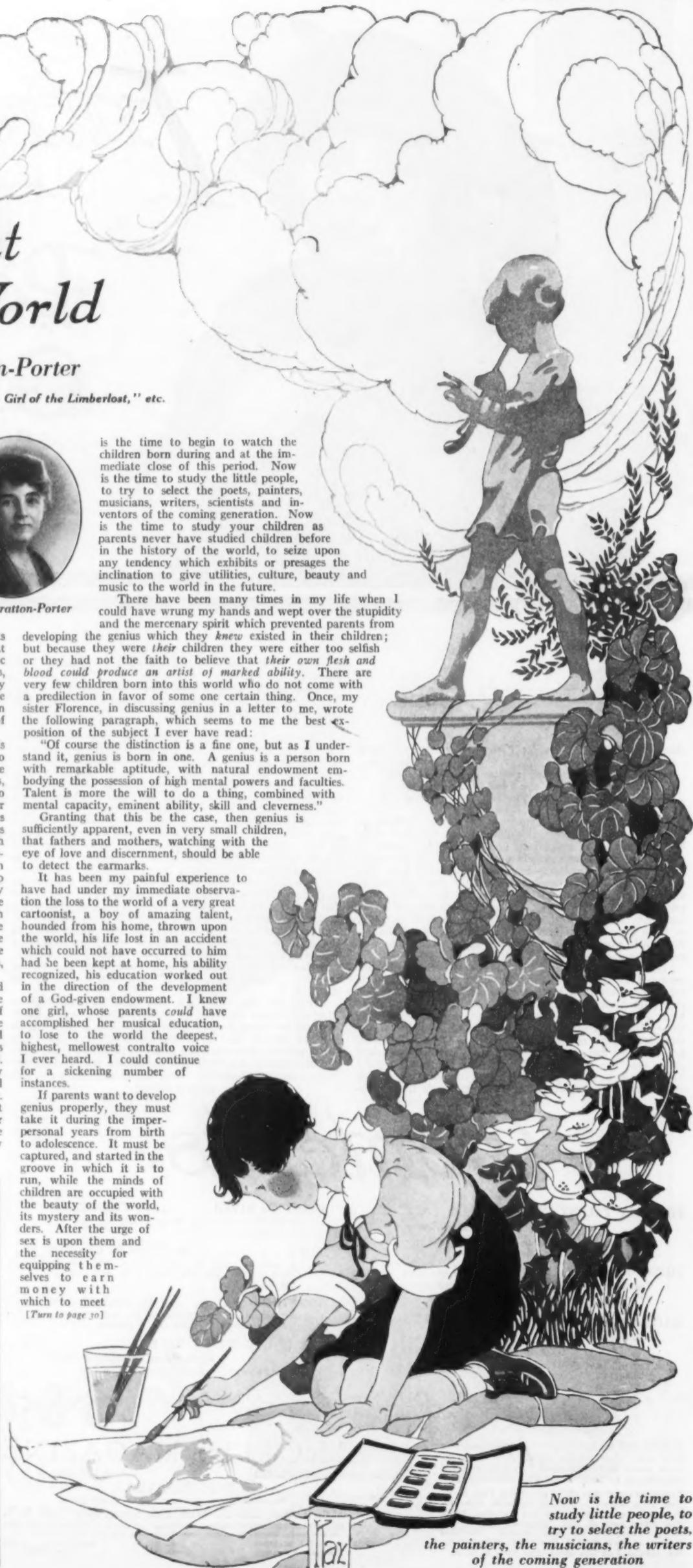
## Will H. Hays Commends Gene Stratton-Porter and McCall's on Their Stand on the Movies

Will H. Hays, President of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc., has just wired the Editor of McCall's as follows:

"I have read Mrs. Gene Stratton-Porter's article in the February issue of McCall's, entitled 'A New Day in Pictures.' I am happy to have seen this helpful statement and I am delighted to know that it will have the wide distribution that McCall's will give it among people who should have the privilege of reading it and who will welcome its sentiments."

(Signed) Will H. Hays

The Editor of McCall's is greatly gratified at this interest taken in the recent article by Gene Stratton-Porter, the famous and greatly beloved novelist who contributes her brilliant articles regularly to this page.



Now is the time to study little people, to try to select the poets, the painters, the musicians, the writers of the coming generation



# On the family breakfast table since 1879

Sit down to breakfast with a steaming-hot dish of Wheatena to start the day! Every spoonful of this old-time favorite, with its nut-brown flavor, invites another.

That's why Wheatena, for nearly a half century, has been the one supreme breakfast food of America—why it is eaten regularly, year in and year out, in thousands upon thousands of homes—by millions of children and grown-ups.

The plump golden grains of finest winter wheat are crushed and roasted to a rich golden brown, which brings the delightful flavor to its fullest perfection.

Children love Wheatena because it "tastes good." Adults of all ages relish its rich, nutty flavor—a flavor that's distinctive—that never grows tiresome—that satisfies, but does not cloy, the appetite.

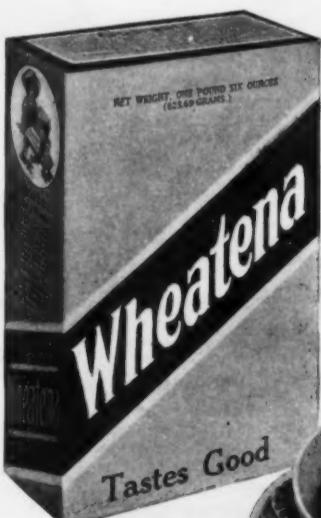
Wheatena contains the whole of the wheat kernel—the vital, life-giving element—the wholesome bran—the nourishing gluten, starch and phosphates—everything needed for building and sustaining a strong, vigorous and healthy body.

Serve Wheatena for breakfast. It's ready for the table in three minutes. Use it also for muffins, cookies and desserts—for thickening soups, chowders and gravies. You'll be delighted with the many delicious ways it may be used in varying your daily menus.

Your grocer has Wheatena, or will get it for you. Served in hotels, restaurants and dining cars.

The Wheatena Company, Wheatenaville, Rahway, New Jersey.

Write at once for a free package of Wheatena—enough for a family breakfast. Also for a book of recipes showing the many delicious and economical ways in which Wheatena may be served.



*Wheatena—  
all wheat, nut-brown and sweet*

# Skin-beauty—the result of simple cleansing

A normal complexion has both beauty and remarkable powers of resistance—if properly cared for.

But *proper* care is a *simple* matter.

Don't rely upon soap for any purely medical purpose. Use soap to keep the skin *clean*—to clean is soap's

only duty, and cleanliness is the only desirable result of its use.

In supplying Ivory Soap for the gentle cleansing of the skin, we are supported, not only by medical authority, but by the results of 44 years of experience in the manufacture of this pure, mild soap, which has been

the safe beauty soap of millions of women.

Ivory Soap has but one purpose—to cleanse safely. It promises no magic except the magic of healthful, refreshing cleanliness. And cost what it may, soap can provide nothing more desirable.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

## IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% PURE IT FLOATS



"You wouldn't have used that soap on your face, would you?" Mrs. Jollyco is asking.

Now, what question! Mrs. Jollyco knows very well that Mrs. Folderol would not use on her face a soap that has ruined that beautiful silk blouse of hers.

But wait!—Perhaps Mrs. Jollyco has a *purpose*!

"Of course not!" replies Mrs. F., indignantly. "It's *much* too strong for *that*!"

"Well," declares Mrs. Jollyco, "silks as delicate as that always seem to me as sensitive to soap as my skin. I wouldn't think of using anything but Ivory Flakes for a blouse like that, my dear, because I've used Ivory on my face for years, and Ivory Flakes is just Ivory Soap—*flaked*."

We said awhile ago that Mr. Jollyco intended to reason with his daughter, Sally, about what he calls her "comic opera soap"—that gorgeous soap she insists upon using. (Our picture shows him *doing it*!)

"Daddy, darling," says Sally, "please don't be mad with me! I must be beautiful!"

"Sally," Mr. Jollyco is going to say when he gets the chance, "I'm not mad with you—I just hoped that my girl would have more common-sense than to think that color and perfume could help *any* soap to make her beautiful. I had a sweetheart who was more beautiful—yes, even than *you*, Sally. She used Ivory Soap, because she knew *it* was *pure*. I still see her use Ivory every day, and she is still beautiful!"

How we wish Mrs. Jollyco could be eavesdropping!

In his wanderings with Ulysses, Bobby spied a cake of Ivory Soap just under the last paragraph of the text above. Knowing that his mother used Ivory for everything, he got a ladder. Ulysses, meanwhile, took a notion to scratch his back on the ladder, with the painful result pictured here.

We can't wait to see how Bobby gets down, but he's pretty sure to keep the Ivory Soap.



23  
*All Lovers of Miss Dell's Stories—And They Number Millions—Will Consider This Novelette One of the Finest She Has Ever Written: It Is a Masterful Study of Human Hearts Caught in a Tremendous Crisis*



*"It was as if we had found one tiny spot of heaven in the midst of hell. We clung together and we weren't afraid"*

## Tommy-Rot

By Ethel M. Dell

### Part One

THE parish nurse dismounted from her bicycle in the pouring rain and stood before the War Memorial on the little village green. It was Saturday morning, and she had plenty of work on hand, but her first duty was always here. She got up a little earlier every Saturday because of it. Tied to her handlebar were three glorious white roses. She propped her bicycle against the old village pump and undid them. All wet and fragrant, she laid them against her cheek. It was part of the ceremony. Nurse Rose always did this.

Then she knelt in her shiny mackintosh on the wet steps of the Memorial and took from the topmost of them a little green jar. The flowers in it were dead. Other dead flowers were scattered all about her. They would be re-

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

membered before the next morning, and they were no concern of hers. None of the names printed on the Memorial concerned her either, only the rugged cross above them—emblem of the greatest Sacrifice of all. She left her roses lying on the step, and took the jar away to wash it at the pump. She did it very thoroughly. Nurse Rose was always thorough. And then she filled it with water and took it back. The rain beat heavily upon her as she knelt once more and arranged the white roses at the foot of the cross. But the sweet face bent over the flowers showed no sign of impatience or discomfort. It was even faintly smiling. The village people loved her

smile. "She never despairs," they said. That also was characteristic of Nurse Rose.

Her task finished, she stood for a few moments with her face upturned to the streaming sky, her eyes lifted above the Roll of Honor which concerned her not at all, to the cross on high. Then with a little sigh, but with the slight smile still on her lips, she turned to go.

THEN she mounted her bicycle and rode away to her work. There was no one about to witness that action of hers, but some time later a man crossed the village green and stopped in front of the Memorial—a young man who limped badly, yet held himself like a soldier. He looked at neither cross nor inscription, only at the little green jar with the three white roses on the topmost



step. Across the green jar were some black letters, stenciled in printed capitals. Standing there, leaning on his stick, he read them. Not that he did not know them by heart, for he had printed them himself in an hour of whimsical generosity. It had pleased Nurse Rose and it had amused him. They both had a sense of humor.

The words were quite simple:

IN MEMORY OF  
TOMMY-ROT

He read them again, standing there in the rain, and then his look went to the roses, white and splendid, emblematic of the woman's heart that had offered them.

He turned away with a grimace that tried to be a smile. "Oh, Nurse," he said, "you and your Tommy-Rot!"

He went back to the little cottage across the green where he had lived with his servant for the past year, where Nurse Rose had ministered to him through hours of physical misery when the old trouble in his leg had broken out afresh. That trouble was over now. He used to tell the doctor that Nurse Rose had cured his leg and broken his heart. And it was true that he loved her with all his soul; and she knew it, but would not listen when he told her.

"I am so sorry, but there is another man," she said, and went her way, refusing all persuasion. For a long time she would not tell him anything of his unknown rival, and then one day he discovered her at the War Memorial with her flowers and the little green jar and leapt to the obvious conclusion.

"Then the other fellow is dead," he said.

She bent her head in answer. "I don't like that word," she said. "It has no meaning for me. Shall we say he has gone on?"

"Oh, but dash it all!" he had protested. "You can't stay single all your life for his sake! Even a widow doesn't do that."

And then she had smiled that sweet smile of hers that made them say she never despaired. "Don't you know," she had said, "that there are a few women in the world for whom there is only one man? I am one of those women, Geoff, and that is why I can't possibly marry you or anyone else. I only knew him for one short night during the Great War, and he was dying then—at least his body was dying—but I knew then, I have known ever since, that he was the one man—the only man in all the world—for me."

And then she had broken down—Nurse Rose, the calm and steadfast, on whom everyone leaned—and had told him

piteously that he must not press her further, for she could not, she could not.

He had not pressed her. He had comforted her, for Geoffrey Wickham was nothing if not chivalrous. But a week later, he had asked himself to tea with her and had humbly begged her to bear with him.

"I swear I won't bother you," he had said. "But won't you confide in me—make me understand? It seems such a wasted sentiment to me, you know. Forgive me, it seems such tommy-rot."

"How odd that you should say that!" said Nurse Rose. "That was the name he gave himself. Yes, I will tell you about him if you like. It was one of those awful nights when we were bombed at Beaucourt. He had been brought in an hour before, a mass of wounds. He had been burnt too—that dreadful liquid fire. And he was in agony, and we were going to give him morphia, when suddenly the firing began, and he wouldn't have it. I needn't try to tell you what we went through. You know."

"I know; hell," said Geoffrey.

"Yes, hell." She caught back a shudder. "There was some panic at first, and he, in some odd way—personality of course—he somehow took command. He quieted the whole ward. He got them singing. He talked to them, told them stories—all sorts of vulgar stories, the sort men like, you know," said Nurse Rose with her little smile. "And all the while the

"I said, 'Don't be a goose! I love you!' It was a silly thing to say. I often have wished since that I could have thought of something finer but one never does at the time."

"There is nothing finer," said Geoffrey with a groan.

"Well, what then?"

"But that's all," said Nurse Rose, "except that we kissed each other . . . and then a doctor man burst in through the window, and between us we strapped him onto a stretcher and lifted him out and got him down a ladder to safety. He fainted then, and I never saw him again. They sent away a whole batch of wounded next day. Of course he died," she ended, lifting her face bravely. "I always faced that fact. I knew he couldn't live, all along. But—don't you see—physical conditions don't make any difference. It's only the spiritual that counts. It's only the spiritual that is really worth anything, because it lives for ever."

"And so you are content to go on," Geoffrey said, "never knowing?"

"I have got to be content," she said. "I do know one thing. I know we shall meet again. And every night I look out of my window and say, 'I shall never forget you, Tommy-Rot,' I hope you don't think me very—very unsympathetic," she added gently. "I can't really help it. It has become a part of my very nature."

"I think you are wonderful," he answered simply. "I won't bother you any more."

SO he had gone back to his lonely cottage and his one-eyed servant, Sims, also disabled in the War; and he had kept his word. He had not bothered her. But deep in his heart he yet carried a well-buried hope that somehow, some time, Nurse Rose might wake from her dream and look upon him with love in her clear eyes.

"I wouldn't have her without," he said to himself doggedly. "It's all or nothing—all or nothing."

For weeks now he had been passive, but the matter was never out of his mind. The memory of her haunted him persistently, and those flowers of hers were continually before his eyes. He had stenciled the vase with a half-hope that he would induce her to see the absurdity of the thing. But he knew he had not succeeded. She would cling to her ideal as long as memory remained. "If I could only find out something about the fellow!" he said to himself, as he sat alone in his room on that morning of drenching rain. "If I could only—"

The entrance of his servant interrupted his thoughts. "The post in, sir!" said Sims.

Geoffrey took his letter, glanced at it, put it down. "Only poor old Craven," he said. "Wonder how he is."

"Anything I can do, sir?" said Sims.

"No. I don't think so. Yes, light a fire!"

He leaned back in his chair and opened his letter. Craven was an old friend. They had been schoolboys together, but Craven had dropped down very far in the social scale and they had drifted apart until, in the odd, unexpected way

in which fate works, they had come together again in the Great War. Craven had been in his company, and Geoffrey had tried without success to lift him up; but he had refused a commission in spite of all persuasion. He had said it was beyond his form. He had done practically everything since reaching man's estate except lead the life of a gentleman, and he wasn't going to start that sort of nonsense now, not even for the pleasure of being shot at. So Geoffrey's interest had waned, and he had left him to go his own way. But fate again had intervened in her unaccountable fashion. They had been sent home on the same hospital ship, and something about Craven, some lovable quality, had somehow made itself felt, and the old friendship had been re-established. Craven had been very badly wounded, and he was still in hospital when Geoffrey was invalidated out.

"Of course I ought to have pegged out," he said to the latter when he visited him prior to leaving London. "I'm nothing but an expense to the State, and I've never done a thing to justify existence. But somehow one clings to life, like a child to a broken toy."

That was what his life had become—a broken toy. He had lost an arm, and his legs were paralyzed owing to a bullet's damaging the spine. It was doubtful if he would ever walk again, but yet he clung to life—the man who had never done anything to justify existence.

GOFFREY had left him joking at his plight, and gone forth to make the best of his own maimed life. But because of the old link between them, possibly also because, through his own infirmity, he was unable to follow a man's pursuits and hold his own in the world of men, he had not lost sight of Craven. They corresponded occasionally, and he knew that Craven was not the hopeless cripple that he had expected to be. Though there was little in common between them, the fellow-feeling induced by adversity remained a bond between them, and whenever Geoffrey was in town he went to visit the man at the home to which he had been removed when he had left the hospital.

It was some time now since he had heard from him, and the letter that Sims had brought him aroused but faint interest within him. He had almost forgotten poor old Craven.

Yet as he opened it and read, his interest slowly kindled. There had always been a curiously likeable quality about this man who had so frankly refused to be lifted back into the sphere from which he had fallen. And now he wrote in his customary careless style to tell Geoffrey that he was considered well enough to leave the home in which he had spent the last two years. "I hobble about on a stick, and I am getting unruly," he wrote. "I don't know where I am going yet. I look to fate to guide my tottering steps. But don't send any more letters to me here after this week."

Was there the hint of an appeal in that last sentence? Geoffrey never knew. But some impulse caught him ere he had finished reading the letter.

"Poor chap! I'll ask him here," he said. "He'll probably hate it, but if he does, he needn't stay."

He went to his writing-table then and there, and scrawled an invitation to Craven to join him for a spell.

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"And what did you say?" said Geoffrey.



NANCY FAY

## Mary Pickford Talks On "The Stuff That Stars Are Made Of"

Interview by Frances Parkinson Keyes

Author of "The Career of David Noble," "Letters from a Senator's Wife," etc.  
Wife of Senator Keyes of New Hampshire and one of Washington's noted hostesses

Our beloved Mary Pickford whose beautiful face seems to us the perfect movie face

The fortunate Evelyn Brent, Mary Pickford's choice of the ideal movie type

### How to Tell the Ideal "Movie" Type

Mary Pickford says:

"A girl needs a reasonable amount of good looks and youth, extreme youth to begin with; for age shows quickly on the screen—and a girl must have time to develop her talent before age begins its inroads. She does not have to be a beauty, and beauty without brains will not take her anywhere."

"A girl whose eyes are too small and too close together, whose teeth are not good, who is too heavy, and who hasn't a delicately moulded throat and chin, can't possibly photograph well. But if she has fine teeth and eyes and a lovely profile, nature has added something to that little spark of talent which is going to help her instantly."

"What kind of girl has the best chance in the movies? The girl, who—granted a little spark of the thing we call talent—has patience, courage, persistence, and who is willing to work."

**G**ENIUS is ninety per cent. perspiration, and ten per cent. inspiration; and inspiration is ninety per cent. application and ten per cent. information."

This was what Douglas Fairbanks quoted gaily when his wife, slipping into a beautiful black velvet frock trimmed with ermine and pulling a black poke bonnet over her yellow curls—her preparations for going out to tea with Lord and Lady Mountbatten, the attractive young "royal honeymooners" who have taken the United States by storm this fall—called out to him. "Doug, Mrs. Keyes and I have been talking for an hour and a half about what the chances are for girls who want to go into the movies, and what kind of girls are likely to succeed as stars in the next few years. She's come all the

way from Washington to see me, and I don't want her to go without all the information we can give her."

I would, as a matter of fact, have gone much farther than from Washington to New York in order to talk with Mary Pickford about the movies—or anything else, for that matter. For, during a visit in California last summer, I lunched with her and her husband, and found her to be very genuinely and simply the sweet and gracious little lady in real life that she is on the screen, and I understand not only why she is famous but why she is loved by thousands of women all over the country. In fact, not since I met Lady Astor, have I felt so keenly that I was in the presence of a celebrity who was not overpraised, but who was even more charming than I dared to hope. The lunch, served in a little bungalow on the studio grounds, very attractively but very simply furnished in Japanese lacquer, was just a "family party" of the kind that is exactly to "talking shop," in an intimate way, and we did talk shop, both of us, from the turnip salad with which the meal began—most people serve the salad first in California, instead of after the meat course, as we do in the east—through to the thick slices of luscious watermelon with which it ended. Then we walked out over the "sets" together, through the gorgeous medieval buildings that had been constructed for the filming of "Robin Hood" and finally to the little portable cottage where Mary Pickford lives much of the time, with its exquisite dressing-room "done" in pale blue silk, and its equally exquisite tiled kitchen, frilled, too, in gaily neat chintz. And there I finally left her, a dainty little figure in her simple white dress and wide white hat, standing in the door of her dainty little dwelling-place, which framed her like the setting of a delicate picture, and urging me, as everyone in that cordial country does, to "come to see her again soon."

The memory of all this was so pleasant, and my eagerness to "talk shop" with her again was so great, that I took the first train I could get after an invitation reached me to spend an afternoon with her at the Ritz in New York, where she had come to spend the fall months, even though it meant two night trips in succession for me in order to wedge in the visit; for the season begins early in Washington, and it takes a nimble woman to fill all her engagements here, without trying to make any in other cities.

It was a dark, dreary day, and I was pretty tired when I finally reached the Fairbanks' suite, after some time

Pulling a black poke bonnet over her yellow curls. She was going out to tea with Lord and Lady Mountbatten

consumed in convincing the clerk at the desk, the elevator man, a chambermaid in the hall whom I asked for directions, and the valet who opened the door, that I really had been invited. Since Senators' wives have to learn to be cordial at all times to anyone who chooses to come and see them, I felt a pang of envy for the bodyguard guaranteeing comparative privacy with which a movie star can surround herself when she is at home. But at last I was greeted with even a warmer welcome than I had received in Hollywood, and soon, the efficient secretary dismissed and the insistent telephone disconnected, we were

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"I haven't had a child . . . and you have three! I'd give up my career tomorrow for what you have and I haven't!"

# Nameless River

By

Vingie E. Roe

Illustrated by  
T. D. Skidmore

## Part I

IT was springtime in the Deep Heart country. On the broad slopes and the towering slants of the hills themselves, the conifers, tuned by the little winds from the south, sang their everlasting monotone. On the flaring fringes of their sweeping skirts, where the streams ran, maples trembled in the sun, and cottonwoods shook their palms of silver.

The ridges were cut by great canyons, dark and mysterious, murmurous with snow water, painted fantastically in the reds and browns and yellows of their weathered stone. All the dark and somber people of the forest—pine trees, hemlock and spruce, majestic and aloof—grew here. But in the sweet valleys that ran all ways among the hills there lay tender grass of a laughing brightness, and flowers nodded thick in the drowsy meadows.

It was a lonesome land, set far from civilization, but beautiful and serene, wild with peak and precipice. Deer browsed in its sheltered places, preyed upon by an occasional wolf, while here and there a panther screamed to the stars at night. For many years a pair of golden eagles had reared their young on the beetling escarpment that crowned Mystery Ridge. It was a rich land, too, for many cattle ran on its timbered slants and grew sleek and fat for fall along the reaches of the river.

On a day when all the world seemed basking in the tempered sun, a horse and rider came down along the slopes heading toward the west. On the broad background of this primeval setting they made a striking picture. Of the two, perhaps the horse would first have caught the attention of an observer, because of its great stature and its shining mouse-blue coat. Far off, too, the proud grace of its carriage, the lightness and arrogance of its step, would have been noticeable. But as they drew near and the observer looked to see who bestrode so splendid a fellow, he saw the rider was a woman.

She was a gallant woman, not large but seemingly built with such nicety of proportion as best to show off the spirit in her. Under her sombrero, worn low and level on her brow, one seemed to see darkness shot with fire—black eyes and dusky hair above cheeks brightly flushed. She rode at ease, her gauntleted hands clasped on her pommel, her reins swinging. A blue flannel shirt, gay with pearl buttons, lay open at her throat and bloused a trifle above a broad leather belt, well worn and studded with nickel spots. A divided skirt of dark leather concealed the tops of high-laced boots. All her clothing betokened especial make and very thorough wear.

As the blue horse sidled expertly down the slope, a loose stone turned under his shod hoof, causing him to stumble ever so slightly, though he caught himself instantly. As instantly the woman's spurred heel struck his flank, her swift tightening of the rein anticipated his resultant start.

"Pick up your feet, you!" she said sharply.

THE stallion did pick up his feet, for he was intelligent, but he shook his proud head, laid his ears back on his neck, and the sweat started on his sensitive skin at the needless rake of the spur. The great dark eyes in his gray-blue face shone for a time like fox-fire in the dark, beneath his tossing silver forelock.

He chose his footing more carefully, artist in hill-climbing though he was, for the woman on his back was a hard taskmaster. Caught as a colt in the high meadows of the Upper Country beyond the Deep Heart hills, the horse had served her faithfully for four of his seven years of life, and hated her sullenly. There was mixed blood in his veins—wild, from the slim white mother who had never felt a rope; patrician, gentle, tractable, from the thoroughbred black father lost from a horse-trader's string eleven years back. Swayed by the instincts of these two strains the superb animal obeyed this woman who was unquestionably his master, though rebellion surged in him.

The sun's light fell in pale golden washes over the tattered slopes. Tall flowers nodded on slim stalks in nook and crevass and mosses crept in the damp places.

For an hour the two came down along the breast of a ridge, dropping slowly in a long diagonal, and presently came out where, with the thinning trees falling abruptly away, a magnificent view spread out below. For a long time there had been in the rider's ears a low and heavy murmur. Now its source was visible—a river that wound between wide meadows spread like flaring flounces on either side.

The woman reined up her horse, and sitting sidewise, looked down with moody eyes. Hatred flamed in her passionate face at sight of the smiling valley's tenants. At the far edge of the green floor across the river there nestled against the hills that rose abruptly the small log buildings of a homestead. There was a cabin, squarely built and neat, a stable, a shed or two and stout corrals, built after the



T.D.S.

He looked at the braided lash in her hand. His red-rimmed eyes were savage with rage and hurt, but behind both was a passion of admiration

fashion of a stockade, their closest set upright saplings gleaming faintly in the light.

And on the green carpet, a long brown line lay stretched, straight as a plumb-line, attesting to the accuracy of the eye that drew it. A team of big, bay horses even now plodded along that line, leaving behind them a flange of newly turned earth, the irresistible effect of the conquering plow—the plow, hated of all those who follow the fringe of the wilderness, savage, trapper and cattleman.

IN the furrow behind walked the owner of the accurate eyes, and this only other figure in the primeval picture was a woman too. She was young, judged by her upright carriage. There was strength in the way she handled her plow, confidence in her every movement. She stood almost as tall as the average man, and she walked with the free swing of one.

For a long time the rider on the high shoulder of the ridge sat regarding these tiny plodders in the valley. Then she deliberately took from its straps the rifle that hung on her saddle, lifted it to her shoulder, took slow aim and fired. It was a high-powered gun, capable of carrying much farther than this point of aim, and its bullet spat whiningly into the earth so near the moving team that one of the horses jumped and squatted.

The woman lowered the gun and watched.

But the upright figure plodding in its furrow never so much as turned its head. It merely steadied the frightened horse, and crept ahead at its plowing.

"Damn!" said the woman.

She laid the rifle across her pommel, reined the blue stallion sharply away and continued on her interrupted journey.

Two hours later she rode into the shady, crooked lane that passed for a street in Cordova. A general store, a blacksmith shop, a few ancient cabins—yet the isolated trading point called itself a town. McKane of the store did a four-ply business and fancied himself exceedingly.

As the woman came cantering down the street between the cabins he ceased whittling on the splinter in his hands and watched her. She was well worth watching, for she rode straight as an Indian. Of the half-dozen men lounging on the store porch she gazed at her with covetous eyes.

McKane's keen face showed his appreciation of her excellence.

"By George!" he said softly, "Boys, I don't know which is the most worth-while—the half-breed Bluefire or Kate Cathrew on his back!"

"I'll take the woman," said a lean youth in worn leather. "Yea, Lord, I'll take the woman!"

"You mean you *would*," said McKane smiling, "if you could. Many a man has tried it, but Kate rides alone. Yes, and rules her kingdom with an iron hand—or rather it's tempered steel. And she's merciless."

*A thrilling story of the modern West, full of the breathless interest of love and adventure in the great open spaces*

"You seem to know the lady pretty well."

"All Nameless River knows her," said the trader, lowering his voice as she drew near, "and the Deep Hearts too, as far as cattle run."

"Take an' keep yer woman—if ye can," put in a bearded man of fifty who sat against a post, his booted feet stretched along the floor; "but give me th' horse. I've loved him ever since I first laid eyes on him two years back. He's more than a horse; he's got brains behind them speakin' eyes. Kate's a brute to him—don't understand him an' don't want to."

McKane dropped his chair forward and rose quickly to his feet as the woman cantered up.

"Hello, Kate," he said as she sat a moment regarding the group. "How's the world at Sky Line Ranch?"

"All there," she said shortly; "or was when I left."

She swung out of her saddle and flung her reins to the ground. She pulled off her gloves and pushed the hat back from her forehead, which showed sweat above the tan of her face. She passed into the store with McKane, the spurs rattling on her booted heels.

Left alone, the big blue stallion turned his alert head and looked at the men on the porch, drawing a deep breath and rolling the wheel in his half-breed bit. It was as the bearded man had said. Intelligence in a marked degree looked out of the starry eyes in the blue face. That individual reached out a covetous hand, but the horse did not move. He knew his business too well as Kate Cathrew's servant.

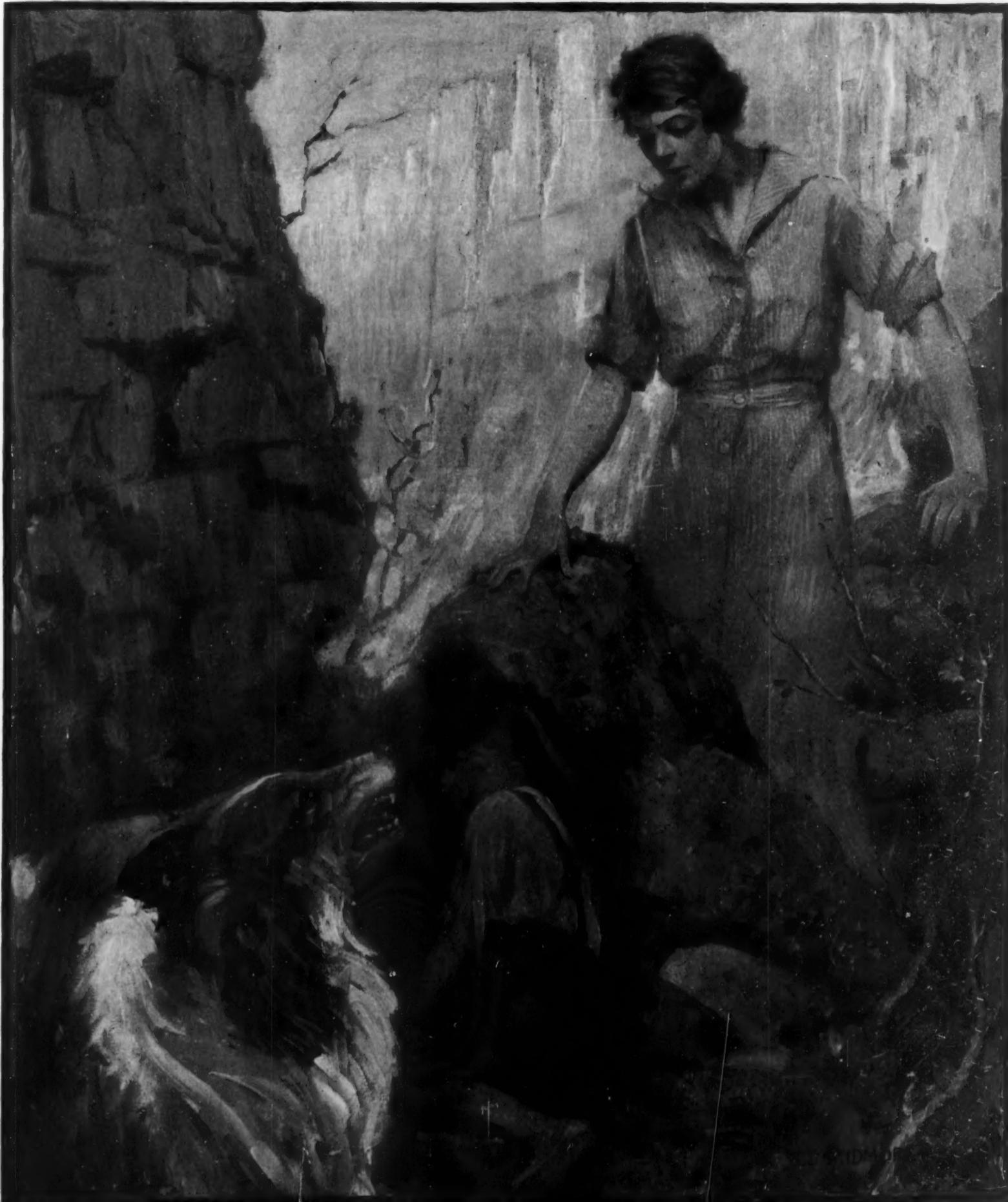
Inside the store the woman took two letters which McKane gave her from the dingy pigeonholes that did duty as post office, read them, frowned and put them in the pocket of her leather riding-skirt. Then she selected a few things from the shelves and turned to go. McKane followed her close, his eyes searching her face with ill-concealed desire. She did not notice the men on the porch, who regarded her frankly, but passed out among them with a cool insolence which cleared the path before her.

But as she descended the five or six steps that led down from the porch she came face to face with a newcomer, one who did not shift back, but who looked her squarely in the face. He was a man of some thirty-four or five, big, lean and fit, his rather homely countenance lighted by keen gray eyes. He looked like a cattleman save for the silver star pinned to the left breast of his shirt.

"Good day, Kate," said Sheriff Price Selwood. A red flush rose in the woman's face, but it was plainly not set there by any liking for the speaker. "It's never a good day when I meet you," she said evenly.

The sheriff smiled. "That's good," he answered, "but some day I'll make it better."

McKane, his own face flushed with sudden anger, stepped close. "Price," he said thinly, "you and I've been pretty



*With a snarl he faced her, his jaws apart. The girl stared in amazement at the thing which lay along the pebbled earth, the thin little leg of a child*

fair friends, but when you talk to Miss Cathrew like that you've got me to settle with. That sounded like a threat."

"It was," said Selwood.

With the last syllable the trader's fist shot out and hit the speaker on the jaw, a half-second sooner than the other had expected. The blow snapped his head back on his shoulders, but did not make him stagger, and the next moment he had met McKane half-way with all the force of his two hundred pounds of bone and muscle.

**I**N the midst of the whirlwind fight that followed Kate Cathrew, having pulled on her gloves, coolly mounted Bluefire and rode away without a backward look.

Twenty minutes later the sheriff picked up the trader and rolled him up on the porch. He, himself, stood panting, one hand on the worn planking, the other wiping his face.

"Get some water, boys," he said quietly, "and when he comes around tell him I'll be back tomorrow for my coffee and tobacco—five pounds of each—and anything more he wants to give me."

He picked up his wide hat, brushed it with his torn sleeve, set it back on his head precisely, walked to his horse, mounted and rode south toward his own ranch.

When the sun dropped over the western ridge, the girl in the deep sunbonnet unhitched her horses from the plow.

She looped her lines on the hames, rubbed each sweating bay head a moment, carefully cleaned her share with a small wooden paddle which she took from a pocket in her calico skirt, and tipped the implement over, share-face down.

Then she took off the slatted bonnet, carrying it in her hand as she swung away with her team at her heels. There was a marvelous change. Where had been a somewhat masculine figure, plodding at man's work, a few moments before, was now a young goddess.

The golden shade of her smooth skin was but a tint above that of her hair and brows and lashes, a blend to delight an artist. There was red beneath the light tan of her cheeks, and in the even line of her full lips. Out of this flare of noonday color her blue eyes shone like calm waters under summer skies.

John Allison's daughter went with the weary horses to the edge of the river.

**S**HE raised her head and looked across the swift-water stream to the distant ridge, but there was no fear in her calm eyes. She waited until the horses had drunk their fill and were ready to go on to the corral, where she left them and walked on to the cabin.

"Hello, Mammy," she said smiling—and if she had been beautiful before, she was exquisite when she smiled, for the

red lips curled up at the corners and the blue eyes narrowed to drowsy slits of sweetness.

But there was no answering smile on the gaunt face of the big woman who met her at the door and laid work-hardened hands anxiously on her young shoulders.

"Nance, girl," she said, "I heard a shot this afternoon—I reckon it whistled some out there in th' field?"

"It did," said Nance honestly, "so close it made Dan squat."

**T**HE woman paled. "My Lord A'mighty!" she said distressed. "I do wish your Pappy had stayed in Missouri! I make no doubt he'd been livin' today, and I'd not be eatin' my heart out with longin' for him and sorrow over Bud an' fear for you every time you're out of my sight. And th' land ain't worth it."

But Nance Allison laid her hand over her mother's and turned in the doorway to look once again at the red and purple veils of dusk-haze falling down the mountains' face, to listen to the song of Nameless River, hurrying down from the mysterious canyons of the Deep Heart hills, and a sort of adoring awe irradiated her features.

"Worth it?" she repeated slowly. "No, not Pappy's death, not Bud's lameness; but worth every lick of work I

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# • ERIS •

By Robert W. Chambers

Famous author of "Cardigan," "The King in Yellow," "The Firing Line," "The Maid-at-Arms," "The Fighting Chance," etc.

Illustrated by C. E. Chambers

her that the girl would soon return to material comforts and female duties, which were all Mazie comprehended of earthly happiness.

Odell's refusal to send Eris her money and her clothes worried Mazie when she had time to think. But what could she do? Man ruled Mazie's universe. It was proper that he should. All her life she had had to submit to him, had to cook for him, wash, sew, mend, care for his habitation, bear his children, feed them, wean them, and, in the endless sequence again, cook, wash, iron, sew, mend for these men children which she had born her man. And it was proper. It was the way of the world. Of heaven, too, perhaps. God Himself was masculine. She sometimes wondered whether there really was any rest for female angels.

Of what other women desired and did—of aspiration, spiritual and intellectual discontent, Mazie knew nothing. For her nothing desirable existed beyond the

One stifling hot night in July, after two weeks' enervating drouth, Odell's impotent wrath burst from the depths of bitterness long pent.

"That girl will shame us yet if she don't come back! I'm done with her if she ain't in her own bed by Monday night. You write and tell her, Mazie. Tell her I'm through. Tell her I say so. And that's that!"

The girl at that moment lay asleep on the grass in a New York public park. And all around her, on the hot and trampled ground, lay half-naked, beastly, breathing human heaps—the heat-tortured hordes of the unwashed.

JULY began badly in New York. Ambulances became busy, hospitals overcrowded, seaside resorts thronged. Day after day a heavy atmosphere hung like a saturated and steaming blanket over the city. The daily papers recorded deaths from heat. Fountains were full of naked urchins unmolested by the police. Firemen drenched the little children of the poor with heavy showers from hose and stand-pipe.

Toward midnight, on the tenth day of the heat, a slight freshness tempered the infernal atmosphere of the streets. It was almost a breeze. In the park dry leaves rustled slightly. Sleepers on bench and withered sward stirred, sighed, relaxed again into semi-stupor.

Two men in light clothes and straw hats, crossing the park from west to east, paused on the asphalt path to gaze upon the thousands of prostrate figures.

"Yonder's a sob-stuff story for you, Barry," remarked the shorter man.

"There's more than one story there," said the other.

"No, only one. I'll tell you that story: these people had rather work and die in their putrid tenements than work and live in the wholesome countryside. You can't

kick these town rats out of their rat-ridden city. They like to fester and swarm. And when any species swarms, Barry, Nature presently decimates it."

They moved along slowly, looking out over the dim meadows heaped with untrailing forms.

"Perhaps," admitted Annan, who had been addressed as Barry, "the mass story is about what you outlined, Mike; but there are other stories there—" He made a slight gesture toward the meadow. "—The whole gamut from farce to tragedy."

"The only drama in that mess is rooted in stupidity."

"That's where all tragedy is rooted. I could step in among those people and in ten minutes I could bring back material for a Hugo, a Balzac, a Maupassant, a Dumas—"

"Why don't you? It's your job to look for literary loot in human scrap-heaps. Here's life's dumping-ground. You're the chiffoiner. Why not start business?"

"I'm considering it." "Go to it," laughed the other, lighting a cigarette and leaning gracefully on his walking-stick. "Yonder's the sewer; dig out your diamond. Uproot your lily!"

Annan said: "Do you want to bet I can't go in there, wake up one of those unwashed, and, in ten minutes, get the roots of a story as good as any ever written?"

"If you weren't in a class by yourself," said the other, "I'd bet with you. Any ordinary newspaper man could go in there and dig up a dozen obvious news items. But you'll dig up a commonplace item and turn it into an epic. Or you'll dig up none at all, and come back with a corker—"

"I'll play square. I need a story and I'm going to get one. You don't want to take my bet, do you?"

"All right. Ten dollars that you don't get the honest makings of a real story in ten minutes. No faking! No creative-genius stuff. Just bald facts." He looked at his watch, then at his companion. "Ready?"

Annan nodded, glanced out over the waste of withered grass. As he stepped from the asphalt to the meadow a tepid breeze began to blow, cooling his perspiring cheeks.

A few sleepers stirred feverishly. Under a withered shrub a girl lifted her heavy head from the satchel that had pillow'd it. Then, slowly, she sat upright to face the faint stir of air.

Her hat fell off. She passed slim fingers through her hair, ruffling it to the cool wind.

Annan walked directly toward her, picking his way across the grass among the sleeping heaps of people. As he stopped beside her, Eris looked up at him out of tired eyes which seemed like wells of shadow, giving her pinched face an appearance almost skull-like.

Annan mistook her age, as did everybody; and he calmly squatted down on his haunches as though condescending to a child.

*Eris, the lovely heroine of this great novel, owed her strange name to the attending physician's grim humor. For he knew that Eris was the Greek goddess of discord, and the name seemed to him appropriate for a baby whose birth marked the climax of years of domestic strife.*

*Unaware of the sinister significance of her name, little Eris grew to beautiful womanhood. Is she destined to bring happiness or discord into the lives that touch hers?*

## Part II

SPRING had begun more than a month early. The young year promised agricultural miracles. All omens were favorable. Ed Lister predicted it would be a "hog-killing."

June's magic turned Whitewater to a paradise. Crystal mornings gradually warming until sundown; gentle showers at night to freshen herbage and start a million planted seeds; blossoms, bees, buds, blue skies—all exquisitely balanced designs in June's enchanted tapestry—and nothing so far to mar the fabric: no late and malignant frost; no early drought, broken violently by thunderbolt and deluge; no hail; no heavy winds to dry and sear; nothing untoward in the herd.

Only Eris's letters irritated Odell. They aroused in him the dumb, familiar anger of Fanny's time.

But after the first week in July there were no longer any letters from Eris. The girl had written two or three times during June, striving to explain herself, to make him understand her need of doing as she was doing, the necessity that some of her own money be sent her.

Her last letter arrived about the beginning of that dreadful era of unprecedented heat and drought which ushered in July and which caused that summer to be long remembered in the Old World as well as in the New.

ODELL'S refusal to send her a single penny, and his repeated summonses for her to return had finally silenced Eris. No more letters came. Odell's attitude silenced Mazie, too, whose primitive sense of duty was to her man first of all.

Sometimes she ventured to hope that Eris might, somehow, be successful. Oftener a comforting belief reassured

*Annan turned on his light and began to write Eris's story. He seemed to be much amused at the situation—a little worried, too*

barbed wire. And yet, without at all understanding Eris, always she had felt an odd sympathy for the girl's irregularities—had recognized that Fanny's child was different from herself, from her offspring, from other women's children. But the underlying motive that had sent Eris forth was quite beyond Mazie's ken. The resurrection of her sex came too early for her who had not yet died.

THE farm year had begun prosperously. Until July there had been no cloud on the horizon. In imagination Odell gazed across acres and acres of golden harvest; saw a beneficent and paternal government coming to the relief of all farmers; saw every silo packed, every barn bursting; saw the steady increase of the herd balanced by profitable sales; saw ribbons and prizes awaiting his exhibits at county and state fairs.

Yet, very often after supper, when standing on the porch chewing his quid as stolidly as his cows chewed their cuds, he was aware of a vague unease—as in Fanny's day.

He could not comprehend the transmission of resentment from Fanny to Fanny's child. He could much less understand the inherited resentment of a sex, now for the first time since creation making its defiance subtly felt the whole world through. *Sub jugum ad astra!* And now the Yoke had fallen; stars blazed beyond. Restless-winged, a sex stood poised for flight, turning deaf ears to earthbound voices calling them back to hoods and bells and jesses.



*"Here you remain, my little friend, until you are able to resume this disconcerting career of yours"*

"Don't be afraid to talk to me," he said in his easy, persuasive way. "I write stories for newspapers. I'm looking for a story now. If you'll tell me your story I'll give you ten dollars."

Eris stared at him without comprehension.

The increasing breeze blew her mop of chestnut curls upward from a brow as white as milk.

"Come," he said in his pleasant voice, "there are ten perfectly good dollars in it for you. All I want of you is your story—not your real name, of course—just a few plain facts explaining how you happen to be sleeping here in Central Park with your 'little satchel for your pillow and the sky for your bed-clothes."

Eris remained motionless, one slender hand buried in the grass, the other resting against her temples.

The blessed breeze began to winnow her hair again.

"Won't you talk to me?" urged Annan. "You're not afraid, are you? Just tell me how you happen to be sleeping here."

"I have to save my money—" She yawned and concealed her lips with one hand.

"Please excuse me," she murmured, "I haven't slept very well."

"Then you have *some* money?" he inquired.

"I have twenty dollars. Money doesn't last long in New York."

"No, it doesn't," agreed Annan gravely. "Did you work in a shop?"

"In pictures."

"Moving-pictures?"

"Yes. I have a contract with the Crystal Films."

"Oh, yes. I heard about that outfit. It blew up. Did they ever pay you any salary?"

"No."

"How did you happen to hook up with that bunch of crooks?" he asked.

"I don't think they are crooks. Mr. Quiss isn't."

"Who's he?"

"Well—I think he looks up places to photograph, and he supplies extras—"

"A scout. Where did you run into him?"

"Near my home."

"Did your parents permit you to join that flossy outfit?"

"No."

"I see. You ran away."

"I—went away."

"Could you go home now if you wished to?"

"I don't wish to."

"Then you must believe that you really possess dramatic talent."

Eris passed her fingers wearily through her hair. "I am trying to learn something," she said, as though to herself.

"I think I have talents."

"What is it you most desire to be?"

"I like to act and dance. I'd like to write a play or a book or something."

"Like other people, you're after fame and fortune. I'm chasing them, too. Everybody is. But the world's goal remains the same, no matter what you are hunting. That goal is happiness."

SHE looked at him, heavy-eyed, silent. She yawned slightly, murmured an excuse, rubbed her eyes with her forefinger.

"Which is your principal object in life, fame or fortune?" he inquired, smiling.

"Are those the principal objects in life?" she asked, so naively that he suspected her.

"Some believe that love is more important," he said.

"Do you?"

She rested her pale cheek on her hand. "No," she said.

"I think, more than anything, I desire education."

His surprise was followed by further suspicion. Her reply sounded too naive, too moral. He became wary of the latest actress in her.

"What are you trying to learn?"

"The truth about things."

"Why don't you go to school?"

"I've been through high-school."

"Didn't you learn the truth about things in high-school?"

"I don't think so."

"Where are you going to learn it then?"

She was plainly interested now.

"I think the only way is to find out for myself. I don't know anybody who can tell me reasons. I like to be told *why*. If I don't know the facts about life how can I write plays and act them? I must find out. I'm twenty,

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### *"You Want to Know How to Get Into Pictures—*

*"That's what sixty million women, young and old, want to know."*

The casual fisherman, who had strayed into her father's grounds with his fishing-tackle in his brief Sunday holiday from his duty as a selector of motion-picture "locations," had guessed rightly. Eris Odell did want to "get into the movies." And because she, whose birth had caused her mother's death and whose heritage of fineness and breeding had set her apart from her uncouth father and the rugged brood of Mazie, her stepmother, usually got what she had set her heart and will upon, she made use of the fisherman's grudging promise of aid and ran away from home to accomplish her ambition.

Behind her she left the memory of an unfortunate venture into matrimony—her marriage to the worthless but glib chemist, "E. Stuart Graydon," who, immediately after the ceremony, had fled from the pursuit of detectives who "wanted" him for counterfeiting. She left, also, her comfortable home at Whitewater Farms, a stepmother who grieved for her and a father who was too angry to answer her letters.



## Non-Stop!

By Edwin Balmer

**P**AUL CRANSTON was alone in his airdrome, a one-machine hangar and landing field, in a meadow beside the new concrete Northwest Trail out of Chicago. It was noon in September, hot and sunny, with the ground air lying motionless over the flat, black Illinois plain which was given to truck farms, mostly, in this area beyond the fringe of the city. Consequently, as the season was that of ripening cabbage, a heavy, pungent odor hung in the air, lightened now and then by a breath of clover from an acre to the east.

There was buzzing from this as bees hovered to explore the contrivance of giant wings and wires smelling of oil, at which the man wiped and sweated; and there was a droning from the Northwest Trail where trucks and motor-cars rushed by.

"Fly!" invited Paul's big placard beside the concrete. "Drive in and fly!" But the drivers of this hot, week-day noon lacked adventurousness or were too much engrossed with their errands of selling sewing-machines to farm wives further along the trail; of delivering onions and radishes on South Water Street, in Chicago; of exhibiting to prospective home-owners that new, suburban subdivision. No one drove in; so Paul wiped his hands and sat down in the shade of a wing and snapped the string around the brown paper containing his lunch.

He always bought it, himself, at the Greek's counter around the corner from his room on Wilson Avenue; and as he almost always ate alone and so never looked forward to lunch as much of an event, he habitually selected the same characterless nutriment—a hard-boiled egg, one ham-on-bun sandwich, one slab of crumbly cake and, today, two plums. He ate the fruit first and was lounging there with his putted legs crossed, his khaki shirt open at the neck and sleeves turned up, and considering whether he would eat anything more, when he noticed that a new roadster, shining with nickel, and dark maroon, had turned from the road and was approaching over the dry grass of his field.

He saw that the driver was a girl and that she was alone; so, as he arose, he diagnosed her monotonously to himself, "another thrill chaser." They kept him in business and in hard-boiled eggs and ham-on-bun and, also, they paid for his crumbly cake—the thrill chasers; but he was growing weary of them. They were not even sincere thrill chasers, he thought; they flew, not so much for the glory of the flight as to brag about it afterward. He often thought that the receipts which he gave for their fares—which thereby became trophies to prove they had flown—comprised the most desired items of the experience. Some women wanted to buy his receipts without flying; but Paul never sold them that way. Frequently he wondered why he didn't.

"Good morning; where's the pilot?" this girl greeted him with a bold abruptness, rather in contrast to the quivering questions of most who drove in with a temptation to fly.

"I am the pilot," Paul replied.

"Where's Paul Cranston, I mean," she corrected, with so plain an indication that Paul Cranston could not be this oil- and sweat-stained man in khaki that Paul underwent a sensation of

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson

derogation which he tried not to betray when he said, "I am Paul Cranston."

"Oh!" she took his word for it, then apologized. "Excuse me. I'm sure I beg your pardon. I'd read about you, you see; and just now driving in with the sun in my eyes—"

"Of course, I see," Paul put in, and he did, for he knew what she had read about him.

IT was a decidedly flattering write-up of him and of the Cranstons in general, which had appeared in the Chicago papers when he started his flying-field a couple of months ago. Not having a great deal to say for Paul himself, except that he had been trained during the war and had flown in France, the newspapers naturally made much of the fact that he was of the Providence Cranstons who, during the three hundred years they had dwelt in Rhode Island and Connecticut, had done notable and creditable things in plenty. The plain inference in regard to Paul was that the stock was running out if the present scion occupied no more important place than that of a gipsy flyer beside a cement road out of Chicago; but the newspapers had been too polite to emphasize that inference, so they had given this girl natural expectations of a far more impressive person than Paul.

"However, since you are Mr. Cranston," she went on practically, accepting the fact as it was, "shall we get down to business?"

"That's what I'm here for," Paul admitted.

"All right then; do you take on special commissions?"

"For flight?"

"Of course; but to special places and under special conditions?"

"Yes; I can."

"And you can keep it quiet? Not say a word about it?"

"Certainly I can, if you wish," Paul agreed, more interested in this abrupt and direct person and less offended by her frank disappointment in him.

"You'll fly me to Detroit before four o'clock, then? I simply have to be there by four or there's no use trying at all. And—well, I simply have to make it. So if you can get me there, and keep it absolutely quiet, simply name your own figure."

"Step down," Paul invited.

"You mean you'll do it?"

**T**hey flew on over the lake.... The engine "missed" badly before Paul realized that much was wrong. Then he put his machine nose-down and dived

"Non-stop to Detroit is a fairly large order," Paul admitted, "but for an adequate reason, I can do it."

"Believe me, the reason's adequate," the girl said, glancing about quickly before she switched off her engine which she had left running. She stepped down.

She was younger than she had appeared when seated under the canopy of the car-top; she was four or five years younger than Paul. Maybe she was twenty-two, a dark-haired, dark-eyed girl of an interesting type which he had been noticing frequently since he came to Chicago.

Connecticut, or at least that section in which the Cranstons had first multiplied and then dwindled, had not furnished any conspicuous examples of her sort. Paul's own friends were, of course, of the old, well-known, inbred set—some of them dark, some of them blond, but almost all of them angular, more or less, with prominent Yankee features.

But Paul was discovering a new and stimulating sort of person, whose feminine type was excellently represented in this girl, whom you could not place at all except as "American," and when you used that word for her, manifestly you gave it a very modern and advanced meaning.

**S**HE was a well-grown girl with slender but strong-looking figure, garbed entirely in white. Her slim, well-shaped hands wore white kid gauntlets—a rank extravagance when driving. He could not see her hands, therefore, but he had no fear that they were worn from work. She wore a white sports suit, of the loose-weave material so fashionable at present. Her small feet were in white buckskin oxfords of special hand-made last, and her white silk hat was a particularly smart, small creation. Glancing from her to the car, Paul observed that it had a custom-built body on the most notoriously expensive of chassis. Beyond any doubt, and assuming that her start was on some polyglot tenement street, somebody close to her had prospered. Papa probably, Paul thought. The fact that there was no hump of a wedding-ring under her glove, indicated to Paul that she had not married money; moreover, he put the beginning of her epoch of prosperity before her marriageable age—about the time she was fourteen. That would have given papa opportunity to enter her at some extravagant finishing-school and, when she had been graduated, to launch her in Chicago to the best of his abilities, which probably comprised the furnishing of a large allowance, the opening of charge accounts everywhere.

HERE is a modern story that will grip your interest to the breaking-point with the thrill of adventuring in the great uncharted paths of the air and an even braver adventure in love.

If a beautiful girl told you that she had to be in Detroit by four to rob the mails, would you take her?

Paul Cranston had met most kinds of danger and many kinds of girls. He considered himself an absolutely fearless person and he still believed that all things may be just as beautiful and good as they appear. And the story of how he answered the beautiful girl is one of the most thrilling tales that McCall's has ever published.



*"You and I, Mr. Paul Cranston, aren't running away any more today; we're giving ourselves up!"*

know that in practise, a continuous flight of three hours or more is a lot more trying than ten hops of twenty minutes each and many more things are likely to happen. It is so much more risky, indeed, that if you came to me, suddenly like this, to hop you to Detroit, on a non-stop flight, for the fun of it, I would not be justified, if anything happened. On the other hand, if it was to save a life or some one's happiness, there would be justification."

"In other words, you want to know why I've got to get to Detroit so quickly," she said in her quick, frank way. "Well, if I tell you, how about the professional secrecy?"

"What?" said Paul.

"Like a lawyer. Papa can go to his lawyer with any old thing, no matter how raw it is, as I understand it, and tell it, and that lawyer simply can't repeat a word. Can a pilot be like that?"

"Oh," said Paul. "Well, this one can try."

"You won't tell even your wife?"

"I have no wife."

"All right. I have to be in Detroit by four to rob the mails. That's all."

"What?" said Paul, slightly staggered, for he realized she wasn't joking.

"Oh, not to dynamite a mail car or anything like that; I just have to get back a package I mailed from here special delivery first thing this morning to a party who will call for it at a hotel at four o'clock this afternoon. I can't assure you that you're running the risk to save a life; but since you've also dragged in happiness—" She stopped and looked away.

**T**HANK you," said Paul. "Shall we hop straight across the lake, or go around? Hopping across, carrying ordinary landing gear, of course, has its disadvantages if anything happens over water; on the other hand, it makes it maybe fifty per cent. more certain you reach your hotel before four o'clock."

"Is it all the same to you?" Paul nodded.

"Then let's have it straight across," she decided, drawing a deep breath. "You understand, of course, that for the

extra risk, whatever you say as to rates, will be all right with me."

Paul inclined his head slightly again and stepped to a post and rang a bell.

"What's that?" she demanded.

"For my mechanic. He takes his lunch at the farmhouse."

"Oh; haven't I been interrupting your lunch?"

**H**E shook his head and went about filling both his service and storage tanks. She stood, watching him, but he was aware that, after a moment, she was giving no real attention to his preparation; she was thinking about her own intimate affair—that highly personal cropper which she seemed to have encountered, or to have realized that she had encountered, only after mailing that package.

To whom in Detroit? Paul wondered. To what sort of man? For the person must be a man, so completely to control her happiness that she had to hop across the lake to prevent him from getting that package.

Paul's mechanic wandered up. "Hopping?" he asked, boredly. He gazed at the candidate for the passenger's seat and lost much of his *enthusi*.

Paul got into his jacket and brought out his cloak, with hood, which he furnished to a passenger for a high or long flight. "You better have this on," he said to her; and to his mechanic: "That's this lady's car, Jim. Look out for it. We may not get back tonight."

Jim let himself betray no curiosity beyond: "Name?" which he demanded of the passenger, in a tone suggestive of no interest beyond his sense of duty to record the identity of anyone leaving property in his care, who might not return to claim it.

She hesitated a second. "P. Alden," she said then.

"Phoebe?" challenged Jim, poised his stub pencil.

"Priscilla," she corrected.

"Address?"

Again she hesitated. "Plymouth, Massachusetts," Paul supplied.

*[Turn to page 42]*

and leaving  
her to steer her  
own course among  
the acquaintances that

a girl, with plenty of  
money, can pick up at  
public cotillions and subscription balls and hotel tea-dances.

"The distance to Detroit," said Paul, "is theoretically only a matter of additional oil and gas; but you should

# The Young Wives' Tale

By Stephen Morehouse Avery

Illustrated by R. Van Buren



*He had been routed in terror from his haven above by another "beautiful young lady." He was very much puzzled, very unhappy over it all*

**A**TAXICAB turned sharply from the pageant of evening traffic which moved slowly up the Avenue and darted into one of those aisles of wintry blur known as the East Seventies. You had the idea that someone was returning home from tea. It was the neighborhood for that sort of thing, and the time.

When the cab slowed down and the driver began craning his neck to peer at half-distinguishable house numbers, a very brisk and smartly hatted head poked out of the window behind him and a voice full of cello tones called, "Third from the corner—number eighty-two." Thereupon the head bobbed in again, and the cab slid on through the murk. Mournful, red-brick houses bore up the smoke-gray sky except where at intervals it seemed to mist down upon the very asphalt and turn the street lamps into irregular splotches of yellow.

The taxi was against the curb now, and a slim thing in furs stood alongside and delved into the recesses of a bag into which she vaguely remembered having thrown eighty-five cents.

A certain little swagger when she mounted the steps to the house—the largest and gloomiest of them all—suggested that she was younger than her long skirt indicated, that she was probably very young indeed, and very pretty, used to having all sorts of men do all sorts of things for her.

BUT she started slightly when the door swung back, and her voice was not so assured. "Is this—is Mr. Hunt at home?"

A thin smile slit the little brown nut of a Japanese face that peeked around the door. "No home," grinned the face, and kept on grinning, because its owner knew a good thing when he saw it.

Not home? That was disconcerting. Nevertheless she seemed relieved. "I'll wait then." Resolutely she walked right by the astonished little fellow, divesting herself of her furs as casually as though she were mistress of the house. "Yes, I'll sit here in the library, and you may bring me chocolate and toast. Don't put sugar in the chocolate. And stir up the fire a little first."

Well! The diminutive Japanese blinked once or twice and then set about doing what he was told. Mr. FitzRoy Hunt's man was not accustomed to this sort of thing. Mr. Hunt was not that sort of man. He would not like "beautiful young ladies come to house—very bad. Misser Hunt too

wise, too thirty-five, too honorable to be so foolish."

"You are his new man I suppose?" The voice startled him into almost dropping the poker. "I adore Japanese

man-servants," she rattled on. "What's your name?"

"Seven month new. Very glad. Enoch," he replied, under the impression that each of her questions must logically be considered of equal importance. He couldn't understand all this. His master was much too—well, too experience. Even when he returned home wobbly and mumbly with drinking too many mixtures of pleasant liquids, he was too experience to have "beautiful young lady with him or find her wait for him." Things were all inside down.

"Enoch?" He noted fearfully that she was going to talk again. "That's a funny name for a Japanese. Delightful though—just like Fitz."

**E**NOCH had almost escaped the room but he had to stop and explain. "Misser Hunt give name for man in book—because," he added sadly, "say I never show up till given up for lost. Of course—ver' funny man, Misser FitzRoy Hunt."

"Yes," she agreed, and when he had gone, "funnier than anyone but his runaway wife would ever know." It had been wonderful, their year and a half in this house, but—yes, Fitz was funny and set in his ways and stubborn about some things. Whew! No one would ever know. And then eight months ago had come the tragedy. She had gone straight from the hospital to France, and a divorce was waiting for her now in Paris. It was the only thing to do. He'd get over it. Besides, what right had a crusty old bachelor to marry a defenseless child of nineteen who might have had—she made a finger tabulation of the eight or ten young men the child of nineteen might have had. Fitz was being a bum sport about it, ruining himself this way; and she'd tell him so.

She rose and went to the Victrola which stood in front of Fitz's bookshelves. "We shall now have his precious

gems from Louise. *De puis le jourrrr*," she mocked. "The old soberhead." But when she put the needle upon the record already in place and her own favorite jazz jamboree burst forth, she almost collapsed.

So! He was doing all the things they said then, wild parties, sprees, women. A jazz record on FitzRoy Hunt's Victrola could be explained in no other way.

She might have wept if Enoch had not banished the horrible thought with the chocolate and toast. In fact he was sure he saw a tear or two as it was, and it made him feel creepy. Anyone who could be moved to tears by such a tune was too much for him. Enoch was lost. "Madame wishes anything else?" Perhaps he could get away now.

She had just managed a bite of toast with a huge preserved strawberry on it and, failing speech, motioned him to wait. "Don't go, Enoch. Don't think of going. Shut off that horrible music and then—why then I think I'd like to look over the house."

Ah! He had it now. Such a relief. She wanted to rent the house. He remembered Mr. Hunt's recent inquiry about how long he would need to pack bags for Europe. But of course the house was locked up, all except his master's rooms. "Show where he sleep," he offered, "and where take bath and where sit by fire upstairs. All rest very tight lock." He spread his hands in a gesture of hopelessness.

"Has he really shut the place up? That's almost too sensible for Fitz. I'll go up and see how the old thing is existing anyway." On the first landing of the staircase she stopped with another thought. "Oh, Enoch, I forgot. Set two places for dinner. And understand this, Enoch. Set both places at the same end of the table. I'll talk over the menu with you when I come down."

One can never guess what an Oriental is thinking. Enoch was a complete and utter blank.

But the "beautiful young lady" had forgotten his existence. A long mirror faced her as she topped the stairs, and she stood before it long enough to remove her hat and touch her hair into life, a bronze-colored tapestry lighted with threads of gold. A little sigh of satisfaction escaped her. Why wouldn't it? If she hadn't been born with one and married another, that hair alone would have been worth a fortune.

The first thing she saw in the room "where sit by fire upstairs" pleased her very much. The little chin stuck out so deliciously and the eyes suggested blue so inevitably that you might have forgotten it was only a portrait photograph and thought that she was again looking into a mirror.

The second thing she saw failed to please her at all. The cabinet door of Fitz's desk was open enough to disclose a bottle of quite reliable-looking Scotch whisky. She stood and thought about that for a long time. He had never kept it upstairs before, she remembered. In fact she distinctly recalled his having to paddle down to the dining-room to get enough for a hot toddy she had wanted in the middle of the night.

Perhaps that spoiled her feeling for the room entirely. Anyway, she began to give it a different aspect. The fire bench was too close to the hearth. She pulled it out. The window seat had at least three too many cushions. They went into the closet, bringing to light the deplorably disarranged condition of that useful place. She did her best to order it. Fitz used to be the orderly one; got awfully upset when she left her things strewn about. The irony of it brought the beginning of a smile to her lips, but only the beginning; she didn't feel very much like smiling. There now—what was his dressing-gown doing in that closet? She would put it in the bedroom where it belonged.

But she didn't. She got only far enough to open the bedroom door and switch on the light. One glance at some of his old things, at the pair of beds still side by side, and beyond, in the corner—yes, still there. The dressing-gown slipped to the floor, and the door closed quietly. She felt a little blindly for a chair and sat there with tight, clenched fists pressed to her eyes. A faint, whispered murmur, "He is so—utterly determined." And after awhile, "Yes, it is the best thing. Let him get someone else."

It was queer. In a few minutes she had gone downstairs again in search of Enoch.

Snowflakes streaked across the street lamp at the Eightieth Street entrance to the park. Beneath it a man and a girl stood smoking cigarettes and waiting for a cab. Both of them were in riding-clothes, and at the edge of the circle of light the shadowed forms of their mounts were still visible, shaking heads and stamping impatiently while a groom fastened up stirrups and gathered bridles preparatory to leading them in.

"Cold?" The man looked at her inquiringly.

"No. I got a kick out of it, didn't you? The snow hitting you in the face, I mean. No, thanks, Fitz." She pushed away the silver pocket-flask he offered. "Not this early in the evening."

"Don't be silly, Janet. You're shivering. Get down some of this. Hurry—here comes a cab."

She got down some of it, more of it than one could have thought possible for her sort of girl. "Phew! Finish it, Fitz. By the way, what time shall we drift in tonight? About ten?"

He had hailed the cab to the curb. "Yes, about then. Jack Gilder is going to drive you over, isn't he? Bert will bring the cousins. I'll take you home myself, Janet."

She paused getting into the cab. "Why are you so set on a party tonight, Fitz? An anniversary or something?"



"Promise that you will stop drinking and racing around. . . . And Fitz, you'll especially promise not to see Janet Waightstill. Won't you?"

He laughed, the strained sort of laugh you hate to hear. "Perhaps I'm celebrating the return to New York of my wife—she's still that I believe. Since she prefers to remain up on Eighty-fifth Street, under the parental roof, I must celebrate with my next of kin, you and the gang. Appropriate, don't you think?"

She looked at him steadily from inside the cab, a dusky, pretty thing in spite of the mess the snow had made of her rouge. "Say, cut it," she said. "Don't get sentimental over your hootch-parties."

He laughed again, better this time. "So long! I'm going to walk down and get up a little circulation. See you around ten, then."

When he turned from the Avenue after a brief walk, the snow met him full-face again, cool, wet. It was restful. The houses, either side, were less desolate now, their bleakness warmed by the lights in downstairs windows. People would soon be dining.

Briskly he took the steps up to number eighty-two, humming to himself, "*Depuis le jour*" or something of the sort. Rather than wait for Enoch he used his latchkey. One thinks of too many things waiting for front doors to be opened. FitzRoy Hunt didn't like to think these days. He rushed on through the hall and upstairs to his rooms. He must hurry through a bath and into his dinner things

if Enoch was to have time enough after dinner properly to set the stage for the gang.

"Enoch!"

"Misser Hunt" seemed provoked about something.

"What the devil have you been doing to this room, Enoch!" And more unintelligible mutterings which would have disturbed the little man considerably if he had heard them.

Enoch had troubles enough as it was, trying to maneuver around a kitchen under the orders of someone who knew much more about eating dinners than she did about cooking them. His personal opinion, if a Japanese servant be permitted one, was that she liked the idea of herself in that blue apron.

WHEN they did emerge for the last time into the dining-room, the plaintive wail from above had become a roar of indignation. "Where in thunder is my dressing-gown? Haven't I told you to leave things where I put them! If I had a stitch on, Enoch, I'd . . ."

Enoch would have scampered up the stairs to explain, but an imperious whispered command kept him at the task of setting table. Yet she was trembling. He noticed that. She was just as frightened as he was, in spite of the cool manner in which she strolled into the library, pretending not to hear those terrible threats.

It was all very too bad. If he could only go up and tell Misser Hunt how he had been put upon for two solid hours by this strange, unreasonable, beautiful young lady—but she would not even permit that. Each outburst of mixed profanity and pleading which descended to his ears caused him anguish anew.

HE tried to be very busy when he finally heard Misser Hunt's step upon the stairs. It was a tragic moment. Misser Hunt was about to discover the unpardonable crime of an unannounced visitor. He could just see her hair over the back of a big chair before the fire.

FitzRoy Hunt was a nice-looking, fairly blond, deep-eyed, Anglo-Saxon kind of human. His rather fine head lifted slightly when he reached the foot of the stairs, as though he were trying to discern some elusive, half-remembered emotion which the moment brought to his senses, a faint fragrance of perfume perhaps, or an odd, indefinite feeling of a familiar presence.

It cooled his anger at any rate, and he spoke gently to Enoch when he walked into the library. "What is the matter with you this evening?" Then he saw her, or as much of her as could be seen behind that chair.

Perhaps it was as well her back was turned. Men had rather stand their shocks unobserved. He recovered himself

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"Thing of darkness!" broke from the boy. . . . "She ought to crumble to dust!"

## The Affair at Gray Walls

By Kate Jordan

Illustrated by W. T. Benda

### Part II

I COULD not stand the mystery longer and tore myself from the feeble yet avid clutch. But when I would have rushed off, groping for the door, I found there was, as I had thought, another watcher besides myself, one who took me roughly by the arm. At the same time the voice, a little stronger, gave a commanding twitter from the bed:

"She can go now, Joanna. Take her away and come back."

After lurching into the corridor I drew away from Miss Loder and leaned against the wall. I was sick with a sensation never felt before—not only emotionally; a shuddering distaste chilled me.

"What is the matter-r?" the woman sneered. "Str-r-ange that one who looks so str-r-ong should be so easily upset!"

This fired me with an anger that strengthened me, and I whirled around, meaning to retaliate, when I found her looking at me strangely, as if my quivering lips and flashing eyes pleased her. I stood, silent. In the hush that followed I was made to realize that what I had passed through was no doubt but the first phase of my curious contract and that I must abide by it.

"Ah," said Miss Loder, "you have decided to be philosophical, I can see. That is goot." Her tone grew determined. "There will be other occurrences similar to this of today. You will not be able to understand your mistress' whims so do not try. The situation is as dr-r-astic as the salary is lar-r-ge. Come now to your room."

"And I've made up my mind, Miss Loder, to earn that salary without regrets!" I said this with a brave air as I went with her stolidly through the splendid, repellent house.

As she spoke, she opened a door; one so beautiful—of satiny mahogany and with a big glass handle—I loved it, and following her, I found myself in one of the pleasantest bed-chambers I had ever seen. A fire of sea coal burned with a talkative cheerfulness. A canopied bed was on one side, with a reading-table and electric lamp beside it. Three broad windows had low sills and small panes. Between the two, across the façade of the house, there was a huge wardrobe. The high mantel held several bits of Staffordshire china. Books were conveniently at hand. Altogether, it was such a room as I had often seen in old houses in England in the vanished days of travel with my father.

"This is nice," I said, and looked about.

"Your trunk is already unpacked," Miss Loder announced; "but you are not to

mind that. You are to put on the orange-colored velvet gown."

"I don't know what you mean," I said, amazed. "I haven't anything like that with me. My only afternoon dress is a light gray crépe de Chine."

For answer she opened the door of the wardrobe, and I stood spellbound. At least six strange dresses, all of delicate beauty—several gorgeously colorful, the rest white and sparkling with metallic embroideries—hung there. She took off the hook the flame-colored one. Its narrow velvet lengths with the straight fall of an altar cloth, would have been fitting in a scene of the Medicis.

"You will come to see, Miss Page, that what is wanted in this house is provided most gener-r-ously," she said placidly. "Get ready, then wait until I come for you."

LEFT alone, I stood for a moment without moving. Had I given way to the apprehension filling me I'd have shut my teeth and have cried through them what my mind said to my inner self: "What next? What next?" And after this, in sharp resignation: "Well, you've got to take whatever comes and make the best of it, my dear. If you get cold feet and try to leave the house, you'll fail. I've a feeling that having come, you'll have to stay."

I rushed through the dressing, my whole body trembling with repressed suspense added to my determination to "carry

on." For comfort I kept thinking of the A 1 standing of the Nelson Agency, and of the encouraging gesture of the man named Luther. As I was thinking this I also noted how every good point can be brightened by beautiful clothes; for the velvet lengths encasing me had the glow of an illuminated missal, making me a radiance within a radiance. I found myself determining that when I was free and prosperous, my first purchase would be a replica of this straight-falling velvet even to the elongated, tight sleeves that went over the hands like mittens.

THE softest knock came upon the door and for a few seconds I stood rigid, then wheeled to it in sudden hope. Something told me that neither Miss Loder's knuckles nor the truculent Pietro's would have made that whispering sound. When I pulled it open and found myself looking into Luther's face I was not surprised, only assured that instinct had been right. He was lifting a mass of roses from his basket.

Face to face with him, my former good impression was intensified. He was a clean-limbed young athlete. His chin, sharply cut and strong, was held at the tilt that shows the fighting spirit—when accompanied by eyes like his, the fight for ideals. For the eyes, gazing with a rain-washed sort of clearness from his browned, healthy face, were slate-gray, and though gentle they showed uncompromising candor.

"These are for you, miss, I've been told," he said, holding the lovely roses out to me, his manner and speech exactly what I had formerly noted—those of a rather shy Irish peasant. His next words were inspiringly different. The musical Hibernian burr had vanished, and it was a cultivated American who spoke: "Don't take these yet. If I'm seen, they must think I've just come here to give them." He shot a covert look to right and left.

I stood silent, knowing that time was too precious for my questioning, that he was about to tell me all that I needed to hear.

"The man who was to try to get word to you on the road gave me a certain arranged signal that he had succeeded. Now first—you were taken to Mrs. Cassington's room. Was she able to speak, able to take your hand?"

"Yes—both. Oh, it was horrid," burst from me. "The room was shaded so that I could see very little."

"Don't mind that. Don't be afraid, no matter how you may feel. I've only a moment; but remember what I'm saying in case I don't have a chance to speak to you soon

### Almost Penniless and Despairing

of her ability to find a position in New York, Janet Page, whose only assets are health and a splendid vitality, accepts the offer of a two months' engagement as companion to the aged millionairess Mrs. Roger Cassington. Upon the advice of Miss Cruith, of the Nelson Agency, through which the offer has come, she accepts it and leaves immediately with Mrs. Cassington's colorless maid Joanna Loder, for the Cassington estate, Gray Walls.

On the way, a fanatical-looking young man meets her and secretly informs her that she is running into danger and that her one friend at Gray Walls will be a man named Luther. Arriving, she meets Luther, apparently a gardener, who is carrying a great armful of roses. Over the flowers he throws her a warning glance and motions her to keep silence. For some time, Janet sits in Mrs. Cassington's darkened room. Then the ghost of a voice summons her to the bedside, and she experiences a desire to scream as a clawlike hand fastens itself around her own.

[Turn to page 18]

SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER

No wonder Campbell's Soup tastes great!  
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And don't forget that every plate  
Has all these good things in it!



## Suppose you had to make your own soup!

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21 kinds

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#### Some ingredients of Campbell's Ox Tail Soup

Ox Tail Joints  
Ox Tail Broth  
Beef Broth  
Tomato Puree  
Carrots (cubed)  
Carrots (puree)  
Turnips (cubed)  
Turnips (puree)  
Barley  
Celery (diced)  
Celery (puree)  
Onions (puree)  
Parsley (puree)  
Leek (puree)  
Wheat Flour  
Rice Flour  
Kitchen Bouquet  
Salt  
Sugar  
Cayenne Pepper  
White Pepper  
Allspice  
Cloves  
Bay Leaves  
Marjoram  
Shot Pepper  
Thyme  
Savory  
Nutmeg

#### Campbell's Soups during Lent

Among the twenty-one different Campbell's kinds are delightful vegetable soups which have a special appeal to many for Lenten use. Campbell's Tomato Soup, Campbell's Pea Soup, Campbell's Celery Soup, Campbell's Asparagus Soup are rich in fine vegetable foods and are made without meat. They are often served also as thick, extra-nourishing cream soups, prepared in a few minutes.

# Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



*I felt as if I had suddenly stepped into a current of icy wind! The woman was blind—stone blind!*

again—for if they found out who I am and why I'm here, I'd be thrown out."

"Oh, who are you?" I implored rapidly. "And what does all the mystery in this house mean?"

"I'll tell you when we have a better chance to talk. All I can say now is—stick it out, and you'll be doing a good work. Not only for yourself. You'll be exposing one of the most execrable, cruel, cold-blooded impositions ever concocted."

"Tell me this one thing, please," I begged. "Who was in that room? Was it really Mrs. Cassington? Or was it some other person—some imposter?"

"No, no, not that at all!" His eyes flashed under some angry thought. "It was Mrs. Roger Cassington, as you will soon find out." Here he gave another look about. "With good luck, I'll be in the house again with roses in a few days—and able to talk to you again. In the meantime, make note of everything you do, everything you hear, though its meaning may be dark to you—above all, everything that you *feel*." He accentuated the last word in a delicately incisive way that came to me with the sting of a needle's prick. "Write it all on a paper that you'll slip to me when the chance comes. Be observing!"

**A** WARNING flashed into his brown face as he thrust the flowers at me, and again it was the Irish gardener who spoke: "You'll find water ready. And if these are not enough, miss, I can get you more."

As he said this one of the sinister-faced men in livery appeared at the head of the stairs and stood looking at us. "Oh, these are enough—lovely—thank you," I said, and closed the door upon the seeming gardener's big shoulders, now bent industriously over his almost empty basket.

Within, I stood trembling against the panels, listening, fearing that the servant had overheard some word that would betray the truth of the situation to him.

"Have you not finished?" I heard the man ask, coolly insolent.

"It's none of your business, my fine buck-o, whether I have or not!" Luther's vigorous answer came, as thick with a Celt's accent as the other's had been with an Italian's. "But if you like you can have the few roses I've left here, for yourself."

"Why? What would I do with such things?"

"You might give them to Miss Loder—say they remind you of her," Luther retorted as he moved off with a laugh.

I was left tremendously excited by the whole of this occurrence. And in a hazy way I was conscious of a flavor of happiness. Cautious enough to begin placing the flowers in vases about the room, I was all the time dwelling on the young gardener's words, on the assuring warmth in his eyes.

My thoughts kept circling around him. He was interesting, a gentleman, in the house on a secret mission—there to discover something that it appeared only I could tell him. What a new, alluring tint this gave to whatever discomfort I would have to undergo. I was to be one with him in some quest that made for justice. He had said so. And in this thought memory of the lad who had waylaid me took on fresh import. I wondered in what relation he stood to the supposed gardener, for no paid assistant would have had the resentment I had seen in his fanatical eyes. Had wrong of some sort come to this boy from Gray Walls? Was it for his sake that Luther, impersonally and doggedly, was there? Seemingly a plodder in his old leather coat, to me his eyes had let fall their mask, showing the judge's look.

Here was no ordinary man. I liked him. I trusted him. With something that in an ordinary and happy situation would have been a thrill, my heart was stirred by him. Apart from the determination to earn the much-needed money that I had come to get, was now another—to obey the man I knew as Luther, thereby helping him.

I was sitting, thinking, when Miss Loder, arrayed in an old-maidish taffeta of the taupe that seemed inseparable from her, came back. Evidently I pleased her in the flame-colored velvet, for the scouting look of her dulled eyes showed a feeble satisfaction. One of the servants came

directly after her, and he carried a serving-table with a covered tray upon it.

"You'll dine here, Miss Page," the woman directed. "Goot things—real Astrakhan caviar, oysters, a broiler, early asparagus, peaches from the south." All her r's were strikingly snarled in this statement, but I haven't tried to express them. "When you're finished, you're to come to Mrs. Cassington's rooms. You will probably spend most of the night there, reading to her or talking." She nodded dismissal to the man who, having lifted the cloth from the tray, was regarding me with the slow and thorough curiosity that Italians bestow on women. "That is all, Nicolo."

"Rafaello said to mention that if the young lady would prefer a *filet mignon* instead of the chicken he would prepare it, and—"

"Rafaello has entirely too many suggestions for a chef," Miss Loder retorted. "I gave the order for Miss Page's dinner, and she must eat it at once as there is no time to spare." They both spoke in Italian.

Nicolo bowed and withdrew, followed by Miss Loder. Left alone with the delicious food, I began to do full justice to it, as I'd eaten nothing since my half-hearted breakfast at Mrs. Merck's. And during this restful pause my mind began selecting the first observations that later I would write down and eventually hand to Luther. Two facts stood out clearly among the jumble of impression: all those I had seen in service at Gray Walls, with the exception of Miss Loder, were men; and all but she and Luther were Italians. How fortunate, then, that I had kept silent about my early residence in Italy, owing to which I could speak the language fairly well and understand it better!

The opportunity to talk again with Luther did not come as soon as he had expected. Eight days passed without anything but a distant sight of him—eight dreadful days. The thought of his possible dismissal had been haunting me when, on the fifth morning I caught sight of him from my window, directing some planting in a corner of the Roman garden. He looked toward me. I waved a handkerchief to him. I was sure he had caught the signal and he kept in my view a long time, but was careful to give no sign.

When would I see him? Oh, when? How much I had to tell him! My notes, written on thin, glazy paper, were ready. I have them before me as I write and give them here:

I have been in most wearying attendance on Mrs. Cassington, but have seen her only once and then briefly; this was on my second visit. In a hollow of the huge bed, sunk far down among crimson satin and velvet pillows, I made out a face that might almost have been that of a small mummy—brown, fleshless; the skin on it a sagging sack; the nose knife-edged; and between it and the upshooting, witchlike chin, a mouth that seemed no mouth at all, so sunken was it. I had the impression of looking at an empty house that held a lamp at its last flicker.

A fall of yellow lace hung down like a mantilla against her ears, and this, with the shadow made by the long scallops of the bed's canopy as well as the ineffectual light through the heavily curtained windows, gave me but a confused view of her. When she spoke, the voice had the exceeding thinness noticed on my preceding visit and made me feel that each difficult word flung away some of the life gained.

On two later visits I did not even faintly see her, for on entering the bed. This reading lasted only a short while each time. Miss Loder, who always kept my company—sitting like an effigy in a far corner—had then directed me to come close to the bed and recite the plots of stories that I already knew, just as I could manage to recall them, and in a leisurely, simple, intimate way. This went on each time all through the night and until I was so exhausted I found it hard to remember the events of the tales and words in which to describe them. And with fatigue at its utmost, I was made aware of a hideous sort of fear. I don't know just what it is I feel constantly afraid of. It's uncanny, but it's as real to me as my own hand. On these nights I was not set free until dawn, when I was so weak that I staggered into the hall beside Miss Loder.

How I detest and shrink from that torpid woman in whose servitude I am sensible of something crawling, base! With her "kick me, and I'll still smile" expression, I keep fancying her sitting away like a snake, having covertly spat out a snake's poison on retreating. They seem to be afraid I'll run away. At any rate the only exercise I am allowed is to stride up and down the length of the balcony before my second-floor windows, from which there are no steps. Once, at night, I managed to get out by the front door into the grounds, and there I raced in the cold for a few delicious, wild moments. My liberty was short-lived. Breathless, Miss Loder

appeared before me. Her face in the starlight was as ghastly as a dead person's. "It is well," she said in a shaking voice, "that Pietro's foot is so bad tonight he has to lie down. If he had found you disobeying orders this way, you'd have been made to regr-eet it. I can tell you!" She seemed beside herself with fright as she pulled at me. I had to use all the force I could command in flinging her off, after which I walked back to the house, my head up, and in advance of her. Later, whenever I tried the entrance doors, they were always locked, no key in sight. Several times I tried to push up the first-floor library windows that open directly on the grounds, and found that, day and night, the latticed shutters on the outside were as immovable as the walls of a fortress.

With all this locking against my going out, the door to my own room is left unlocked. No key has been in it since I came. When I spoke to Miss Loder, saying I was not accustomed to this lack of privacy and that it made me nervous, she peacefully informed me that there was no danger of any sort and that everything done in that house was in obedience to Mrs. Cassington's will. I began to realize that it is a terrible Will which lives in that bed in continuous shadow. I have a creeping terror of it and of—oh, I don't know what! I can only set down what happens and what I feel.

They speak in Italian here a great deal. I have been glad that I did not let anyone of them know that I understand it from having lived in Italy. They say things before me that puzzle me and that I am sure would not be spoken if they did not take my ignorance of the language for granted. Here's one of them: Constantly Mrs. Cassington asks Pietro if I am eating well and tells him to keep up my appetite. She told Miss Loder that I could not be as strong as I seemed, since my color had faded more than she had expected. You can imagine how angered I was by this remark—puzzled by it, too. Miss Loder must have told her that I was pale, and as the long night watches, that seem to me most futile and maddening things, would drain any strength, it must be that she wants me to be well-nourished for them.

I have not seen a telephone anywhere in the house. Of course, as I agreed not to write or receive letters, I must abide by this added touch of separation. I'm sure that a woman at my boarding-house who liked me has written to me, and I'm just as sure that I'll never get her letters. In fact I am utterly cut off from getting a word about myself to the outside.

Another inexplicable thing. After the first day, the oblong looking-glass in my room, in which I had seen myself in the flame-colored velvet robe, disappeared. Following this discovery I found that my hand mirror of imitation tortoise-shell was not among my things. This genuinely startled me and sent me rushing to my bag to find that even the tiny one was also gone from the silk slit that had held it. Questioned about this, Miss Loder's explanation was the stereotyped one. She told Miss Loder that I could not be as strong as I seemed, since my color had faded more than she had expected. You can imagine how angered I was by this remark—puzzled by it, too. Miss Loder must have told her that I was pale, and as the long night watches, that seem to me most futile and maddening things, would drain any strength, it must be that she wants me to be well-nourished for them.

As I was setting down the last words Miss Loder came rattling the knob. I'd forgotten to say that I'd pushed a chest of drawers before my door. When, after a delay, I let her in, she was very angry. I did not care, for the barricade had given me time to push these pages under a pillow.

Two more days have passed, and I am so tired I could cry. I feel ill, too—ill in some curious, blood-chilling, creeping way that is not only of the body but seems to have to do with my whole self; brain and nerves and spirit. Why should I feel this way—desolate, weary and with a dull sense of depletion?—I, who never before have known the meaning of fatigue! Of course it's the effect of this close housing, of my long hours in the somber bedchamber, where the scent of roses—always roses—is incessant, a heavily-sweet distillation with the effect of a drug. I don't believe that after I leave here I'll ever want to see a rose again, since they are Mrs. Cassington's mania. And yet how unreasonable I am to say this, since it is your work with the flowers that gains you admission through these guarded doors.

More than half of another week has crawled by since I have set down anything. Today is bright. Real March glory, with the first scent of spring on the high gales, it keeps calling to me to come out, to go racing over the hills in the teeth of the wind. All I can do, I did; this morning I walked up and down my balcony like a caged animal, taking long breaths of the delicious air. When I came back into the room I was foolish enough to cry passionately from a sense of defeat. If it were not for my promise to endure and arrange these strange facts for you, I'd ask these people—beg them on my knees—to end this misery. I don't want that money now. I am tortured by the longing to get away, obsessed even in my dreams with the thought of myself out on the windy, dark roads, flying from this house. It is only the compact with you that makes me try to conquer myself. Yet—what would happen if I did demand that they let me go? What? Why, nothing at all! And the worst thought now, the one that bites in, is that with my eyes open I accepted these conditions. Mad thing that I was—mad from poverty!

My notes end here.

**I**N continuing my story I recall how, as I wrote the last words, Miss Loder came, without even knocking, into the room. My hearing, however, as does that of all trapped things, had grown so sharp at Gray Walls that I had heard her slipped footfall in time to push the pages out of sight. She came to say that Mrs. Cassington was feeling much better and would talk to me that afternoon about myself.

"You will see her clearly, today," said Miss Loder, an unexpressed significance in her considering look. "Come in about ten minutes,"—and she went out.

At first I thought of hiding the papers in the room; and then the hope that I lived in of meeting Luther somewhere in the halls and giving them to him, made me fold the sleazy sheets and button them like lining under the mitten-shaped end of one of the sleeves of the velvet robe that, by command, I was wearing again. But in my progress through the house I did not see him—nor any one. It might have been a beautiful rose-perfumed vault through which I passed.

As I said in my notes, there was the quicksilver brightness that day that goes with the dry winds and sunlight of March, and when I entered Mrs. Cassington's rooms, this white incandescence flooded it. Miss Loder, at a short distance from the bed, waved me to a chair beside it. And then, also for the first time, I was manifestly face to face with my mystifying employer.

At the first glance I was troubled by the most curious sensation. Could it have been this woman who had spoken to me on the first day, whose voice had been but a thread of sound, whose hand, as it touched mine, had seemed of slipping parchment and bone? The one before me, propped up on a hill of splendid pillows, with the fur collar of an oddly embroidered robe drawn above her ears, was very old, but not with the dreary decrepitude that I had half-seen on my second visit. There was a dim russet-pink in the fallen cheeks; a purplish damask on her lips that held to a faint smile. Ninety and more? She seemed not more than about seventy-five. Dying? She seemed as far from that as is any well-cared-for, aged woman. Afraid of death? Instead of fear, hope and purpose were what I sensed, and when, after Miss Loder had spoken my name to her I saw her eyes, I was still more startled.

**MRS. CASSINGTON** had stirred under the scintillant embroideries and turned to me. The gaze did not meet mine; it went a little beyond me. There was no colorful iris to her eyes; what I saw had the effect of bits of grayish leather sticking to the yellowish whites. The drenching sunlight from windows beside the bed was so intense it forced my own young eyes to wince uncomfortably; hers, with the lids full up, never flickered. The reason went chillingly all over me, as if in full summer warmth I had suddenly stepped into a stray current of icy wind! The woman was blind. No wonder she had had me talk to her in the amiable twilight that cloaked her affliction. "Stone blind!"

From the force of the amazement that filled me I could not, if life depended on it, have spoken a word, though my brain became a web of questions: Why had Miss Cruith

[Turn to page 22]



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The Jewish watch-fires

# The Story of The Bible

by Hendrik  
Willem  
van Loon



The spies escape

**A**S prisoners, the Jews returned to Egypt, and were taken into the presence of the viceroy. In utter despair they tried to explain something that seemed wholly inexplicable. Joseph remained stern and frowning and accused them of ingratitude. At last they broke down. They told Joseph everything that had happened and how they had once done a very wicked thing, and how they would now give everything they had, could they but undo their crime, until Joseph could not hold his feelings in check any longer, and he explained how the cup had been placed in Benjamin's sack at his own command.

He ordered all Egyptians to leave the room, and when they were all gone, he came down from his throne and then he embraced Benjamin, and to the terrified sons of Jacob, there stood the mightiest man in all Egypt, revealed as their own brother, whom they had sought to kill and whom they had sold, out of greed, to the Midianite slave-traders.

Of course, so strange a story appealed to all the people from the highest to the lowest. The king gave a number of his own chariots to bring Jacob to Egypt, and Joseph took some of the newly acquired farm lands (which were in a province called Goshen) and gave them to his own family.

In this way, the Jews happened to leave Canaan and move into Egypt. But in their hearts, they remained faithful to the old home, for when Jacob was dying, he asked that his body be taken to the cave of Machpelah, where his father and his mother and his grandparents lay buried.

This was done. Joseph himself carried the body back to Canaan. Then he returned to Egypt and he lived for many years more, and his people loved him, for he had been as good as he had been generous.

Until a hundred years ago, we could not read the language of the Egyptians. As soon as the key to their hieroglyphics (or script) had been discovered, a vast new storehouse of historical information was opened up to us. Now we no longer depend upon the accounts of the Old Testament for our exclusive knowledge of this period.

*The strongholds of the children of Anak*



THIS is the fourth instalment of the most unusual magazine feature published in many years, the master work of the famous author of "The Story of Mankind." It is an epic of remarkable beauty compiled by the author for his own sons that their lives might be "more full of understanding, of tolerance and of love for that which is good and beautiful."

For many centuries the Bible was almost the only book our ancestors possessed or cared to read. They made Holy Writ the highest law of the land and in modern times we have still greater need to call upon its ancient wisdom. The ten consecutive instalments of this remarkable chronicle as they appear in McCall's will comprise the greatest historical outline of The Bible ever published.

In the fifteenth century before the birth of Christ, it seems that Egypt had been conquered by a tribe of Arabian shepherds, who were called the Hyksos. They were probably of the same stock to which the Jews themselves belonged. As soon as the Hyksos were the masters of the entire land, they built a new capital, many hundred miles away from the old Egyptian center of Thebes. For almost three hundred years they remained the undisputed masters of the valley of the Nile.

Joseph came to Egypt when Apepa was Pharaoh. But this king was the last of the Hyksos dynasty. After many unsuccessful attempts, the Egyptians finally succeeded in getting rid of their oppressors. Under a king of their own, called Aahmes (a native of the former capital of Thebes), they drove away the Hyksos and once more regained control of their own country. This, of course, made the position of the Jews a very difficult one. They had been the close friends of the foreign conquerors. Joseph had been a conspicuous figure in the court life of the Shepherd Kings. All this the Egyptians remembered long after they had forgotten how Joseph had saved their grandfathers from starvation. And, of course, they showed it in their conduct toward the Jews, whom they treated with hatred and with contempt.

The Jews thus far had been shepherds, accustomed to the simple life of the open fields. Now they had come into contact with a people who preferred to live in cities. They saw the luxury and the comfort of the palaces of Thebes and Memphis and Sais. Soon they began to despise the rude tents in which their ancestors had lived contentedly for so many centuries.

They sold their flocks, they left their farms in the land of Goshen, and they moved to the towns. The newcomers were not wanted. The Egyptians regarded them as people who had come to take the bread out of their own mouths. Soon there was bad feeling between Jews and Egyptians. Ere long, this showed itself in unpleasant race riots.

The Jews were given the choice of becoming Egyptians or of leaving the country.

A famine had originally brought the brothers of Joseph to Egypt. Their descendants often talked of a possible return to the land of Canaan. But the journey was long and difficult. The flesh-pots of Egypt were well filled. Life in the desert would be terrible. Life in the cities, on the other hand, was very pleasant.

They feared the uncertainty of the future more than the

perils of the present. And so they did nothing. For the moment, they remained where they were, in the slums of the Egyptian cities.

But the moments grew into days, and the days grew into years, and the years grew into centuries, and everything remained as before.

**I**N the fourteenth century before the birth of Christ, when Rameses the Great ruled in the valley of the Nile, the relations between the Egyptians and the Jews had reached a point where an open conflict could no longer be avoided.

The welcome guests of a few hundred years before were now being degraded in every possible way. The kings of Egypt had always been fond of constructing large palaces and public buildings. There were roads and barracks and dykes to be made, and there was a constant demand for workmen on the royal estates. This labor was not very well paid. The Egyptians therefore shunned it as much as possible, and forced the Jews to do the disagreeable jobs.

Even so, a good many Jews, who were engaged in trade, managed to maintain themselves in the cities. This was a cause of great envy to the Egyptian inhabitants because they could not compete with the foreigners. They went to the king and asked that all the Jews be exterminated. This could not very well be done. But Pharaoh, in his love for his subjects, tried to solve the problem in a different way.

He gave orders that all Jewish babies who happened to be boys should be killed. It was a simple remedy, but a very cruel one. Now a man called Amram, and his wife (whose name was Jochebed) had two children. One was a boy, by the name of Aaron, and the other was a girl, Miriam. When a third child (a boy) was born to them, they decided to save it at all cost. For three months they hid little Moses in their house with such care that the officers of the king could not find him. But then the neighbors began to talk, and someone had heard the baby cry, and it was no longer safe to have the child in the house.

So Jochebed took her son and went to the banks of the Nile and wove a little basket, and she made the

[Turn to page 57]

*Moses sees the promised land*



"A Skin You Love to Touch"

by Grant Reynard

# You too, can have the charm of "A Skin you love to touch"



HE beautiful fresh clear skin you long for—with the right care you can possess it!

Any girl can have a smooth, flawless complexion.

Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies and new takes its place. This new skin you can make what you will!

If you are troubled with blackheads—with ugly little blemishes—with conspicuous nose pores; if your skin is too oily, or so pale and sallow that it gives your whole face a lifeless appearance—begin now, to overcome the condition.

Give your skin the right Woodbury treatment for its needs, and see how easy it is to free your complexion from the faults that have been troubling you.

The right Woodbury treatment for each type of skin and its needs is given in the booklet around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today and begin your treatment tonight. Within a week or ten days you will notice a marked improvement in your complexion.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for regular toilet use. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.

#### *A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations*

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap  
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream  
A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream  
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder  
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch"

Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1503 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1507 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario. English Agents: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.



# WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

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# Would you wear Pajamas at a dance?



**O**F COURSE not. No girl, no matter how daring, would dream of disregarding social good form like that. No girl, no matter how offhand, would think of insulting her hostess so flagrantly.

You wouldn't. But don't you often use a writing paper that is just as much out of place, just as inappropriate, as pajamas at a dance?

Many a girl never realizes that her letter paper is her social dress when she is not there.

She never suspects, when she thanks Claire's handsome new cousin for his flowers, that her robin's-egg-blue envelope made him say,

"That for me? I thought it was something for the cook."

She never guessed, when she said to herself, "Oh, it's only Geraldine! I can scribble to her on anything," that Geraldine would leave the untidy note on the library table, where her frank brother, observing it, inquired:

"Going in for settlement work, Jerry?"

She never knew! But I know. I have seen so many girls judged wrongly by their letter paper. They know better, just as they know better than to wear neg-

lige to a party, but they do not know as I do that using the correct letter paper is one of the surest ways of proving your right to the social opportunities that come to you.

You might even carry off the pajamas by sheer personality, if you are pretty and gay and quick-witted enough. But you aren't there when your carelessly selected writing paper is being judged. People think you don't know or that you don't care, and one thought is just as bad for you as the other.

It is so easy to do the right thing. Just get the correct paper, the paper everyone knows is absolutely right, and then use it—always.

I have written a little book which I will send you for fifty cents. It tells all about letters, invitations, acceptances, regrets, cards, etc. And I am always glad to answer letters. Write me about anything you want to know. I want to help you make the most of yourself socially, because I know that good style is a greater social asset than good looks.

*Caroline De Lancey*  
Address me in care of  
EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY  
225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

THE right letter paper is Eaton's Highland Linen. It comes in the correct sizes, with five smart envelope shapes and in all the fashionable tints. It is sold at a moderate price at all good stationery stores.

*Style is a greater Social Asset than Beauty*

## The Affair at Gray Walls

[Continued from page 18]

said that my appearance of health was the most important requirement for this engagement, in order to please my enfeebled employer? In what possible way could the signals of youth and strength in my face serve *this blind woman*? I could not decipher the riddle.

At the first words uttered by Mrs. Cassington my confusion deepened. The voice that came from the bed was wholly unlike my memory of it. Feeble though it was, body of some sort had come to it. No longer an abnormal sound, it was much like a fretful child's, thin and plaintive. Another surprise was that the woman seemed fairly to read my thoughts about her blindness.

"Go away, Loder," she said, "and come back when Miss Page rings for you." As this direction was obeyed, she hitched herself under the mass of embroideries quite around to me, and a smile rippled over her face that made the folds of loose, dry skin twitch. "I don't like any one but you here with me in the sunlight, for you, my child, are living sunlight. You are wondering how I know?" A chuckle came from her. "The other senses of the blind make up for the darkness. In effect, we become porous, drink in impressions as a sponge does water. I feel your beauty, I feel your lovely youth! No need for eyes—none at all!"

She waited for me to speak, and I had fairly to push the words over my reluctant lips. "I am—sorry—for you," I said.

Instantly her face became distorted under rage. "No pity, if you please! Tell me only of happy and reviving things."

"I'd better read to you," I ventured.

"No reading! I prefer recitals of tales that you already know about. I like to listen to your voice going on dreamily, in the dark. Then I feel the shadow as a friendly thing that has taken you, too, and I am not alone in it." Her tone had the uttermost dread as she added: "Oh, hold me back from the end—from the grave."

With the last words, her hand was thrust at me. "Put your fingers quite around mine." As I obeyed, she continued in a voice of prayer: "Help me! Let your warm, sweet hand save me. Sadness," she implored, "must not be mentioned between us again. You will remember?"

"Oh, yes, I will," I said fervently, for while I could not help feeling repugnance, I did pity such terror.

"About yourself," she sighed. "What is your first name?"

"Janet." I said this brightly, glad to come back to simple subjects. My satisfaction was extinguished by her fierce reply.

"I don't like it. Janet is dour, and Scotch. You must have a happy name. I shall call you by something that suits the spring of life and my roses. Let it be Rosalia. That is Italian for a rose in bloom."

"I don't dislike it, if it pleases you," I said kindly.

"I should call you by it, even if you did dislike it," she said, the words cool, arrogant. "It is better, though, to have you happy." Here she sighed wistfully and set my hand free in order to be able to stroke it gently.

Very soon Pietro entered, carrying a huge tray. I had not caught sight of him for several days. His foot, though still bandaged, I could see was better.

"It is I, signora," he said in Italian.

My ears sharpened at the words, no sign of my recognition of them in my face. "What have you brought for her?" Mrs. Cassington asked in the same language.

"Everything just as you ordered it, signora."

"See that this girl eats it all," said the childish-sounding voice. "Loder tells me that she picks at food like a bird. And that, as you know, won't do—won't do at all!"

I kept my expression null, as Pietro, after spreading a large serviette across Mrs. Cassington's lap and placing on it a bowl of the gruel that was served to her every two hours, put the tray on a small table before me. It held what would have been, had I been hungry, a most appetizing array of dainties: A cup of pungent-smelling *potage*, a cutlet, new asparagus, a salad of mixed fruits, a small decanter of darkly amber wine.

"But I can't touch this now," I said, as I attempted a smile at Pietro. "I had luncheon only a few hours ago."

"That is nothing. You will eat,"—and his tone was the peacefully ultimate one that Miss Loder so maddeningly employed.

"Take this thing away. I am too excited even to taste it!" Mrs. Cassington said sharply in Italian, prodding at her bowl with one finger.

After lifting it, the man waited deferentially for her next words which again came in Italian:

"Go—and leave the fool to me! I will see that she takes enough of the food."

As he went obediently toward the door,

she called him back. "Shut out some of the light, first. It disturbs me."

I knew by this that another of the long, eerie vigils by that bed was about to begin. Still, I was careful not to give a sign that I had understood them. And in a moment the wine-colored silk curtains on the windows had been drawn together, sending the room into a ruddy dusk. Through it the man went away as silently as if he were a great cat.

"Now eat, as I wish," said my employer in terse English. "I like to feel that the young enjoy their food. Remember," she went on amiably, as I lifted a spoonful of the thick broth to my lips, "what Louis Fifteen found out. 'What,' said he, when he was forty, 'would life be without coffee?' And when he was old, how desolate his question as he sat before food he could not enjoy: 'What,' said he, 'is life with coffee?'"

After listening, I laid down the spoon and sat back. Defiance was mounting in me. I would not be forced to gorge myself! As I sat so, in perfect silence, my mental resistance was instantly conveyed to my companion.

"Why don't you eat?" Mrs. Cassington demanded, adding impatiently: "Perhaps you are afraid this will spoil your appetite for dinner?"

I snatched at the idea. "Yes," I cried.

"Don't let that fret you," she said impudently. "You will not be relieved for dinner tonight. You will sit with me until very late. Eat!"

I remained obstinately motionless until certain thoughts came to aid me—of the money that this sort of bondage was to bring me; the liberty waiting in the near future; and—taking first place—Luther's fealty that was close to me. This last was in my mind, as one chilled can be comfortingly aware of a warm cloak soon to fall over one's waiting shoulders. It was almost in a sort of frenzy that I forced myself to swallow as much of the food as was possible.

The hours intervening, until a clock whose tongue seemed a feather of silver struck eleven, were like others I had spent in that shadowed room. Candlelight came at odd times as attendants brought Mrs. Cassington her infantile nourishment, then drifted rapidly away carrying the longed-for flames with them. And through these intervals of speechless, soft-footed service I was made to continue my recital of the plots of novels familiar to me. On finding that I knew "Anna Karénina," Mrs. Cassington had selected that as one of them. I gave the story's details as clearly as I could, she breaking in occasionally.

"I can tell you've never been in Russia." This came critically. "I lived there for years, and perhaps I will again. Yes, and not only Russia—my beloved Italy! To sense and hear it all about me again—those far places—the wonderful world!"

She said this after I had been talking in the gloom for hours. And while I was conscious that my voice, in its monotonous recital, kept growing fainter as I stumbled over words and phrases, so I recognized, although in a cloudy way, that the vigor of hers had as steadily increased. It is hard to describe what I began to endure as sometimes my speech ceased and my tongue felt cemented to the dry roof of my mouth. At last I had an eerie sensation of not being myself at all—the voice I struggled with, not my own.

My own? Why, of course not. How could it be—this wobbling, wan-sounding thing? By degrees I grew chilled, sick, unutterably desolate . . . silent in my chair. And although during this watch I had not moved an inch closer to the bed, I felt that in some way Mrs. Cassington was nearer to me. She seemed not only leaning to me, but to be actually by my side. Yet, fighting the mist about me, I tried to regard this fancy as impossible; told myself that this aged woman who scarcely had strength to turn in the bed, could not have approached me.

The reflection went out in a crash of alarm. I was made to know that however incomprehensible, her nearness was true. For without the slightest warning, her fingers fastened on my arm, and so greedily that the contact sent resistance through me like lightning splitting a block of ice. I actually seemed to fly to pieces, wild—stark wild—afraid of everything, prepared for anything. I shook off the rapacious grip, heard myself utter a wail of mortal fright as I sprang up and wheeled the chair between me and the bed. It was then that the clock struck eleven.

"Ring for Loder!" Mrs. Cassington directed.

There was such power in the ringing tone, the warning that I had felt before rose to panic, urging flight. I obeyed it as I dragged the door open and stumbled into the lighted hall.

"Don't go! Don't go!" Mrs. Cassington flung after me in rage.

[Turn to page 24]

# A cream that protects against wind and cold

## *It shields your skin from drying and chapping*



*As a protection against March winds the right cream is an absolute necessity*

**E**VERYONE knows the coarse, dry texture that is spoken of as "weatherbeaten." That is the result of constant and continued exposure.

But even a single day's exposure can cause the roughness that you can feel by passing your hands over your cheeks, and the chapping that is actually painful. Wind whips the moisture out of an unprotected skin—cold roughens it. To prevent these dangers, a cream is needed that will shield the skin and help it keep its natural moisture and softness.

For this purpose a special formula is needed, and this is what was used in making Pond's *Vanishing Cream*.

Try a little of this particular cream side by side with any cold cream and see the marked difference. The cold cream is oily—the Pond's *Vanishing Cream* has not a drop of oil in it. Instead it is made from another ingredient famous for its softening and soothing qualities and which the skin can absorb instantly. This cream keeps the skin's natural moisture in, and so protects it from the drying effect of wind and cold.

No matter how cold and windy it is, your skin will keep its natural transparency and softness if you always smooth on Pond's *Vanishing Cream* before you go out. When you come in again your skin will feel soft and fresh, not dry and tired as it usually does after exposure to cold, wintry winds.

This delicate cream is indispensable for every daytime and evening use, as it contains no oil and never reappears in a shine. It freshens your appearance instantly and the smooth velvety surface it gives your skin makes the ideal base for powder.

### *The other cream every normal skin needs*

No one cream can completely care for your skin. To give your skin the thorough cleansing that keeps it fresh and supple another cream is needed.

This second cream that every normal skin needs is Pond's *Cold Cream*. The column at the right tells how it completes the care of your skin.

Both these creams are so fine in texture they cannot clog the pores. Neither contains anything to promote the growth of hair. The Pond's Extract Company, New York.

**POND'S**  
*Cold Cream* for cleansing  
*Vanishing Cream* to hold the powder

### *A very different cream for a thorough cleansing*

No skin can be always lovely unless it is really clean.

Every day dirt bores deep into the pores. If this dirt is allowed to remain the skin becomes dull and muddy looking. Often these fine particles of dirt irritate the pores and blemishes result. Ordinary washing cannot reach this dirt—only a cold cream, a cream made with oil, can do that.

The cream with just the right amount of oil to reach deep into the pores and remove every trace of dirt and impurity without overloading the skin is Pond's *Cold Cream*. This cream can be used night after night to give your skin a thorough cleansing, as its consistency is perfect for working well into the skin and out again. Creams that contain more oil than necessary for such thorough cleansing overload the pores.



Cream of a less delicate consistency will not work in and out of the pores so readily.

Smooth Pond's *Cold Cream* into the skin of face and neck every night before retiring. Then wipe off with a soft cloth. The thorough cleansing this gives has a most stimulating effect. The oil in this cream keeps the skin soft and supple, and the cleansing gives the skin a lovely cleanliness and transparency.

### GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co.,  
139L Hudson St., New York

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

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Street \_\_\_\_\_

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For evening wear

This is a becoming and popular style. For detailed instructions see our booklet on hair-dressing.

## More than the ends need brushing

A LOT of people, if they brush the tangles out of the ends of their hair, think the work of brushing is finished. But it isn't.

Vigorous brushing daily, of at least one hundred strokes, with a good hair brush is needed to keep the hair healthy and glossy.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic Pen-e-tra-tor Hair Brush is made for thorough brushing. You can feel the stiff, springy bristles on your scalp. They penetrate the hair and stir into use the food that nature provides for your hair. Made in several styles to suit varying thicknesses of hair.

With this brush, the good habit of regular brushing helps to make the hair grow and brings out the lustre—proof of its healthiness.

You can buy the Pro-phy-lac-tic Pen-e-tra-tor Hair Brush in several styles and finishes at stores where hair brushes are usually sold. It is always sold in the yellow box.

Write for our interesting new booklet on dressing the hair.

FLORENCE MANUFACTURING CO., Florence, Mass.  
Makers of the famous Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush  
Sold by all dealers in the United States and Canada

# Pro-phy-lac-tic Brushes



## The Affair at Gray Walls

[Continued from page 22]

But I went blindly forward at the spur of a racing impulse. Sharply aware of it, I yet could not move fast and went down the stairs, trembling and clinging to the banisters. My veins felt thin, my blood cold. Fear of my new helplessness was a torture, fear of stumbling, of pursuit, of some mistake as the result of my wavering progress that held neither hope nor direction. Still I went on.

In the lower hall, empty of a single servant, I found myself before a small door at the side of the house. I saw that this was a little ajar; heaven seemed to have opened before me. My whole weight pushed it forward, and for a moment I paused on the porch. Instantly the windy coldness revived me. I was able to move more quickly. I had no hope of escaping, yet hatless, coatless and without a penny, I scuttled down the few steps and plunged on.

Fortunately the moon was a round wonder of pearl that showed the gardens with daylight clearness. From a broad path, I turned into a narrow one; from this into another; over a small bridge of white stone; down its steps; around a circular path where a sun-dial had the effect of an upstanding ghost—and so on, aimlessly, wildly, my tongue the while sagging over my parched lips as I had often seen a dog's when exhausted from long, exciting chase.

I was without the slightest realization of where I was going when I stumbled over a tree root and would have fallen but that someone caught me—someone who darted stealthily to my side. The panic that leaped in me died as the moonlight showed me Luther's keen, anxious young face bent above me, and the joy that was mine—a whirlwind of golden color—will always be one of my most vivid memories.

"Don't let them take me back," I managed to say, and surrendering utterly, sank against him.

I was carried in his arms a short way. Through confusion I heard other men's voices speaking in cautious tones to Luther, heard his as guarded in reply. A moment more, and the March coldness was replaced by warmth and an earthy smell.

My strength had come back a little, and when I was placed on a seat I struggled for clear comprehension and self-helpfulness. I was in a place that seemed all of windows, the moon-drenched sky suggesting a bluish-black canopy sewn with brilliants, falling about them. A glass with brandy in it was pressed to my lips; someone rubbed my hands, and someone wiped my wet forehead.

"Look at her," I heard Luther exclaim in a queer, stifled way. "Look! The robbery is on!"

After a silence, his face came so close to mine I felt his breath warm my cheek. "Are you feeling better?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. Where have you brought me?"

"You are in one of the greenhouses. These men with me are my friends."

He flashed a small electric torch backward to illuminate an angle made by a wall of stacked plants, and as if he stood at a great distance I saw the young artist who on the day of my arrival had spoken to me on the road. By his side there was a gray-haired, bearded man of about fifty.

"We can't waste a moment," I heard one of these say—the artist, it seemed to me. "They'll come on the trail in here as soon as they get this far. She must go back to the house at once. She must!"

The words filled me with a feeble sort of rage, all that my senses seemed capable of exuding. Go back? Only my enemies could wish that. Who and what were these men?

"Miss Page!" It was Luther who spoke now, and he was on his knees before me. "Can you understand me?"

"Yes, I understand," I said, and as a child would, I seized in both of mine the hand he had placed on my shoulder. "You'll help me get away?"

"Suppose I tell you that you must stay at Gray Walls for just one more night. Will you—for me?" he asked solemnly.

The young artist had crept into the aisle, was bending over him, listening, too, for my answer. Against his pallor his eyes were sunken fires. "She will," he said with fierceness, "if you tell her how she's needed there for the trap we're almost ready to spring. Tell her so!"

I turned my eyes to Luther, and I knew he saw in them a look of trust.

"You wouldn't be seriously harmed if you went back for this last little while," his earnest voice assured me. "And tomorrow will mean—liberty. I couldn't rescue you now, anyway. At this moment, I'm as helpless as yourself. And if we're found here with you, all we've already done will go for nothing while you'll still be kept a prisoner. Will you return for one more night?"

As one puts forth a last burst of energy to finish a jading race. I struggled up to look clearly at him. "Whatever you say, I'll do," I answered.

The other man had been crouched down, his eyes just above the sill of a window, and when I spoke he turned excitedly and hurried to us. "They're coming," he whispered. "Hurry! Get her into the grounds where they'll find her alone!"

As Luther lifted me, I tore from my sleeve the papers I had prepared for him. "Here's what you wanted," I said, while he went quickly with me to a small door at the back.

"Good! I've been anxious to see this for days. Now, listen!"—While speaking he was not losing a second in hurrying me outside the greenhouse—"After they find you, all that you must remember is this: Tell them that you are sick and must be left alone for the rest of the night. Remain in bed all day tomorrow—insist on it. And, most important, manage to leave one of your windows unfastened. My gardener's ladder reaches your balcony easily, and all I want is to get into the house tomorrow night. Do whatever is asked of you. Help will be near you. Don't be afraid. But unfasten your window tomorrow—remember!"

We were in the garden now, and in the barred shadow cast by the high posts of a pergola. Here Luther set me down gently. The amazing thing that followed was outside of logic. It was a moment that battered down the conventions, for when I turned my face confidingly to his, our eyes seeming to swim together in understanding, he—kissed me. And with all my heart I kissed him back—yes, and clung to him yearningly, desperately, for one magical second before I ran from him into the unshadowed moonlight and sank to the ground.

It was Pietro who, a few moments later, rushed to my prostrate body that he had easily discovered as a splash of shadow upon the white gravel. It was in his hard-muscled arms that I was angrily carried back into Gray Walls, my prison. What did I care? Spent though I still was, a kiss of fealty and most exquisite tenderness lingered on my lips. I would obey the voice that in a miraculous sort of way had come to mean the most precious thing in my life. I would believe! These were my thoughts even as my relaxed body was lured by the Italian to my bed.

He strode off in silence, and his place was taken by Miss Loder. Earnestly obeying the directions Luther had given me, I shrank away from her, my hands trembling against my head.

"Go away," I muttered. "I am so weak. Oh, I shall die if I do not sleep. Leave me alone. Go away."

After a pause, during which she still wavered above me like a disturbed hen, I heard her furtive retreat, heard the door close.

Dense stillness followed for a long time, as I lay almost motionless. The light of the shaded lamp beside my bed was cheerfully rosy and showed me all the room, so that I knew I was alone. Yet because of the unlocked door I had no sense of safety. At any moment the knob might be turned, Miss Loder might come back; even Pietro might enter unannounced.

As this thought troubled me, it brought others, a rush of them, all concerned with the mysteries that hung in the air of this old house, so beautiful and so dreadful, too. Thought of the missing key linked with thought of the missing mirrors, and both to the memory of the angry sorrow on Luther's face as, after looking at me, he had cried out to his companions: "Look at her. Look! The robbery is on!"

The uneasiness that through fear I glimmeringly sensed from these words, gradually hardened to a decision that strengthened my slack pulses. It must be very late now. Everyone might be asleep. I would leave my room. I would search all the house that I could get at, and if there was a mirror, I would find it. I would see my face.

As a thief goes about his work, so I went about mine. I drew the door open at a snail's pace. Not the slightest jar was made by its perfect hinges. Without my shoes I stepped into the passage. There was no light on my hall, but from the great well made by the winding, central staircase a tempered haze stole up. The scented house had the luxurious peace that comes of perfect service. I went down past the urns and vases filled with Luther's fresh roses, my hand slipped over the shining wood of the banisters, touched the slippery silk of the rugs hanging in places for them, and I seemed the one living thing in some place of enchantment where even danger wore an exquisite face.

Successfully I reached the floor on which were the drawing-rooms. I had never stood in them; had only seen the Spanish screens and the fall of gray-green tapestries that divided them from the space at the top of the first staircase. After one backward look at the solitude and lambent beaming that I was leaving, I stole like a

[Turn to page 26]



For a clean, sanitary kitchen, 20 Mule Team Borax is absolutely necessary. It is the world's most harmless antiseptic and Nature's Greatest Cleanser. A solution of 20 Mule Team Borax used daily in your sinks, cupboards and on your floor, will keep them clean and sanitary. It dissolves out the dirt and grease from pots and pans and will leave your dishes hygienically clean and sparkling. 20

Mule Team Borax is the universal cleanser for everything in the house—a water softener for washing clothes, it prevents shrinking and won't fade colors. It should be used wherever soap is used. And it is good for the hands. 20 Mule Team Borax is in all clean kitchens—is it in yours? At all grocers, department stores and druggists. Send for the Magic Crystal Booklet.

**PACIFIC COAST BORAX COMPANY**

100 William Street, New York City

**NATURE'S GREATEST CLEANSER**

# INDIAN HEAD

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On every yard of the CLOTH



The coat is made of mimoza Indian Head with brown Indian Head applique. The girl on the right has a ciel blue Indian Head frock embroidered in black. The small child's dress is pink Indian Head with collar and pockets of white Indian Head.

## Applique and embroidery prominent on Indian Head coats and dresses for children

OFTEN a child needs a coat to protect a fragile frock or for wear in mid-summer. A coat made of Indian Head appliquéd with bands of a contrasting color or embroidered in worsted is both new and smart. It is the right weight and may be tubbed as often as necessary.

Indian Head is also used for children's dresses, suits, and rompers. It is good-looking, long-wearing and practical. Unlike linen, it resists the wear and muss of a hard day's play.

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## The Affair at Gray Walls

[Continued from page 24]

ghost between the draperies. The place was dark, but the buttons of the lights were easily found beside the entrance, and on my pressing one, several wall lamps under gray-green silk sprang to sparkling life.

What I came seeking was mine. No need to search for a mirror. In the space opposite me, between the broad windows, there was one that reached from floor to ceiling set in a frame of gold grape leaves that had the soft, thickened lustre of age. As it reflected almost all the room, it showed me, too, myself.

And it was a self that I did not know. Even at a distance, the reflection I cast came at me as a shock. I cannot well describe the quailing strangeness that enclosed me as I wavered across the room, coming to a standstill a few feet from the thing I saw in the mirror. As magnetized as I was appalled I was made to falter still nearer, until I was but a hand's space from the glass and agape at what I now recognized. For I was an uncanny reminder of what had sickened my youth when it was but half-sensed in the shadow of the tongued bed-canopy in the room I had grown to loathe. The age that had so amazingly lessened in Mrs. Cassington's face was showing in mine; signs of her desolate blight and finality had been transferred to me. As I looked and looked, my mouth sagged open, my arms changed to dead weights and hung down at my sides.

I could not believe that the thing was true. I would not. The look I shot over my shoulder was an eagerness to discover some other witchlike creation behind me. Then my unhappy eyes came back to the truth. Old, old. I had the body of a young woman and my own bright hair, but bloom had left my face. My skin was drab and dry; my eyes dull under weary lids; sad lines dragged down my mouth. I, who had constantly been likened to the jocund things belonging to spring, to flowers, sunlight, the rush of happy birds—how had I become this? With a taste like brass in my mouth, I thought of a clear, running stream poisoned at its source.

And still it was not this physical change that crushed me. It was the look I wore, its likeness to the ugly and cynical soul of Mrs. Cassington. This last sneered out at me and so appalled me I felt as lost as if a measureless fissure had opened under my feet. I fainted.

When I came back to consciousness I was lying before the mirror. The lights were glowing, the gravelike silence of the house held. The faintest inception of dawn was visible. Keeping my eyes from my reflection, I made my way to the doorway and turned off the lights. My progress through the still empty house, with vaporous gray at all the windows, was a paralyzing thing. I trembled along hallways and stairs as if I had had the palsy. When my feet failed, I took to my knees.

At last I gained my room. The light was burning by the bed as I had left it, and that no one had missed me was evident at the first glance. As I sagged against the half-opened door, somewhere down in the heart of the house a clock struck five.

So that night had passed! There was only one more to be endured. I said this over and over when, having wrapped myself in a coverlet, I lay huddled in the bed, while I tried to gird my faintly beating heart for the last chapter of suffering ahead of me.

My skin roughened and chilled at the prospect. Could I stay another hour at Gray Walls, knowing as I did, that by reason of some abnormal power, this old woman was absorbing my youth and turning it to an elixir that was remedial for herself? For this was true. Try as I would to declare it a passing hallucination, what I had faced in the mirror would rise as an implacable accuser against her. How could I play my sorrowful part for one more night?

Perception of my utter helplessness followed. What else was possible? If I rebelled I would be made to suffer in some way, while still having to remain helplessly a prisoner. Besides this, the only voice which promised me salvation—Luther—had said I must complete my work, had told me not to be afraid and that only by obeying him would success come for us both. So I gave my mind to assembling his wishes; that I must say I was ill and remain in bed all day, resting thoroughly; that before going to Mrs. Cassington, I must leave one of my windows unlatched for me.

It was about seven o'clock when Pietro, accompanied by Miss Loden, brought my breakfast. I exaggerated my weakness, turned wearily from them and lay as if too spent for speech.

"She is utterly useless this way," the man said viciously in Italian. "You stay here and force her to eat. She can't be as healthy as she looked when she came. A skin-deep fraud! Why, she has not half

the staying powers of the others—especially of the last one!"

The others? The last one? I had to fight to keep from betraying the illumination these words caused me. So I was but one of a procession of past victims!

The woman's answer had the pleasantness of the cool drink that secretly I was craving. "I advise that we leave her quietly in bed, and by herself, Pietro. She's more likely to eat and do what is required of her if she is kept in a good humor. And if she gets plenty of sleep today, you know of what value it will be tonight."

So having called my attention to the appetizing food, they went away, and I lay there weighted by grim pondering. The others—they who had been in this room as I was—? And she who had passed through the same experience just ahead of me? I could see them, a line of girls, their bloom and happiness seared in that house.

Moments went by before I uncovered the tray. In all my life I had not felt such hunger. All I had passed through materially and in spirit had left my body clamoring for support. I gave way to my desire, drank all of the delectable coffee, ate all of the omelet, most of the puffed potatoes and the triangles of buttered toast. Then I turned gladly on the pillow and slept—really slept—as an exhausted sailor might who, after long exposure, had been rescued from a wrecked ship.

Twilight was in the room when I opened my eyes. The tray was gone from my bedside, but I was alone. At once I was conscious of a bodily refreshment, a mental vigor that brought hope. Inspiring as this latter was, it left me cautious, too. I meant to unlock my window at once while the chance held, yet I meant to be sure that no eyes would see me do this important thing. Leaving the bed languidly, I drew on a dressing-robe, strolled to the door, then of a sudden jerked it partially open.

No one was spying there, and I remained for a moment just within the room, my hand on the knob, listening. There was no sound. The rose fragrance, however, filled the air in such a fresh and rushing way it took on the significance of a voice; seemed to speak Luther's name. I had an assurance that he was near, and thrust out my head. What I saw put a choke of happiness into my throat. For the only living thing in the big space and silence was the industrious young gardener, busily heaping roses into a vase at the stairhead, and not more than fifteen feet away.

At sight of me he hurried over, carrying his big, curved basket of blooms, and as he reached my side I noted the spasm of resentful sorrow that hardened his eyes for what, as I knew now, he saw in my tragically changed face.

"I was told, miss, to leave all these roses outside your door," he said with the cumbersome politeness of the Irish lad he was pretending to be. "They are all for you, miss. Miss Loder is to come and arrange them." Without waiting for a reply from me, he hurried on in his own manner. "Have you any idea why all of these flowers are to be put in your room tonight—none in Mrs. Cassington's?"

"No," I said, and took my fill of courage from a long look at him.

"I think I have the solution of it. Have you unlatched your window?"

"I was just going to do it, but it will be better to wait until Silvano goes, after he has settled the place."

"All right. Now remember for this last time to do whatever they tell you. And don't be afraid." With a look of such simple and direct affection as goes to the heart of a lonely woman, he drew the door almost closed. "I must not be seen speaking to you. The window—don't forget about the window! Everything will hinge on that."

He was gone. After bathing and dressing, I rang for Silvano, and while he worked, took my exercise in the dusk on the balcony. When I stepped back into the room a half-hour later, it was in order and the man just departing with an armful of linen. Alone again I darted to the window at the side and pulled back the latch, arranging the upper fall of lace so that it lay thickly upon it.

The unexpected was always meeting me in that house of evasion, for when I was in the flame-colored robe that was Mrs. Cassington's favorite, and ready for another night at her bedside, Miss Loder sidled in and told me I would not be needed. Silvano came with her, bearing a substantial dinner for me.

"I told Mrs. Cassington how ti-r-r-ed you are looking," she said in her toneless voice, her dull eyes studying my face, not dreaming that I was informed of the blight upon it. "So—as she is sometimes kind—she says that you are to eat, read, and then go to bed for the whole night. You are to put out your light at nine o'clock."

[Turn to page 28]

# The Car for the Girl in Business

The modern business woman needs her own personal transportation medium. It saves time and increases her efficiency and earning power. Yet, because she is a woman, she also insists that her car shall measure up to a high standard of quality.

The Chevrolet Utility Coupé with Fisher Body, refined gray cloth upholstery, plate glass windows, Ternstedt window regulators, and other artistic fittings, stream lines and riding comfort, fully meets her quality requirements. Its mechanical efficiency and ease of handling make strong appeal, and finally its surprisingly low price and lowest per mile cost decide her choice.

**Chevrolet Motor Company**  
*Division of General Motors Corporation*  
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*Prices F. O. B. Flint, Mich.*

SUPERIOR Two Pass. Roadster . . .	\$510
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## Utility Coupé

**\$680**

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## Which Oats shall your child get?

A bushel of the choicest oats yields only ten pounds of queen oats. Those are the rich, plump, flavorful grains.

The rest are puny, unripe or insipid.

In Quaker Oats we flake those queen grains only. The rest are all discarded. That's why you get such flavorful flakes when you select this brand.

These choice flakes cost no fancy price.

They give you oats at one-half cent per dish.

But they foster the love of oats, and win a welcome to this food of foods.

This is the greatest food that grows. Children need it, as you know.

As a start for the day, with children or grown-ups, no other dish compares.

It is nearly a complete food, almost the ideal food.

Then which shall your people get—Quaker Oats or lesser oats?

Can you have any question there?

## Quaker Oats

*No Puny Grains Included*



### The Favorite Dish the World Over

This extra flavor has made Quaker Oats the favorite oat food the world over. Mothers of fifty nations get this brand for their children.

Shall you be less careful, with Quaker Oats in every store about you?

*Packed in sealed round packages with removable covers*

## The Affair at Gray Walls

*[Continued from page 26]*

With this ultimatum she began arranging roses in various bowls on tables and mantel, helped by the man.

There was a slightly contemptuous note in my answer. "Having slept all day, I mean to read until late. Another thing, Miss Loder, this is my room, and I object to these flowers. Their fragrance everywhere in the house has grown almost sickening to me."

She equably crowded another dozen long stems into a big jar and as equably dismissed Silvano.

"The roses remain. Also, you will put out the light at nine o'clock." This came with the habitual placid finality that could antagonize me to desperation. Having moved to the door she looked back at me, a crinkle of hatred showing on the edges of her long, thin lips. "There are times, Miss Page, when you seem to forget entirely the terms of your contr-r-act. To earn your salar-r-y you are to obey any orders given you, no matter-r what your own opinions or feelings may be"—and without another glance at me, she went out.

Reading was, of course, impossible. Instead, after I had eaten and Silvano had come back for the tray, I sat close to the pink lamp by the bed and let my thoughts carry me far from Gray Walls. I dreamed of days to come when, released from the weird power that was hurting me, I would have money and the changeable world before me. I dreamed of using half the three thousand on at least one economical journey; of seeing Europe again—Paris—Rome; dreamed of standing in the city of Algiers as I had once done with my father, watching the stairway-ed streets of the Arab quarter where white-veiled and voluminously Trousered women passed up and down; or, maybe, of another winter holiday in Monte Carlo, among its villas with cream-white walls over which morning glories climbed, and fringing it the Mediterranean on whose prismatic water white sails were flushed pink by sunset.

And always in these fancies Luther was beside me. Sometimes he was but a ghost, and sometimes he dominated everything, a man, a power, the ruler of my life—this when I let myself remember the kiss he had given me in the garden. Yet I could not long hold to this rapture, to the fancy that my attraction for him had been like his for me, deep and swift from the first moment of meeting his gaze as he spoke to me. As my mood quieted, I realized that his carelessness had had impulsive compassion and defense in it; almost none of the ardor that with despairing wildness had gone into mine—ah, yes, compassion for the wrong done me as shown in my ravaged face. Poverty had sent me adrift in life's hard weather and I was like a lost sheep who had stumbled into a quicksand—he the merciful shepherd whose arms had received me and would carry me to safety. That was all.

The inspiring quality going from my picture of the future, a languor began to steal over me that made my lids close. I was without mistrust then, but I feel sure now that some delicate thing to invite sleep had been put into my food. So when nine o'clock came it was with willingness, even serenity, that, dressed as I was, I obeyed Miss Loder. I turned off the light of the bedside lamp, lay back among the cool pillows and with a suddenness that was proof of the fatigue still deep in me, I fell asleep.

It was but a light slumber. The chime of my little clock awakened me. I counted ten strokes. As I might have missed the first, I felt that the hour might be eleven, even twelve. At once I was aware of a shrinking from the intense stillness and a longing for the informing light. When, however, I shot my hand over the bed's edge, my fingers poised to touch the peg of the small lamp, they could not find it. Roused, I made groping, then fairly furious efforts to locate it. Useless. Only the empty air answered my search. And at last, while my heartbeats thickened and my mouth took on the dryness of fear, I realized that the lamp was gone from its place. Unless I rose and crossed the big room to touch the electric knob beside the door, I would have to remain in this darkness.

As I look back, recalling the exact sensations that seized me when I attempted to place my feet on the floor, I find it hard to convey them in words. All I can say is that I felt as one would in a nightmare who seems trying to row a boat against violent rapids. After a few more abortive efforts I grew so frightened, frenzied too, in the need for help, I fairly hurled myself from the bed, fell heavily, then faltered to my feet.

From where I stood, some spot between the bed and the door, I could see pencils of light through the heavy inside curtains, though they were drawn together instead of half-separated as I had left them. Where these silvered streaks lay, there was nothing. In the block of thick shadow

where I stood trembling, there was—something.

Vainly I tried to see it, to call out. I could only wait there, arms and clenched hands thrust out stiffly in defense. My one thought was to reach the electric buttons beside the door. But where was the door? As the windows with their dancing rills of light were on two sides of the room, I could not be sure. Nothing so devils one's sense of direction as a sudden awakening in darkness. At such times, even when tranquil, a person will calculate that what is sought is, say, on the right hand, only to find that instead of moving to the right, one has gone in the contrary direction. It is not strange then that when, after a furious nerve resistance against the opposition hampering me, I managed to falter to where I felt the electric knobs must be, I found my hands fumbling instead against the panel above the fireplace.

Helpless, I turned there and again shot out my arms, moving them continuously in a shielding circle. And as I stood so, a presence of some sort moved across a distant path of moonbeams. Though all the force possible to sight was in my distended eyes, the thing appeared so briefly in the light, passed so swiftly again into shadow, I could not catch one detail of it.

"Who—is—here?" I managed to say this at last as, whimpering, I edged away from what I could feel coming close and still closer to me.

There was not a breath in answer, nor a rustle, nor a footfall. And now I was made to know that I could not stand still if I tried. Just as earlier I could not move, now I was compelled to do so—no more individual choice in me than in the top which a boy spins. When my always sweeping hand fell upon a bedpost and I knew I was back where I had started from with all chance of lighting the room as remote as ever, despair came down on me. I sank like a stone, facing the room, my senses going into semi-eclipse.

I wanted to rise again—again make an effort to reach the door. The wish had the vagueness that inhibits the purposes of the sick. A spell that was as real as binding ropes held me down. Statuelike, with a dreadful sort of tranquility, I lay where I had fallen.

As the seconds passed, the unconformable sensation that I had known in Mrs. Cassington's room began to creep through me. While I could not stir nor in any way help myself, the presence from which I had fled had reached my bedside and from it there came an absorbing energy as resistless as a dynamic current. This watcher was drinking me in. That was the feeling I had.

Growing steadily weaker, I could only wonder mistily in a confusion that deepened with each second. Who was there beside me? Who was it that at times swayed over me? It could not be Mrs. Cassington, for she was unable to walk, was blind—and now eyes, through the shadow, were fixed on me. As my own kept growing accustomed to the gloom that was also modified by the flickerings of light, I saw these eyes as one might see lamps through a fog. Big they were, black, glowing with power. My nerves hummed dully with apprehension, my weakened heart had the sound of muffled hammer strokes. I felt a swooning desire to evade some malign influence that had nothing at all to do with human experience.

Still I did not lose consciousness. Instead, I seemed to change with an elfinlike vagueness into something alien, unintelligible and remote. I seemed to become somebody else—a being with memories impossible to me. Astounding pictures tumbled before my mind against the background of darkness. That is the only word I can use—they tumbled as a succession of waves would, one as it rose conquering that which had gone before, all a shifting mélange yet with sufficient clarity to show me people in clothes of a time long, long past. I saw women whose tiny, round hats were perched at a forward angle on huge chignons; saw their vast, ankle-length hoop-skirts sway with a dancing movement as they walked; saw men in dark blue, antiquated, wide-trousered, gorgeously epauletted uniforms belonging to some war in the far past. Since then I have learned that I was seeing people that seemingly I had known in the fifties and sixties of the past century. They came as pictures on the tongued waves, stinging me as they rose, deluging and troubling me as in sea wash and spume they receded. And always with them there came a rush of ghostly memories of things that had happened a long lifetime before I was born.

Strange how the primal instinct of self-preservation will hold. Under this unnameable subjection, my nerves, though devitalized, were like an underchord in a composition of music and did not for a second cease their continued whisper of alarm that I had not strength to heed.

*[Turn to page 35]*



## Beauty's Chief Items

*"First Eyes, then Teeth," one famous writer says*

A famous writer, in analyzing beauty, says we first note the eyes, then the teeth.

There is a new way to tooth beauty which millions now employ. It combats the dingy film, as old methods never did. The glistening teeth you see everywhere now are largely due to that method. This is to urge a ten-day test, without expense, to learn what it means to you.

### How film mars beauty

Most teeth brushed in old ways are left coated, more or less, by film.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. If not removed, these thin coats become discolored. Tartar is based on film.

The ordinary tooth paste does not effectively combat it. Much film remains to dim the teeth and harbor enemies.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Despite the tooth brush, tooth troubles have been constantly increasing. Nearly everybody suffers more or less. And the chief cause is that film.

**Pepsodent**  
REG. U. S.  
PAT. OFF.  
The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

### Watch the film-coats disappear

Simply mail the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Then note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

In a few days you will realize that Pepsodent brings results you never secured before. And this may lead to life-long benefits which you would not go without.



### More open smiles

Note how many pretty teeth you see everywhere today. Note how common it is to show these white teeth in a smile.

That was not so a few years ago. Most teeth were film-coated. Wherever you look you can see the results of what Pepsodent is doing.

Learn what it means to you and yours. For your sake and your family's sake, make this delightful test. Cut out the coupon, else you may forget.

### 10-DAY TUBE FREE

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,  
Dept. 670, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
Mail 10-day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.



## Ask your dentist!

TRADE MARK

### "Keep the facial contours of youth and beauty"

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*Not only your smile, but your whole face changes when your teeth go*

*The wrong way*



*This brush reaches merely the surfaces of the teeth*

*The wrong way*



*The important back teeth are scarcely touched by a brush of this type*

*The right way*



*The wedge-shaped Albright thoroughly cleans the surfaces and the crevices of all the teeth*

#### *The Rotary Wedge*

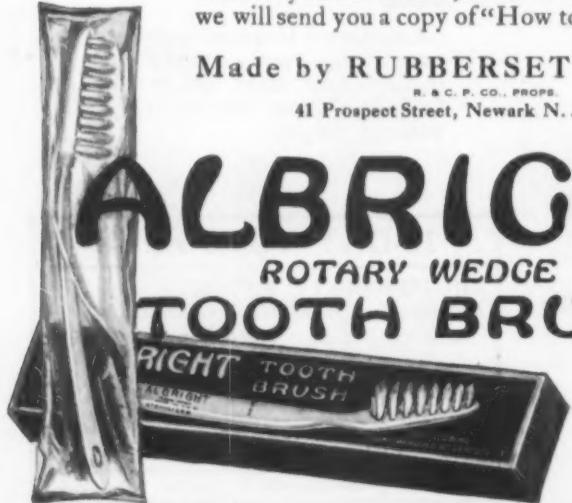
Your dentist will tell you the wedge-shaped bristles of the *Albright Rotary Wedge Toothbrush* clean every crevice. Food residue is removed from the biting surfaces. Decay gets no chance to start a cavity. Notches between teeth and gums are kept free of tartar. Your whole mouth is clean. Your breath sweet. It took three years of effort in the Rubberset laboratories to perfect the scientifically correct toothbrush.

#### *Dentists know*

We have had representatives submit the *Albright Rotary Wedge Toothbrush* to thousands of dentists. Their complete approval is astounding. They use and endorse it as the brush they would like their patients to have. *They say it is correct!*

Take advantage of this discovery to keep the facial contours of youth and beauty. Ask your dealer at once for an *Albright Rotary Wedge Toothbrush*. If he can't supply you send us 35 cents in stamps—specifying whether you want a hard, medium or soft brush. Within we will send you a copy of "How to Save your teeth."

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41 Prospect Street, Newark N. J., U. S. A.



35¢

## The Lost Talent in the World

[Continued from page 2]

life faces them, youthful predilections are forgotten or pushed aside; demands of immediate import are upon them, there is no time to wait for opportunity to develop genius that would advance them along the lines they are best endowed by birth to follow. There are times when genius is lost to the world for a period of ten or fifteen years, during which the demands of life and nature absorb its possessor, and then it flares up again and comes at last to noteworthy culmination. The genius of this world that reaches the perfect flower of fruition is the genius that is recognized in childhood, and that is deliberately, intentionally and lovingly fostered.

I can point out no concrete example that will better illustrate what I mean in this direction than that of Hilda Conklin, a little girl not yet ten years of age, the daughter of a woman who is a professor of literature in Smith College. When the mother of this child discovered the spark of genius that set the child searching for words with which to materialize the dreams that were in her small brain, she encouraged the little person to express in words her feeling upon any subject that interested her, and, without the child's knowledge in the beginning, she copied her exact expressions. In the meantime Hilda lived the life of any ordinary child, going to school, romping and playing with her fellows, given the advantages of a home of culture and refinement.

The result has been that this child has given birth to a number of poetic conceptions that are as exquisite as ever have emanated from any poet living. In one or two instances her work has been placed in competition with that of great poets of the present day and awarded a highly coveted prize without those making the award knowing that they were giving it to a child under ten years of age. Granted that this course of sympathetic appreciation, encouragement and proper education on the part of the parents of this child shall be continued to maturity, there is every reason to expect mental achievements of beauty and brilliancy of the very highest order. It is possible that the great poet of the future may be this child. Already the world has been enriched in beauty of thought and spiritual development by her conceptions. What the future will hold for her can only be imagined, but it is reasonable and logical to predict that it will be steady development.

Now take a reverse of this case. Suppose that this mother had been interested in her personal concerns, her housekeeping and her profession to such an extent that she had no time to give to the visions her small girl wanted to paint for her. Suppose that she had laughed at her and told her that it was not possible for anyone to write poetry without having very special education in the laws of rhyme, rhythm, metre, cadence, and had hurled in her face such words as "hexameter," "pentameter," and the like, until the child felt that it was hopeless to try to express herself and became interested in other matters and so ceased to watch for the picture, to listen for the song, to try to materialize the dream. Who is to say what wonderful beauty would have been lost to the world?

Yet this thing is going on every day and hour—the boy trying to make scientific experiments, with no facilities; the boy wild to explore the fields and the woods, the coming naturalist, penned in a store or an office; the child born with a God-given gift of music, discouraged, purposely diverted to other channels; the born actor, either boy or girl, deliberately weaned from art, stunted in development, by parents of narrow religious views who feel that an actor is one of the damned, that inborn genius must be frustrated, in order to return the soul possessing it to the God who gave it, without fruition. Certainly I do not know what God is going to say to people responsible for such a condition.

The wonder things of the world, the things that make life worth living, are the things that the development of an especially endowed genius produces. So I would most earnestly plead with parents to watch their children carefully, and, at any personal sacrifice, no matter how great, to give them sympathetic encouragement, to help them develop along any lines for which they seem to be suited by birth.

It is the easiest thing to detect in children what it is that they are especially endowed to do. One child will sit, stodgy and silent, absorbed in a sand pile, while another with flying feet and hands is whirling along the sands, dancing to the rhythm of the waves, beckoning to the sunbeams, laughing with the wind. It would not take me long to decide which child needed encouragement and help in the line of musical and physical expression. One boy is absorbed with a hammer and a saw, trying to make things, while another is prowling the fields and woods catching insects, peeping into birds' nests, learning for himself the secrets of nature. Certainly

I should not try to make a doctor of the boy with the saw nor a merchant of the boy hunting bugs. A thousand examples might be given. This should be sufficient to put the cue into the hands of any reasoning, thinking parent.

The world is so wonderfully equipped with public schools and institutions of all kinds that no very great sacrifice, as a general rule, is demanded from parents in educating their children to a degree sufficient to enable them to continue by themselves. Such classes and courses can be selected in schools, high schools and colleges as will develop almost any child so that a little special help will set its feet in the right direction.

The extreme spiritual sensitiveness of a child is a wonderful thing and very slightly understood among parents. Physically, children seem to be little animals interested in eating and sleeping, in rough and tumble games, capable of small indecencies and revolting cruelties; yet under the surface there is an extreme sensitiveness, a shrinking from the magnitude of the world, the stupendous undertaking of learning the things required of them. One thinks, from its appearance and what it is doing, that one could not possibly hurt a child. Yet a misunderstanding, a harsh word, a spiritual wrong, discovers the fact that inside of it is a spirit of extreme sensitiveness, a little heart weeping tears almost of blood, a wound made that never heals, or if it does leaves an ugly scar.

I understand so well from personal experience what takes place in the heart of a child. I was fortunate in a mother who gave me every opportunity and encouragement in her power to develop any tendencies in me in a botanical and a natural history way. I was equally fortunate in a father who was quite willing to do anything in his power to further artistic ambition, who personally superintended the building of an easel for which he had to get specifications from an artist, who gave me every opportunity in his power to do the thing I wanted to do. My unfortunate hour came when I appealed to the wrong person on the subject nearest my heart.

All my life I have been obsessed with a desire to write poetry. Always my head has been full of rhythms and jingles. Big ideas have filled my brain until I have felt fairly suffocated with the urge to express what I was experiencing concerning the wonders of the earth and sky. When I had secretly written three volumes of poetical import during the time in which I should have been laboring with physics and calculus, I carried my work to the wrong person. I was told that one must be born a poet, that no one could write poetry without an exhaustive and special education, that there were rules for the measurement of verse which must be followed. I was laughed at, and jeered at, and refused a hearing. The result was that I burned the three books, one of which I would give my right hand to repossess to-day. There is something in the first abandon of creative power, guided by the optimism, the hope, the faith of youth, that cannot be recaptured in after days.

Thereafter life became with me a matter of suppression. I wrote natural history and fiction because write I must, and when self-expression could no longer be restrained, I wrote and hid away the poetic expression that fought for a materialization in my brain and heart. When after an average lifetime, with the timidity of a ten-year old, I submitted my work, some of it the fruit of twenty years of suppression, to the greatest living critic of poetry in America today, and asked if in his opinion I could write poetry, the answer he made me was: "My dear lady, you never have written anything else." It is not necessary to quote the other comments that he made on the poems I brought to his attention: "The Fire Bird," my first long narrative poem, has appeared before the English reading public through his encouragement; other poems will follow in due time, and the reading world may judge for itself as to whether my poetry is worth while. The pity is that the exquisite rapture contingent upon fullest self-expression in a free and natural method, endured with me an ordinary lifetime of suppression. Life was always the putting aside of the one thing I most devoutly and enthusiastically desired to do, and the doing of something else in which I found pleasure, but nothing to compare with the joy I found in the secret self-expression of what I was thinking and feeling in poetical form. On account of the discouragement given me by one person in my youth, whose harsh criticisms sank so deeply into my heart, making such a blasting impression upon my sensibilities, for the greater part of forty years I kept in secret all the really big things that my heart and brain evolved.

So it is with personal feeling of the deepest kind that I plead with the fathers and mothers of the present day to watch

[Turn to page 96]



## Embarrassed fingers that shrink from scrutiny — or charming fingers that seek the light!

WHICH would you have? It is merely a question of choice. You need not have unattractive hands, unless you wish. Even though they lack "sculptured lines," your hands can still be fascinating, if they have that something which the French call "chic."

It is entirely a matter of grooming. And Cutex manicuring has made perfectly groomed hands possible for every one.

Cutex Cuticle Remover is the basis of the Cutex manicure. This cleansing, antiseptic liquid (developed by Science for the care of the nails) is truly wonderful. You just dip an orange-wood stick wrapped with cotton in the liquid, work it under the nail tips and around the base of the nails, gently pressing back the cuticle. Then, rinse the finger tips in water and wipe off the loosened flakes of dead skin and surplus cuticle.

Simple, is it not? And so very satisfactory. Every bit of stain will be gone from your nails, the cuticle will be prettily curved, smooth and lovely. Hangnails vanish, and those ugly, ragged edges of cuticle disappear.

*Then, for that beautiful rose-pearl finish which  
Cutex Polishes alone can give*

In the marvelous Cutex Polishes, you have choice of five—the cake, paste, stick, powder and liquid forms, all giving a brilliant and lasting lustre. The new Powder Polish is practically instantaneous. Just a few strokes of the nails across the palm give you a dazzling finish which is as quickly renewed. The new Cutex Liquid Polish dries instantly and leaves a delicately tinted lustre that lasts a week.

# CUTEX

EVERYTHING FOR THE MANICURE



### For a Smooth, Even Cuticle— Cutex Cuticle Remover

Don't cut the cuticle. Cutting not only makes the cuticle thick and coarse, but it is really dangerous, because of the infections which often come from little cuts made by scissors that penetrate to living tissue. Use Cutex Cuticle Remover. It frees the nails from hangnails and dead skin, and keeps the cuticle properly shaped, smooth, lovely, and unbroken. Endorsed by doctors and nurses. Recommended by beauty experts. Price 35c.

### Cutex Powder Polish

A scented rosé powder of velvet smoothness that gives a dazzling lustre. No buffer required. Just a few strokes of the nails across the palm bring out a full and brilliant polish that lasts for many days. In the attractive rose and black Cutex package. Price 35c.



### Cutex Five-minute Set, \$1.00

This new Cutex Set brings you the manicuring essentials, all together in the handiest form—Cutex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, in full-size packages, with orange stick and package of emery boards. Other Cutex Sets are the "Compact Set," the "Traveling Set," and the "Boudoir Set," priced at 60c, \$1.50 and \$3.00 respectively. At toilet goods counters everywhere.



Send for this Introductory Manicure Set —Sufficient for Six Complete Manicures —only 12 cents

Fill out the coupon below, and mail it with 12c in coins or stamps for the Cutex Introductory Manicure Set containing trial sizes of Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), emery board, and manicure stick, enough for six complete manicures. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York, or, if you live in Canada, Dept. F-3, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

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Mail this coupon  
with 12c to-day

can ever do, worth every glorious hour I spend on it, worth every sneak-thief enemy I defy—and some day it will be worth a mint of gold when the cattle grow to herds. And in the meantime it's—why, Mammy, it's the fringes of paradise, right here in Nameless Valley."

The mother sighed. "You love it a lot, don't you?" she asked plaintively.

"I think it's more than love," said the girl. "I think it's principle, a proving of myself; I think it's a front line in the battle of life. And I believe I'm a mighty fighter."

"I know you are," said the woman with conviction, "but there'll be few cattle left for herds if things go on the way they have gone. Perhaps there'll be neither herds nor herders—"

But her daughter interrupted. "There'll be a fight, at any rate," she said as she plunged her face, man-fashion, into the basin filled with water; "there'll be a fight to the finish when I start—and some day I'm afraid I'll start."

"For two years I've been turning the other cheek to my enemies. I'm still patient; but I feel stirrings."

The boy Bud came up from the stable along the path, and Nance stood watching him. There was but one thing in Nameless Valley that could harden her sweet mouth, could break up the habitual calm of her eyes and that was her brother Bud.

Whenever she looked at him, a flame came into her face, an explosion, as it were, of some deep, hidden passion.

"Hello, Bud," she said, "how's all?"

The boy smiled back. He was as like her as two peas are like each other—the same golden skin, the same mouth, the same blue eyes crinkling at the corners. But there the likeness ended, for where Nance was a delight to the eye in her physical perfection, the boy hung lopsided, his left shoulder drooping, his left leg grotesquely bandied.

But the joy of life was in him as it was in Nance, despite his misfortune.

"Whew!" he said, "it's gettin' warm a-ready. Pretty near melted working in th' garden today. Got three beds ready. Earth works up fine as sand."

"So does in the field," said Nance as she followed the mother into the cabin. "It's like mold and ashes and all the good things of the land worked in together. It smells as fresh as they say the sea winds smell. It's Old Lady Earth sending out her alluring promise."

"Land sakes, girl," said Mrs. Allison, "where do you get such fancies?"

"Where you suppose?" said Nance. "Out of the earth herself. She tells me a-many things here on Nameless—such as patience, and strength in adversity. I've never had the schools since Missouri, but I've got my Bible and I've got the land. And I've got the sky and the hills and the river, too. If a body can't learn from them, he's poor stuff inside."

She tidied her hair before the tiny mirror that hung on the kitchen wall, passing her hands over the shining mass, and rolling down her sleeves, sat down to the table where a simple meal was steaming. She bowed her head, and Mrs. Allison, her lean face gaunt with shadows of fear and apprehension, folded her hard hands and asked the blessing of that humble house.

These folk who lived in it were humble, too, if one judged only by their toil-scarred hands, their weary faces. But under the plain exterior there was something which set them apart, which defied the stamp of commonplace, some dominant presence of purpose in the two younger faces, a spirit of patient courage which shone from the two pairs of blue eyes.

The mother had less of it. She was like a war-mother of old, waiting always with set mouth and eyes scanning the distances for tragedy. That stubborn courage in his children had come out of the heart and soul of John Allison, latter-day pioneer, two years dead. His end was one of the mysteries of the wild land he had loved. His wife had never ceased to fret for its unraveling, to know the how and wherefore of his fall down Rainbow Cliff—he, the mountaineer, the sure, the un-chancing.

His daughter and son had accepted it, laid it aside for the future to deal with, and taken up the work which he had dropped—the plow, the rope, the cattle brand. It was heavy work for young hands.

The great meadow on the other side of Nameless was rich in wild grass, a priceless possession. For five years it had produced abundant stacks to feed the cattle, and the cutting and stacking was work that taxed the two to the very limit of endurance. And there was the corn-land at the west, when the hogs made such quick fattening on the golden grain in the early fall, providing the family's source of revenue. Heaven knew Nance needed them this year more than ever—since the fire which had, in a night, taken all three of the stacks in the big meadow. That had been disaster indeed, for it had forced her to sell every head of her stock that she could, at lowest prices, leaving barely enough to get another start.

Tired as she was the girl brought forth a worn old Bible and, placing it beneath

## Nameless River

[Continued from page 9]

the lamp, sat down at the table. Mrs. Allison had retired into the depths of the cabin. From the small room adjoining, Nance could hear the regular breathing of Bud.

For a long time she pored over the ancient treasure of the Scriptures. It was warm with the breath of spring outside. Window and door stood open and no breeze stirred the curtain at the sill. Peace was there in the lone homestead by the river, the security that comes with knowledge that all is looked to faithfully. Nance knew that the two huge padlocks on the log barn were fastened, that the well-board was down, that the box was filled with wood for the early breakfast fire.

"In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust," she read in silence, "Let me never be ashamed; deliver me in Thy righteousness."

With her temples in her palms, her elbows on the table, her blue eyes followed the printed lines with rapt delight. Suddenly she sat upright, alert, her face lifted like that of a startled creature of the wild. She had heard no sound. There had been no tremor of the earth to betray a step outside, and yet she felt a presence. She did not look toward the openings but stared at the wall before her.

Then, suddenly, there came a thin, keen whine, a little clear whistle, and a knife stood quivering between her dropped hands, its point imbedded deep in the leaves of the old Bible.

For a moment she sat so, while a flush of anger poured up along her throat to flare to the roots of her banded hair. With no uncertain hand she jerked the blade from the profaned pages, leaped to her feet, snatched a stub of pencil from a broken mug on a shelf, tore a fly-leaf from the precious book and bending in the light wrote something on it. She folded the bit of paper, thrust the knife point through it and turning swiftly flung them viciously through the window where the thin curtain had been parted. She stood so, facing the window defiantly, scorning to blow out the light.

Then she dropped her flaming eyes to the desecrated Word. On the torn flyleaf she had written:

"The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear."

Very deliberately she closed the door and window, turned locks on both, picked up her lamp and Bible and went into her own room beyond. Serene in the abiding faith of those divine words she soon forgot the world and all it held of work and care, of veiled threat and menace.

At daybreak she opened the window and scanned the ground outside. There was no thin-bladed knife in sight, no folded bit of paper with its holy defiance. The whole thing might have been a dream.

**C**ATTLE KATE CATHREW lived like an eagle looking down from the crest of the world along the steep slopes of Mystery Ridge, dark with the everlasting green of conifers, speckled with the lighter green of glade and brush patch, the weathered red of outcropping stone, far down to the silver thread of Nameless River, flowing between its grass-clad banks, the fair spread of the valley with its priceless feeding-land.

The buildings of Sky Line Ranch lay nested at the foot of Rainbow Cliff, compact, solid, like a fortress, reached only by cattle trails. There was no road on these forbidding steeps. The buildings themselves were of logs, but all that was within them had come into the lonesome country on pack-mules, even to the big steel range in the kitchen. The house itself was an amazing place, packed with all necessities, beautiful with luxuries. It had many rooms, and a broad veranda circled it. And stretching out like widespread wings on either side, the majestic cliff ran, crowning the ridge for seven miles straight up-and-down, averaging two hundred feet from its base in the slanting earth to the sharp line of its rim-rock—Rainbow Cliff, grim guardian of the Upper Country and the Deep Heart hills themselves, supposed to be impassable in all its length, dark in the early day but gleaming afar with all the colors of the spectrum when the sun dropped over toward the west at noon. No man was ever known to have scaled the cliff, excepting John Allison, found dead at its foot two years back.

Kate Cathrew lived under it, a strange woman, running her cattle on the slopes of Mystery, riding after them like any man, branding, beef-gathering, her keen eyes missing nothing. Her riders obeyed her lightest word, though they were mostly of a type that few men would care to handle, hard-featured, close-lipped, sharp-eyed, hard riders and hard drinkers.

Once in a blue moon they went to Bement, the town that lay three days' ride to the north beyond the hills, where

they drank and played and took possession of its four saloons. When they finally roared out of it to go back to their loneliness and work, the town came out of its temporary retirement and breathed again.

Yet Kate Cathrew handled these men and got good work out of them. No doubt there were hot hearts in the outfit who desired to make her theirs; but she passed one and all in her supreme indifference. Rio Charley carried a bullet-scar in his right shoulder, and Big Basford walked with a slight limp—yet they both stayed with her.

There was no other white woman at Sky Line. Minnie Pine, the stalwart young Pomo half-breed, and old brown Josefa carried on the housework under her supervision, and no one else was needed.

At noon of the day after Kate's visit to the store at Cordova, she sat in the big living-room at Sky Line looking over accounts. An observer who had seen her on the previous occasion would hardly have recognized her now. Gone were the broad hat, the pearl-buttoned shirt, the fringed riding-skirt and the boots.

Her black hair was piled high on her head, its smooth backward sweep crinkled by the tight curl that would not be brushed out. The dress she wore was of dark blue flowered silk, cleverly draped to set off her form to its best advantage. Her slender ankles, were silk-clad and soft kid slippers, with sparkling buckles, clothed her feet. She was either a fool or very brave, for she was the living spirit of seduction. But the somber eyes she turned on the rider who came to her, his hat in his hands, were businesslike and impersonal.

"Well?" she said impatiently.

The man, scarcely more than a boy, with a devil-may-care swagger, looked at her fearlessly. "Here's something for you, Boss," he said, grinning, as he handed her a soiled bit of paper.

It was thin, yellowed with age, and it seemed to have been roughly handled.

The mistress of Sky Line spread it out before her on the top of the dark wood desk.

"The Lord is the strength of my life," she read, "of whom shall I be afraid? Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear."

It was unsigned, and the characters, while hurriedly scrawled, were made by bold strokes, as if a strong heart had indeed inspired them and a strong hand penned them.

With an oath Kate Cathrew crumpled the bit of paper in her hand and flung it in the wastebasket against the wall. "How did you get that?" she demanded.

"On the point of the knife you sent the girl," he answered soberly, "and right near the middle of my stomach."

For a considerable space of time the woman sat regarding him.

"I sent you to help in the breaking of morale," she said coldly, "not to bring me back defiance. Next time I'll send a more trustworthy man."

She nodded dismissal, and the youth went quickly, his face burning.

At the far end of the veranda he almost ran into Big Basford, his huge, gorilla-like shape made more repellent by the perceptible limp. Basford was always somewhere near, if possible, when men talked with Kate Cathrew. His great strength and stature, his small eyes, black and rimmed with red, his unkempt black beard—all suggested a savagery and power with which few men cared to trifl. He scanned the boy's flushed face with swift appraising.

"I take it," he said, grinning, "that the boss wasn't pleased with you?"

"Take it or leave it," said the boy with foolhardy daring. "Is it any of your business?"

With a smothered roar Big Basford leaped for him, surprisingly nimble on his lame foot. He caught the other by the throat and bore him backward across the veranda's edge, so that both bodies fell heavily on the boards of the floor.

At the sound of the fall Minnie Pine leaped to a window. "That black devil is killing the Blue Eyes!" she said in patois Spanish to Josefa. "Give me that knife!"

But there was no need of Minnie's interference.

Kate Cathrew had heard the falling bodies, and she was quicker than her half-breed, for she was up and away from the desk before Big Basford had risen on his knees, and as she rose her left hand swept down from the wall, the heavy quirt which always hung there.

With the first jab of the boy's head back on the floor she was running down the veranda, her arm raised high. With the second she was between Big Basford and the light like a threat of doom. As he surged forward once more above the blackening face in his throttling fingers, she flung her body back and drove the braided lash forward and down like a fury. It circled Big Basford's head from

the back, the bitter end snapping across his face with indescribable force. It curled him away from his victim, tumbling back on his heels with his murderous hands covering his cheeks.

For a moment he hung on the veranda's edge, balanced, then slipped off, lurching on his lame foot. He held his hands over his face for a tense moment. Then he looked up through his fingers, where the blood was beginning to ooze, straight at the woman, at the braided lash in her hand. His red-rimmed eyes were savage with rage and hurt, but behind both was a flaming passion of admiration.

"I've told you before, Basford," said Kate Cathrew, "that I will deal with my men myself. I don't need your overly zealous aid. Get out of my sight, and stay out till you can heed what I say. Minnie, take this fool away; pump some wind into him. Give him some whisky."

She touched the boy contemptuously with the toe of her buckled slipper. He was weakly trying to get up, and the Pomo girl unceremoniously finished the effort, lifting him almost bodily in her arms and supporting him through the door into the kitchen. The look she turned over her shoulder at Big Basford was venomous.

The owner of Sky Line walked down the veranda to her living-room door. She went in and hung the quirt on its smooth pegs, then sat down and took up her interrupted work just where she had left it.

The spring sailed by like a full-rigged ship on a windy sea, sweet with surging airs, a thing of swiftness and delight.

On the rich flats of Nameless, Nance Allison tilled her soil. She loved every sparkling ripple of the whispering stream, every cloud-shadow on the austere slopes, each jutting shoulder of ridge and spine. The homestead had been her Pappy's dream of empire. It was hers. He had stuck by and toiled, had secured his patent, made the good start, and she asked nothing better than to carry on, to see it prosper and endure.

But strange disasters had befallen her one after the other—first and bitterest the hidden rope stretched in a cattle-trail two years back, just after John Allison's mysterious death—the rope which had sent young Bud's pony stumbling to the gulch below and left the boy to walk lopsided ever after.

At the time the girl had almost weakened in her stubborn purpose. She had held the young head in her arms many a weary hour when the pain was worst and tried to build a plan of future away from Nameless Valley, but Bud would not listen.

"We'll never let 'em beat us out, Nance," he would pant. "The land is ours, safe and legal, and no bunch of cutthroats is goin' to get it from us. Not while we can stand; not while we can ride or plow or use a gun!"

"They rod and Thy staff they comfort me," she would say gently, "we have no need of guns, Bud."

However, as the weary seasons passed, her face had become less smiling. There had been the hay fire in the night. There had been the six fat steers that disappeared from the range and were never heard of, though Bud rode Buckskin weary in a fruitless search for them. There had been the good harness cut to pieces one night when Bud had forgotten to lock it up.

And this year they were even in debt to McKane for the new harness that had to be bought to replace the other. But Nance looked at her field of corn, coming in long rows of tender green on the brown floor of the well worked land, and hoped.

"It looks like a heavy crop, McKane," she told the trader honestly; "and I'll have far and away more than enough for you. I think I'll have enough left for my winter stake."

"Hope you do," said McKane, for though he was none too scrupulous where his own interests were concerned, he felt a vague admiration for the game girl working the homestead in her dead father's place.

So, with the crop spreading its four delicate blades to the coaxing sun and the hay knee-deep in the big fenced flat across the river, Nance Allison laid by her labors for a while to rest her body and refresh her soul.

"I've just got to ride the hills, Mammy," she said, smiling; "got to fish in the holes in Blue Stone Canyon, to climb the slopes for a little while. It will be my only chance you know. There's the hay to cut soon and the corn to cultivate, and the cattle to look after later. I can't work all the year, Mammy, without a little play."

At which the mother's tragic eyes filled with tears—this for her daughter's only play! The riding in the lonesome hills, the fishing for trout in a shadowed canyon—when her young feet should have been, tripping to the lilt of fiddles, when she should have had ribbons and muslin flounces and a sweetheart—the things of youth ere her youth should pass!

So, in the golden mornings, Nance began to saddle Buckskin and ride away, a "snack" of bread and bacon tied behind the cantle, to come ambling home at dusk, happy, sweet, filled with the joy of life,

[Turn to page 37]



## Your wood utensils need Sunbrite's "double action" It not only scours but also sweetens and purifies

Wood utensils present a special cleansing problem. For wood is full of tiny pores which soak in impurities and retain food odors and flavors.

Your bread board and rolling pin, your chopping bowl and wood spoons, your planks for fish and steak—ordinary soap-and-water cleaning will not keep them sweet and free from impurities. On account of the porous, absorbent nature of wood, they require special measures.

What they need is the *double action* cleansing of Sunbrite—which not only scours and cleans the surface but really *sweetens* and *purifies*.

For Sunbrite has in its composition a mild but effective purifying agent which contributes a new quality to household cleanliness. It scours off stains and cuts the grease, just as all

good cleansers do, but in addition it purifies and eliminates all taint of food odor and flavor.

There is just enough abrasive substance in Sunbrite to scour thoroughly without scratching. It is not hard on the hands because there are no harsh chemicals to irritate the skin.

Housewives are finding in Sunbrite still another advantage—its low price. The production facilities of Swift & Company make possible a price much lower than you often pay for ordinary cleansers. And every can of Sunbrite carries a United Profit Sharing Coupon.

With Sunbrite, the double action cleanser, the same process scours and sweetens; polishes and purifies. Save extra work; get this double cleansing all at once. Keep your wood utensils absolutely clean with Sunbrite.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.



*Wash thoroughly in soap suds the knife with which you have cut an onion; then cut a lemon or an apple with it—and the onion flavor is still there! A Sunbrite cleansing not only polishes the knife but destroys every trace of the onion flavor*

# Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House

A remodeled house where the blue Jaspé linoleum of the dining-room floor is an admirable foil for the brighter freshness of the marble tile linoleum sun porch floor.



## Tasteful rooms need not be expensive

IN this pretty dining-room there is nothing to make you say, "We can't afford that," yet this room and the adjoining sun porch have all the charm you could desire. Color used with taste and discretion makes rooms attractive, and floors of suitable color are possible in linoleum.

But richness of color and beauty of pattern are only a small part of the advantages linoleum offers as a floor. When properly installed, modern linoleum makes a permanent floor, durable, waterproof, and so simple and easy to keep clean that with a little care the room with a linoleum floor is always neat.

The floor of linoleum does not absorb dust. It does not stain. It does not splinter nor crack, and it never needs expensive refinishing. A floor of Armstrong's Linoleum, if waxed and polished occasionally, is always bright and new-looking.

At any good furniture or depart-

ment store you can see Armstrong's Linoleum. There are beautiful Jaspés or two-tone effects, parquetry inlays, carpet inlays, marble tile inlays, rich plain colors, and attractive printed designs, also linoleum rugs, printed and inlaid.

When you go to buy linoleum, you can be sure of getting genuine linoleum of highest quality by looking for the Armstrong trademark, a Circle "A" on the burlap back.

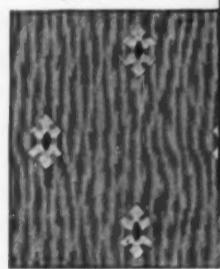
Write to our Bureau of Interior Decoration for ideas as to proper patterns and colors for use in your scheme of home decoration. No charge for this service.

*"The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration"* (Second Edition)

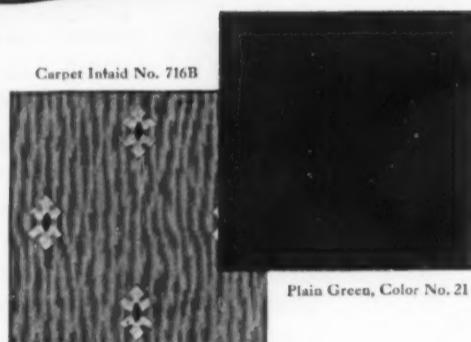
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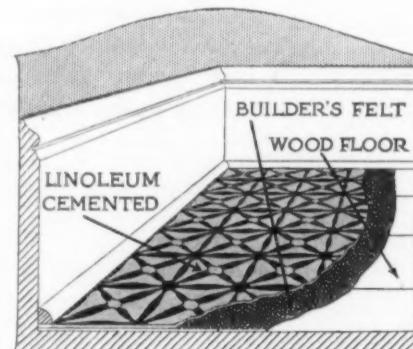
Carpet Inlaid No. 716B



Plain Green, Color No. 21



IF you prefer one of the Armstrong designs illustrated here to the floors shown in the picture, order by number from any good linoleum merchant.



### How to Lay Linoleum on Wood Floors

IN summer wood floors expand. In winter they dry out and contract, with a tendency to open up the cracks between the boards. Your linoleum floor, therefore, should be cemented (not tacked) over a lining of builder's deadening felt which has been previously glued to the bare floor boards. The felt takes up expansion and contraction and gives you a permanent, waterproof, good-looking floor. The added service and wear this method gives are well worth the extra cost.

## The Affair at Gray Walls

[Continued from page 28]

A long time seemed to pass. The impression of the tumbling waves lessened, the incomprehensible memories with them fading also, as photographic negatives do in sunlight. A melancholy exhaustion was pressing me down into a black pit of feeling; the big eyes, clearer now than lights through a fog, were but an inch from mine, burning me, seeming to draw the last remnants of strength from me as if it were a fluid imbibed; my nerveless hold on consciousness was slipping; in another moment I would have fainted. It was then that the world seemed to end!

There was a crash at the window that pulled me back to a sense of my surroundings. Moonlight poured in. Muddled figures vaulted hazily over the low sill and seemed to fill the place. On this there came a sound of the most abject fear. Feeble it was, quailing, such a squeal as a rabbit held in a hound's teeth would have given—and it was close to me. As these amazements were happening, a loud click sounded, and the room burst into glory. A vastly different thing from the usual beaming of the small bedroom lamp, this metallic illumination sprang from the walls and from a nest of electric bulbs under a ceiling decoration that I had not noticed before. It made luminous a picture I am never to forget.

In the armchair beside the bed, facing me, was Mrs. Cassington, wearing her furred and heavily embroidered robe. Her hands—those skeletonlike hands—were gripped across her eyes, and she was uttering thin, imploring wails for "Pietro!" and "Joanna!"

Both of her attendants were there. On hearing the clamor they had flung open the door, only, however, to face two strangers who drew them in and stood guard over them. At the time I did not realize that five men had entered, the unlatched window having performed its mission, and that two, armed with warrants and pistols, were detectives.

Pietro, whose bristling-browed face had the green of mildew, was evidently unprepared for the necessities of such an undreamed-of encounter. He submitted to his captors' handling while sending a rush of encouraging words in his bellowing way toward Mrs. Cassington. Strange to the others, I understood them: "Keep up your power, excellent signora! Hold to your will! Fear nothing! This will end and you will rule again! Vermin like these cannot harm such as you, signora—if you say they cannot!"

A feeble rippling passed over Mrs. Cassington's body in response to this urging, and a gusty whimper came from her carrying the name "Loder!" At the call Miss Loder, whose face made its dreadful mosaic in the pattern of the scene, kept murmuring back in tones of the most intense tenderness: "Ah, signora, I would go to you if I could! They will not let me. I cannot!"

Immediately on entering the room Luther had bent over me. After a relieved look and an encouraging pat, he had wheeled away excitedly to join the older man that I'd seen in the greenhouse, and the young artist. They made a circle around the huddled figure in the chair. It was on the boy that my trembling gaze gradually fastened. Triumph was in his look. It was a white-hot sort of radiance as of hatred at the apex of satisfaction.

After the futile response to Pietro's robust cries, Mrs. Cassington had grown still. Her body lay crookedly; her head was sagging backward, the neck giving it no more support than if it were the saffron string it looked. On his knees beside her, the scholarly-looking man had drawn down her hands and was bent closely over her, peering into her face much as a jeweller examines the works of a watch.

"Well, doctor," I heard Luther say breathlessly. "Is she—what you thought?"

This odd question both roused and chilled me. I waited, listening with all the strength left to me.

"She is," the doctor declared. "With her other dark gifts she is also what I prophesied."

"Thing of darkness!" broke from the boy, who had turned away from the unshielded face of the mistress of Gray Walls as from a detestable sight. "She ought to die right there!—crumble to dust!"

The anathema in the cry—that made known some grim discovery, by me unguessed—seemed to have a curious power over Mrs. Cassington. Her body swept up in the hooplak contortion of one in the agony of tetanus; this lasted but a few seconds when a snarl of mortal surrender trickled from her and she sank, abjectly relaxed. After the boy's cry, life had gone out of her as a guttering light succumbs to the fury of a gale.

"She is dead," said the doctor.

Solemn words that never fail to command the silence born of awe, it clothed them now. But briefly. Heavy sobs and broken Italian from Pietro broke through

it, and then a command: "Let me pass. Let me see her." This was from Miss Loder. Unlike her previous assurance to her mistress, there was no grief in the tone, no feeling of any sort. As I recall them now, I feel that just so a sonambulist would speak on emerging from fog into reality. But when she repeated the words, "Let me see her!" a judge seemed demanding right of way.

She made a sweeping movement with one arm against the man who had been guarding her and came with the step of a dreamer to where the woman that she had so often cringed before lay distorted in the One Stillness. The boy had cried that she ought to crumble to dust. She seemed literally to have obeyed him.

All, even Pietro, were looking at Miss Loder, I with a cold unbelieving aura crisping my flesh. For the woman had become transformed. Her dull face flamed, her set mouth worked as if under the raking of poison, her eyes seemed to drink up vigor from the testimony of death's unescapable voltaism, for prince and prisoner alike, that had left nothing even of this anomalous and mighty personality; nothing but a residuum of essential matter, a minus, contemptible.

"Finished!" broke from her. So a prisoner set free into a radiant, far-horizoned space might have said, "The sun!" Her mouth, so stiffly pucker from habit, opened slowly until it was a circular hole that made a horrid shadow in her face, and a laugh, frantic with joy yet streaked with the despair that it was scattering, came from it. She seemed unable to stop; for the moment demented. Even as the men dragged her from the body and out of the room, that laugh came back from the hall, fainter and fainter, but just as violent until somewhere a door was closed upon it.

This weird transformation gave the last twist to my heart that had been struggling to conquer its weakness. A gulf of measureless mist seemed to open and draw me down. On the edge of unconsciousness I felt an arm slip under my head, and Luther's voice came to me as from a great height:

"You poor girl," I heard him say. "Poor, little thing!"

WHO and what was Mrs. Cassington? It was more than a week after the debacle at Gray Walls before I had sufficient strength or curiosity to puzzle over its full meaning. I had gone down utterly in a nerve collapse. Miss Cruith's sister was a trained nurse, and it was in her small apartment, far up town in New York, that I rested, a convalescent. Besides the nurse, Miss Cruith and Miss McKenzie would both come in their leisure hours and hover about me. They all petted me. They did everything that I wanted except talk to me of Gray Walls, its mystery and my sufferings. And they gave me whatever I asked for, a book to trifle with, a flower to hold, powder for my nose—everything except a mirror.

I had been resting in a long steamer chair for a few days when Miss Cruith came bustling in with the news that on the next afternoon I was to have visitors. One would be Luther and the other a famous Danish savant. It was Miss McKenzie who told me that this great man was a world-wide authority on the whole psycho-physical system—analyst, hypnotist, psychiatrist and a lot of other clever and cryptic things that I never will fully understand.

A troubled shyness had kept me from asking directly about Luther. But my friends had let fall a mass of information concerning him. He was Luther Marquand, son of the owner of the powerful daily paper, "The Witness," and himself one of the editors. The boy that in my mind I had always called "the artist," was Johnny Creighton. He had been the comrade from schooldays of a younger brother of Luther's who at nineteen had gone into the fight in France and had not come back. Luther was unmarried and heartfree as far as was known. As early as the day before I left the bed for the steamer chair, the following clear facts were told me by Miss Cruith:

"It will be a help to you to hear just why and how Luther Marquand determined to show up the extraordinary situation at Gray Walls. There's one thing, though, that you've got to do first, Janet Page," she announced in her flat-footed way: "you've got to say that you believe that I didn't know one bit of the real truth of what I was letting you in for."

"Always," I said. "If I could have got word to you I knew you'd have come down on that house like an avenging angel."

"You bet!" She settled herself then as one does when starting an entertaining story. "Through an agency—not ours—a sister of Johnny Creighton's went to Gray Walls as companion, just as you did—"

[Turn to page 55]



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## Keeping your child's hair beautiful

**What a mother can do to keep her child's hair healthy—fine, soft and silky—bright, fresh-looking and luxuriant**

THE beauty of your child's hair depends upon you, upon the care you give it.

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## The Young Wives' Tale

[Continued from page 15]

quickly, however, and his voice was low and steady when he finally said her name. "Audrey!"

She lacked the years to equal his poise, and, besides, the hope and fear and—and tenderness which were in the one word shook from her all the things she had been planning to say. "Hello, Fitz dear," she got out, rising from her chair. "I wanted to see—I just thought I'd come in for a few minutes. Did you know I was back, Fitz?" Then, because she had always done it, she came to him to be kissed.

He seemed to be holding himself back, waiting to enfold her. But somehow the signal did not come, and his hands slipped from her shoulders, and the suddenly kindled fire fled from his eyes. "Of course, Audrey. Come; sit over here by the fire and tell me all about things since you—while you were in France. Did you get down to Arcachon? You remember Arcachon . . . ?" But that seemed the wrong thing to say also, and he started again. "I suppose you have bought out the Rue de la Paix? What? No?"

She shook her head. "No I—I—" It was hard for her to talk.

After a moment he broke silence. "You want to tell me about the divorce, Audrey? That it, dear? I gave Bartlett and Hurd very complete instructions, and you should have had no trouble at all. You ought to have written."

"No—I had no trouble, Fitz. It's to be ready in Paris inside of two weeks, and I'm sailing tomorrow morning. I just wanted to talk—"

"Yes," he interrupted. "Well, I'm glad you've come in, dear. We'll go over things and see what must be done here and all that. Do you need any more money, Audrey?"

She blinked away a few tears. "I don't want to talk about settling things up, Fitz. I want to talk about you, about things they say you are doing, Fitz." That was all she could say just then.

He was patting her hand when a timid voice announced from the doorway, "Dinner is served."

"Oh yes, Enoch! Set another place right away, will you. We'll be right in."

"Nother place already set, sir."

"What! Well, how? All right, Enoch, that will do."

They made a very pretty picture of it at table, the white brilliance of linen and silver, the impassive Enoch behind them in the shadow. The two places were set, as ordered, both at the same end of the table and as close as they very well could be. What FitzRoy Hunt thought about it all could not be read from his manner. His quietness had passed, and he seemed bent only upon making his guest feel, as it were, at home. Her sailing on the morrow recalled several amusing incidents of the trip they had made together, that other time.

Audrey tried to rise to his mood, and she did achieve a little gaiety in remembering the outrageous extravagances of their first few months. But she was patiently waiting for the proper moment to introduce the subject of her mission. Several times she put out little conversational feelers. "Fitz, you are looking so much better than I expected." Which meant that he was looking so much worse. She was concerned over the weariness which hovered about his eyes and the little touch of gray which had appeared over his temples. "The way they say you have been drinking, I expected to find you a wreck. Isn't it silly how people talk?"

"And you, Audrey . . . But of course you are always the loveliest thing! I'm just staring my eyes out at you." But not a word to answer her.

"Who is the Waightstill girl, Fitz?" She was trying again. "Isn't her name Janet? I've heard she is very pretty but—but rather careless."

"Careless?" He laughed. "Perhaps that's it. She doesn't care, either. Janet doesn't give a damn, you might say, for anything. She's a wonderful sport though, always ready for a party, quite as bent upon excitement as you were, Audrey. Some of the women talk about her because she makes piquant conversation. She expresses their repressed selves."

His enthusiasm silenced her. But in the end she found words! "I'm glad you found someone. Remember—I said you would." And then later, while he looked at her in blank amazement—"But, Fitz, she's sillier and wilder and more frivolous than I ever was. She is just a crazy flapper. You didn't want me to do—"

He cut her short. "Audrey, hush that! I loved you. It's I who have changed. I've learned that girls don't like men who want to keep them pretty much for themselves. It seems that my wanting to be something more than a dilettante architect and to have a country place and . . . well, it seems they don't care for the idea. You see, you were right, Audrey. I had no right to expect it."

That made her blink those blue eyes, trying to keep the glisten in them from be-

coming anything worse. Several times she started to speak, but she didn't. Evidently the answer wasn't there.

They had coffee by the library fire. It was pleasant. Even Enoch enjoyed it, smiling benevolently upon them when he removed the service. Audrey sat for a while in the big chair in which Fitz had found her; he rested back on a divan, set at right angles to the fireplace. Yes, it was pleasant, and charming, and somehow it seemed very natural and right. "Look at these stockings, Fitz," said Audrey, sticking them out for his inspection. "I did buy them in Paris. Aren't they marvelous?"

But she couldn't waste the opportunity. She very definitely wanted Fitz to promise her something and, delightful as things were, she knew of a much more strategic position from which to extract promises. A little timidly but with growing confidence she came to the divan and perched herself comfortably upon Fitz's knee. Would he put his arm around her? Yes. There, now things were right. "Listen, Fitz, it isn't true, is it? You know—what they say about you? Beryl Carr, Charlotte Masters, all of them?"

"What do they say, Audrey?"

"Oh horrible things. Ted Drew told Charlotte that you had let your work and your golf and your horses go to the devil and that you were drinking yourself to death. Dad told me himself that you were tearing around town with the fag ends of decent people, a bunch of loose rotters, and that two of your clubs had dropped you already. I just can't believe it. And, of course, everybody talks about your affair with that crazy Janet Waightstill. It isn't true, Fitz. You know it isn't?"

He waited a moment, watching the hunger in her eyes for a denial. When he said, "It's true enough, Audrey," he felt her flinch and he patted her shoulder before adding: "But what difference does it make? You see, dear, there are only two kinds of life, the right kind and the wrong kind. Unfortunately, I'm the sort who must go the limit one way or the other. I've never learned to compromise. I think that is why I couldn't make you sufficiently happy."

She bent her head to his shoulder. It's nobody's business how a girl looks when she cries like that.

When it passed she sat up and took his handkerchief to dry her eyes. "Don't you see, Fitz . . . don't you see?" She wanted to tell him something, but it evidently hurt too much. "What you need," she said, "is a really truly woman."

"Nonsense, dear." He tried to be brusk. "You're real enough. You're just not ready, that's all. You will be, some day . . . but it will be with a younger man. I was thirty-three, Audrey, and stubborn, and impatient. I thought I'd be able to get your viewpoint, but I wasn't. But come, it's all past now. You are not to worry any more about it."

"But you'll promise, won't you, Fitz?"

"Promise what? Surely I will."

"That you will stop this drinking and racing around, this contradiction of what everybody knows is you; that you will go back to your work and your sports. And, Fitz, you'll especially promise not to see Janet Waightstill a single once. You will wait to find someone who can do all the things I couldn't. Won't you?"

"But I don't enjoy the same things I used to, Audrey. I used to think a lot of people wanted a home, a worth-while family, music and books and things—a real center. I didn't know I was the only one. When I discovered that, I forgot about wanting them myself. You'd like me better now."

She flushed and stood up. "I hate you now. I never would have looked at you in the first place if you had been what you are now. Any of these little sports about town can dissipate. It doesn't require brains or character or even physique, and you are doing it just so everybody will say, 'Poor fellow, Audrey sent him to hell.'"

He rose too, scarlet. "No, Audrey, that is not the reason." He made a great effort for control. "The reason is that I'm afraid to be alone and I can't yet stand the company of the friends who knew us. This crowd with which I amuse myself now seems the only alternative. You never did quite grasp how I did adore you."

"And yet you thought—"

"Yes," he interrupted, "I thought you should go through with it . . . as long as it seemed ordained. I wanted you to be every inch of what I thought you. Of course I was silly with joy, going out and getting things, but I didn't think it possible for you to do—well, to do what you did."

Their gaze held for an instant without wavering. Then Audrey covered her face with her hands and shook her head. "No . . . no . . . no! Get my things. I'm going. I'll cable you from Paris when—when it's over."

He stood holding the open door after she had gone, just long enough to be hailed by Janet and Gilder who had spilled out of Gilder's car and came rushing up the steps. "Hello, Fitz, you old dog. Is the stage all set. Bert Towne is bringing some absinthe. Say . . ."

She must have passed them, seen them gallop in.

The library had a very different aspect in the hands of Fitz's gang. The chair which had held Audrey such a little time ago now enthroned "that Waightstill girl." Janet found it an effective background against which to drape herself. The smoke-blue haze from her cigarette and the color in her wine glass on the corner of the table, the long line of a dress kicked free of rebellious ankles, composed a picture of the pretty little feminine sins which she mistook for life. Bert Towne had squeezed in beside her, and she let her head rest back upon his shoulder. She was perfectly conscious all the time of just how she looked, just what she felt, just how far she could go, obsessed with the idea that her extravagantly long dress and high coiffure graduated her into a woman of the world. Even Fitz could not forego a smile at that. "A flapper in Du Barry's mask," he murmured.

Fitz sat on the divan between the Bakewell cousins, counterparts of Janet, only lacking her vividness. But he hadn't gained the proper mood for a party yet, and his liquor so far was leaving him cold. Nervously he went to the victrola and turned on that same hammer-and-tongs dance tune.

One of the Bakewells slipped her hand into his when he returned, and he let her whisper to him almost without listening. Presently she called over to Bert Towne: "Fitz says you got stung, Bert. That stuff isn't absinthe. It's anisette. They taste a lot alike, but they aren't. Where'd you get it?"

The thin, hard-faced fellow sitting with Janet forsook a reminiscent discussion of a certain moonlight bathing-party. "Sure," he retorted, "that's all Fitz wants to know—where'd I get it. What's the matter with you tonight, Fitz? You act half-dead."

Janet went over to the divan. "Is our Fitzy boy blue tonight?" she cooed. "Didn't his ride this afternoon do him good? Well, well, well—have a sip of Janet's drink and cheer up." She rested for a moment on his lap, but he pushed her away.

That same divan, sitting on his knee . . .

Then suddenly he took Janet's hand, pulled her back, and drank not a sip but every bit of her drink. What difference did it make? Who in thunder gave a hang? Darned good kid, Janet.

Jack Gilder proposed ghost stories, sitting around the fire with the lights out. It took. They did it. But the stories weren't ghostly. They were only ghastly. A Bakewell cousin told one finally that spoiled the pastime. There is a limit—somewhere. Little Bakewell was drunk.

All of them were becoming abnormally appreciative of each other. Janet seized the moment of sagging discrimination to recite and pantomime a sophomoric parody of Poe's Raven, concluding always with the fetching couplet: "Just an inch or two of stocking—never more."

They cheered her on through verses of it, fairly overcome with glee at her antics in matching action to her words. " . . . maid in sable," chanted Janet, "While she sipped her Silver Label—Gaily hopped upon a table—By the door." Up she went on the refectory table, heedless of the heel-marks her slippers left upon its surface, bent only upon "putting the thing across." She babbled on in her dry little voice. "And her laughter, liquid, mocking—Set his woozy head to rocking—And the swirl of skirt and stocking—Made it roar." And then, pat as you please, "Just an inch or two of stocking—Never more." Of course Janet made the most of the poor bit, and her success was sufficient to inspire the more active Bakewell to attempt a scarf dance with one of Fitz's tapestries.

He remembered how he had argued with Audrey over the extravagance of buying that tapestry. Audrey? . . . Yes . . . She had gone back to France. Funny, her coming in. Well, what difference did it make? Who gave a hang for tapestries? Good live bunch this. "Let me fill your glass, Gilder. Great kids, aren't they?"

The gang dragged Gilder away to assist Bert Towne in an imitation Gallagher and Shean duet. Fitz was left alone for an instant, and Janet detached herself from the group and came over to him, none too steadily either. "It's the ver' best party ever saw, Fitz." She sat on the arm of his chair. "It's the ver' best house for a party I ever saw. What's upstairs, old precious? Rooms and rooms and rooms I guess."

[Turn to page 38]



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**Nameless River**

[Continued from page 32]

sometimes a string of speckled beauties dangling at her knee, sometimes empty-handed.

Nance loved the canyon. She liked to climb among its boulders, to whip its frequent pools for the trout that hung in their moving smoothness, to listen to the thousand voices that seemed always whispering and talking. On the hottest days of summer the canyon was cool, for a wind drew always through it from its unknown head somewhere in the Deep Hearts themselves far to the north and east. Buckskin felt the mysterious influence of the soundless silence, pricking his ears, listening, holding his breath to let it out in snorts, and Nance laughed at his uneasiness.

"Buckskin," she said one day as she lay stretched at length on a flat rock beside a boiling riffle, "you're a bundle of nerves. There isn't a thing bigger or uglier than yourself in all the canyon—unless it's a panther skulking up in the benches, and he wouldn't come near for a fortune!"

She lay a long time, basking in the noon sun, reveling in the relaxation of her young body. Then she took her bread and bacon from her pocket and ate with the relish which only healthy youth can muster, clearing up the last crumb, drank from the stream, her face to the surface, and finally rose with a long breath of satisfaction.

"You can stay here, you old 'fraid-cat,'" she said to the pony, dropping his rein over his head, "it's hard on your feet, anyway. I'm going on up a ways."

Buckskin looked anxiously after her, but stayed where he was bid, as a well-trained horse should do, and the girl went on up the canyon.

She drank in the somber beauty of the dull blue walls, carved fantastically by the erosion of uncounted years, listened, lips apart the better to hear, to the deep-blended monotone of the talking voices. She skirted great boulders fallen from above, waded a riffle here, leaped a narrow there. Always the great cut became rougher, wilder, more forbidding and mysterious.

The canyon widened here a bit, its floor strewn with jumbled boulders, its walls honeycombed with water-eaten caves. When the snows melted in the high gulches of the Deep Hearts a little later, this place would be a roaring race; but it was a lone and lovely spot now.

These things were passing through her mind as she watched the swirling sand, when suddenly, as if an invisible hand had brushed her, she became alert in every fiber. She had heard nothing new in the murmurous monotone, seen no shadow among the pale shadows about her; yet some different element had intruded itself.

Her skin rose in tiny prickles, her muscles stiffened. She had lived in the face of menace so long that she had developed a seventh sense of danger.

She stood for a moment gathering her powers, then she whirled in her tracks, sweeping the canyon's width with eyes that missed nothing which suddenly saw a movement almost too swift for sight—the dropping of some dark object behind a rock, the passing of a bit of plumy tail.

The rock itself was between her and the broken foot of the wall, one of a mass that had tumbled from the weathered face. For a long time she stood very still, waiting, watching with unwinking eyes. Then, at the rock's edge but farther away, she caught another glimpse of that tail-tip. Its wearer was making for the wall-foot, keeping the rock between. A wolf would act so; but there was something about that bit of plume which did not spell wolf. It was tawny white, and more loosely haired than a wolf's brush. Once more a tiny tip showed—and on a sudden daring impulse, Nance Allison leaped for the rock, caught its top with both hands and peered over.

With a snarl and a whirl the owner of the tail faced her in the low mouth of a cave, his pointed ears flat to his head, his feet spread wide apart, his jaws apart and ready. Round his outstretched neck there stood up in quivering defiance the broad white ruff of a pure-bred collie dog!

The girl stared at him with open-mouthed amazement, and at the more astonishing thing which lay along the pebbled earth beneath him—the thin little leg and foot of a child. In utter silence and stillness she stood, her hands on the rock's top, and for all the length of time that she watched there was not a tremor of the child's leg, not a movement of the dog's crouching body. The only motion in the tense picture was the ripple of the stream, the quiver of the lips drawn back from the gleaming fangs.

When the tension became unbearable Nance spoke softly. "Come, boy," she said, "come, boy, come." She ventured a hand across the rock; but the quivering lips drew back a trifle more, the big body crouched a bit lower, and the little bare leg drew out of sight behind the edge of the cave.

[Turn to page 39]



**Even her 18-year-old rugs are  
still in good condition**

Once or twice a week for nearly fourteen years, Mrs. Maertz has beaten, swept and suction-cleaned her rugs with The Hoover. She has twenty-four rugs; the newest are twelve years old, while the oldest are eighteen. And she keeps roomers.

"My rugs are frequently admired for their bright and clean appearance, yet I never have to pay to send them out for cleaning—I use The Hoover. People can scarcely believe it when I tell them the age of my rugs, for nothing is harder on your rugs than roomers."

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Surely she is qualified to speak with authority!

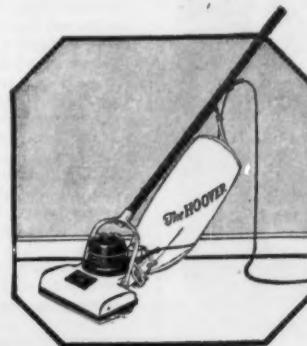
"Some of my friends," continues Mrs. Maertz, "liked my Hoover so well that they sold their cleaners and bought Hoovers. Others are sorry they didn't know about The Hoover before buying. Many people are satisfied with their cleaners until they see The Hoover work."

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**WILDRONT**  
COCONUT OIL  
SHAMPOO

**DIRECTIONS**

Wet your hair with warm water. Apply a small quantity of Wildroot Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. Massage thoroughly into scalp and hair with fingers. Rinse with warm water. Rub dry with a warm, dry towel. The slight coarseness of this shampoo is essential to its high quality.

Manufactured and guaranteed  
by WILDRONT CO., Inc.  
Buffalo, N.Y.

## The Young Wives' Tale

[Continued from page 36]

"Just my own pet three," he replied. "Want me to show them to you?" The liquor had finally reached him.

"Nix—scandalous! I'm ashamed of you, Fitz. I'll go up by myself. See how the old boy lives. Goo'-by." She pranced away up the stairs, almost upsetting a bronze on the first landing, clutching several times at the polished banister for support.

In a moment Enoch scampered down and scooted pell-mell through the dining-room. He had been routed in terror evidently from his haven above by the onslaught of another "beautiful young lady." He was very much puzzled, very much worried, and very unhappy over it all.

They could hear Janet tramping back and forth up there as she pursued her investigations.

But they couldn't hear anything but themselves very long. Fitz's toy roulette wheel had been dragged out, and Gilder had undertaken to bank the game. He had to pour a drink for every winner, and every loser had to pour one for him. The game went no for quite a time, until Bert Towne had to substitute as banker. Fitz played a time or two and then stood back by the fireplace mantel and watched. Yes sir, this was sport.

A new rule was agreed upon to the effect that all drinks must be taken "bottoms up," because otherwise the game was delayed. Someone missed Janet, and the scarf-dancing Bakewell sent up a screech for her.

"Oh, I'm coming," she shouted back from the head of the stairs. "But wait—just wait!" Janet was convulsed with laughter as she clattered down. "Oh Fitz!" she roared. "What I know about you! Oh, it's too screaming! Look!"

She burst in upon them, fairly moaning with mirth. In her hand, held aloft, was a dress, the tiniest dress any of them ever saw, a soft little thing of blue ribbons and bows, perhaps four inches from shoulder to shoulder and with baby sleeves no longer than her hand.

The gang hailed it with another roar. "Where'd you find it? Say, Fitz, how about it?"

"In his bedroom," announced Janet between spells. "Bassinette, dresses, sweaters, socks, ribbons, the whole layout—or rather layette I think they call it. Fitz, you old devil, aren't you a trifle premature? How about—Oh!" It was almost a scream. Her face blanched white, and the tiny garment slipped from her fingers. "Oh, how terrible!"

The sight of his face had seared her eyes. The indulgent smile had frozen stiff, and his features made a mask, cold, white, motionless, like marble. It was a face ghastly with an imprisoned agony, a Laocoon with unfurrowed brow.

There was a hush in the room. Janet sat trembling in the chair which had caught her, a butterfly lost in a whirlwind, a gay-colored paper doll seized suddenly with a flesh and blood emotion, a wild, heedless kid girl hurled upon the pike of an instinctive human passion. Not that she was to blame. It was Fitz's fault, if anyone's. How could she know that he was in love with his wife, or that he wanted a child like that? The men she knew didn't love their wives or want children. Fitz did. That was clear. And his wife had quit, evidently. And she, Janet, had tortured him with it.

Bert Towne attempted a yawn. "Our Janet has passed out cold," he said and waited for the chorus of laughter which usually greeted his observations. But the remark fell flat. Little Bakewell, moved by an uninspired impulse, turned on the Victrola once more and made Gilder dance with her. The others watched them solemnly, and finally they stopped and felt silly. Bert suggested that they all go over to Harley's and make a night of it. They jumped at that.

Fitz begged off, and they did not urge him. He heard himself talking, half in a daze, with no idea of anything other than that they were going and he could be alone. That was everything in the world he wanted, just to be alone, alone with this thing that could never be forgotten, even in drunkenness.

Vaguely he heard them making adieus. Janet had already gone out, and finally the door closed shut after the last of them. He turned face about and walked upstairs, alone to fight it out by himself once more.

But he wasn't to be alone. He heard steps on the stairs, quick, woman's steps. For a second he listened, intent, and then sank back again in his chair. It wasn't—No, he knew her step too well.

It was Janet. She had come back. "Fitz, old fellow, I couldn't go that way. I know you are through with us, but I had to come back." She was weeping softly, tears streaking the rouge on her cheeks. "You know I didn't mean—I wouldn't hurt you for anything. Fitz, don't you see? I care too much. I've known you were not like Bert and Gilder."

She had subsided upon the cushion at the foot of his chair. "Some woman has got to, Fitz. I'm game. Look! I'm strong and I'm game. I wouldn't quit, Fitz."

He watched her until the sense of what she was saying reached his mind. Then he picked her up and put her in the chair. "Life doesn't waste her tragedies," he murmured, but he bent over and kissed her gently before he said aloud: "Janet, it's a job only one woman in the world can do for me."

In a few minutes she had gone. Enoch found her standing motionless in the hall, one arm thrust into her fur coat, held still by a sudden determination. He went out front and secured a cab and presently she followed. Janet's tear-streaked and rouge-smudged face was flushed with anger now. "The little fool," she muttered, and her bit of chin came forward. "I'll tell her. I'll give her something. Slide up to Eighty-fifth Street, driver. I don't know the number, but I'll recognize the house. What time is it? Eleven-thirty?" The cab pulled away, its bright-yellow body dimmed immediately by a swirl of snow.

AUDREY was downstairs in the living room. Her father had gone to bed, but she couldn't. It would be lonely up there in her bedroom, and down here there was a fire, something which wasn't silent. She could talk to the fire, and sometimes it would snap back a reply. It was better than nothing, even if it did continually disagree with her. "Poppycock," said the fire. "He would, he would, he would," persisted Audrey. "He'd hate the sight of me. It would spoil our lives."

"Poppycock," said the fire.

But the fire was quite as mistaken as Audrey herself. Marcel stood precisely in the center of the hall doorway, bowed, and announced, "Miss Janet Waightstill, Mrs. Hunt."

It sounded worse, because Marcel said it so solemnly. Audrey knew all about Janet Waightstill. She had made it her business to find out, and she had found that there was nothing solemn about the young lady. But she was too curious to refuse an interview.

They were a contrast—dash and piquancy opposed to sheer loveliness and poise. They had in common, youth, only a year or two between them. But somehow Audrey was mistress of the situation, calm, delicate, a flame within with glowed but did not flare. She smiled, perfectly at ease, when Janet refused a proffered chair.

"I can say it better standing," she had declared.

"As you wish," said Audrey. "Pardon if I prefer to be seated. Yes?"

Janet burst forth into the tirade that had been storing up inside her strange little mind. "You are fooling around with this divorce and preventing Fitz from marrying someone who will give him what he wants. You're the rottenest sport I ever knew. He loves you and you quit on him." Audrey's smile infuriated her. "You know what I mean. You have things started and then you run away and pull the quitter's trick on him—afraid to spoil your precious figure, I guess."

"What?" Audrey came to her feet and put her hands to her throbbing temples, blushing. "It's a lie! He didn't tell you that, did he? He wouldn't, even if he thought so. And I had to let him think so."

"Well?" Janet regarded her contemptuously.

"I can't stand it any longer," exploded Audrey. "I had nothing to do with it. I almost died. He doesn't know that. They told me I could never have a child. And I couldn't tell him. I'd rather he'd marry some woman who can. He can do it in—ten days, I think." She collapsed back into her chair and let the wave of her emotion surge over her.

Janet watched her with eyes in which the first uncertainty was giving way to conviction. "Good Lord!" she breathed. The whiteness behind her spots of rouge was startling. "Good Lord, kid. I believe he's got you wrong. Don't you know it's one thing to disappoint a man and another to break his heart. You pulled an awful bloomer not to tell him."

Another thought struck her as she watched Audrey's distress. "Well," she said carelessly. "I'm sorta glad you won't tell him. Gives me a look-in. I'll let Fitz know in the morning. Ten days you say? That's fair enough."

Half-way down the block, Janet stopped her cab and gazed intently back through the glass. Ten minutes passed before she saw what she expected to see. Another

[Turn to page 39]



## She fascinated him

THERE were other women at the dinner party—but he didn't know it.

The charm and loveliness of one beautiful girl took all his attention.

He didn't realize it, but the secret of her attraction lay in her hair—soft, fluffy, full of radiance,—and charmingly arranged.

She had found that Wildroot Hair Tonic brings out the hidden charm that is the key to loveliness for every woman. You can prove for yourself, that you, too, can bring out new charm.

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**The Young Wives' Tale**  
[Continued from page 38]

cab, just like her own, whirled past and pulled up before the house she had just left. A little gasping intake of breath, a little blurring of things in front of her eyes—that was all. She slumped back into the seat and called out to the driver. "Go on, driver—take me home. Don't you see I'm tired. Yes," she murmured, "I'm tired. God, how tired I am!"

The second cab had not long to wait. In fact, delay seemed the last thing its furbundled little fare desired. "You'll go your fastest, won't you?" she had asked before she hopped in.

"Sure'm I will," promised the driver. "We'll shoot down Madison like a streak. Got th' chains on—no skiddin' fer mine. Seventy—what street?"

Inside, she sat on the edge of the seat with her hands clenched together. "One thing to disappoint a man . . ." she whispered, and then she knocked on the window to urge greater speed.

"Can't go no faster, loidy," called back the driver. "There in a second." He slowed down for the turn.

"Yes, that one," called the lady, "—third from the end."

When he stopped under the street lamp she had the door already open. "Now, driver, you wait right here. I'll be just a minute. I just want to say—that is, to tell someone something."

"Sure'm," he said. "I'll wait." He watched her until her persistent ringing brought a frightened little Japanese face peeking through the aperture of a carefully opened door. And the face was just as scared when he caught a last glimpse of it, for another "beautiful young lady" had pushed by and entered the house.

After ten minutes the cab driver turned up the collar of his ex-army coat and got out to wipe the windshield clear of snow. "Women's minutes," he growled, glancing at his wrist watch. "Twelve-thirty, eh?"

At twelve-forty-five he began to curse and climbed out again. "Might as well turn off th' ol' motor. She'll surely have to slip me th' ol' jack for this."

Still, it wasn't too uncomfortable there in the driving-seat. He slumped down in his coat and pulled an improvised robe about his shins. "Seven—eight—nine . . ." He was counting the street lamps as far as he could see them through the swirl of snow. It wasn't much fun. He yawned. "Seventeen—eighteen—nineteen—nineteen—nine . . ." His broad, unshaven chin settled into the collar of his coat.

"Turn off them headlights!" he roared, suddenly sitting up straight. He sat there blinking. They weren't headlights. It was sunlight, bright, clear sunlight, pouring down out of the blue and glistening on the spread of yet untrampled snow. gingerly he uncovered his wrist. "Seven o'clock, by thunder! Whata you know about that! The little devil! Well"—he did some rapid calculating—"well, she can't get away with that stuff. It'll cost her just eighteen bucks."

**Nameless River**  
[Continued from page 37]

Carefully the girl slipped back from the rock toward the pool, gained its lip, and dropped swiftly away down the stream.

At a little distance she drew a deep breath and looked back. The blue canyon lay still under the filtered rays of the noon sun, empty, murmurous, enchanted, but the mouth of the cave was black and vacant.

**N**ANCE pushed Buckskin hard and rode in early to her mother's counsel.

"Mammy," she said excitedly to the gaunt woman shelling peas by the table; "I've found something in the canyon. I wonder should I meddle?"

Mrs. Allison laid her wrinkled brown hands on the edge of the pan and looked at her daughter.

"It's according," she said soberly. "Does it need meddin'?"

"That's what I don't know. I found a collie dog and a little child hiding in a cave. I couldn't get near to them, but they act like they know what they're doing—they had watched me from behind a rock and crawled to the cave in line with it when I turned. I only saw the child's foot; but it was a thin little thing, and the old jeans pant-leg was weathered to rags. There wasn't a sign of camp—nothing."

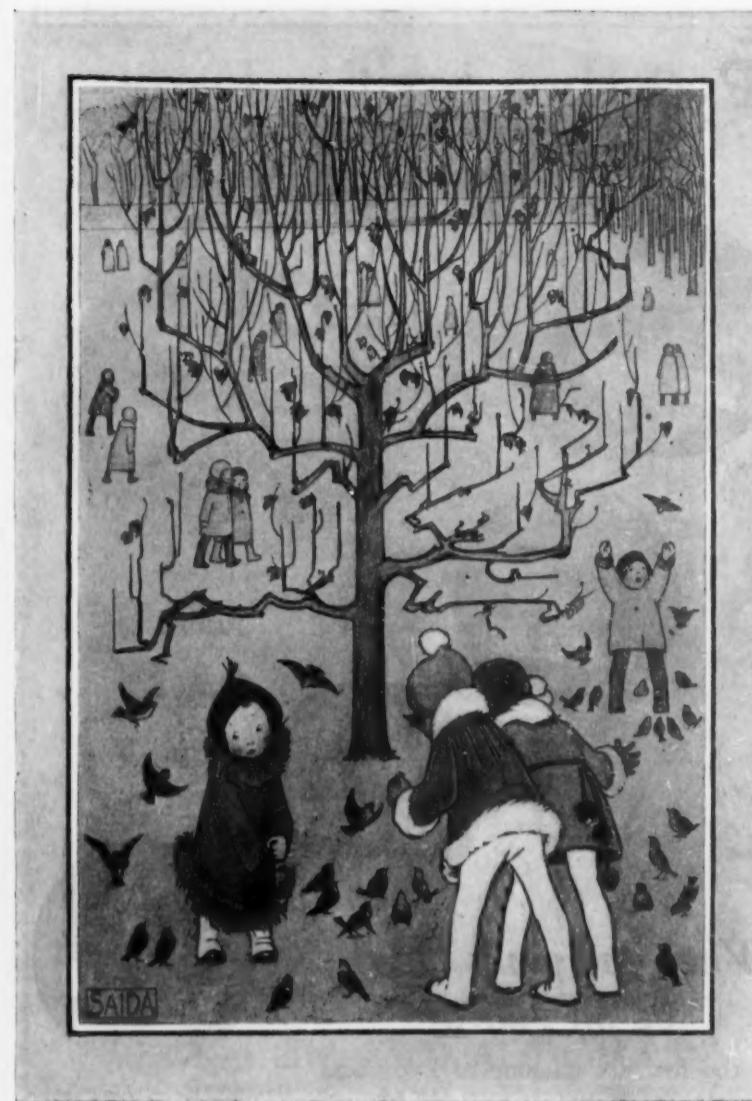
The anxiety of a universally loving heart was in Nance's voice.

"Did I do right to come away, or should I have tried some more to see them? It couldn't be done, though. The dog is on guard. He'll have to be handled slowly. I'm sure of that."

Mrs. Allison considered this odd information gravely.

"It means someone else besides the child and dog, that's certain. They never got there by their lone selves."

[Continued in the April McCall's]



## Babes in the Woods

All through the winter, babes play out-of-doors wrapped snug and warm in furs and wools. Caps, coats and leggings go forth each day as clean and comfortable as the mothers' loving care can make them.

To help mothers keep warm winter wraps clean, Colgate & Co. have made Fab—cocoanut-oil soap flakes.

The cocoanut-oil in Fab makes the tiny flakes dissolve like snowflakes in warm water. No bits of soap can stay in Fab-suds to stick to woolly threads and shrink or mat them.

Fab-suds bring back the snowy white to mittens, leggings and sweaters. Fab-suds wash softly the little frock and flannels beneath.

Over 115 years' experience in making fine soaps has gone into the production of FAB. No effort was spared to make these cocoanut-oil flakes safe for children's clothes.

COLGATE & CO.  
Est. 1806  
NEW YORK



A color print, for framing, of this Saida (H. Willebeek Le Mair) painting for six cents in stamps, Dept. F. L.

## Pyorrhea Strikes Four— Misses Only One



*When the gums bleed,  
be on guard*

All too few are immune to Pyorrhea. The odds are overwhelmingly in its favor. Dental records show that four persons out of every five past forty, and thousands younger, contract it.

Tender, bleeding gums are the danger signal. When Nature's kindly warning is unheeded, the gums recede, the loosened teeth drop out or must be extracted, pus-pockets form at their roots, and the poison in them floods the system to breed neuritis, rheumatism and other diseases.

After you have gone to your dentist for tooth and mouth inspection, brush your teeth, twice daily at least, with Forhan's For the Gums. It is an efficacious, healing dentifrice, the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.

Forhan's For the Gums, if used consistently and used in time, will prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress. It will keep your teeth white and clean, your gums firm and healthy.

Buy a tube of Forhan's For the Gums today. Brush your teeth regularly with it. The foremost dentists use and recommend it. It is time-tested, beneficial, and pleasant to the taste. At all druggists, 35c and 60c.

*Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.  
Forhan Company, New York  
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**Forhan's**  
**FOR THE GUMS**  
*More than a tooth paste  
—it checks Pyorrhea*



## The Truth About Tears

*Some Are Nature's Beneficial Relief;  
Others Merely Blur Starry Eyes*

By Mary Marvin

IT IS time somebody took a stand on tears—a woman's tears. Once they were considered her acknowledged weapon against man. Now tears have fallen into such disrepute that to weep is to confess oneself hopelessly sentimental or totally lacking in backbone!

Was it because women became sterner, more hardened? Possibly, but it seems more likely that suddenly women woke up to the fact that these easy tears were ravaging peaches-and-cream complexions, blurring starry eyes; in short defeating their own purpose by creating an unsightliness that offended masculine eyes where they had hoped to soften masculine hearts.

Wisely they stopped weeping. It not only became unfashionable to weep in the drawing-room but it became disgraceful to weep at all. And there the trouble began.

Seriously—is it not possible that there are times and places when tears are in order, not to say beneficial? This is not meant to be a banner call to women to start in weeping indiscriminately, but only to call attention to the fact that there are tears—and tears.

The old expression "a good cry" has a sound foundation in common sense. There are times when an overfull heart, overwrought nerves, demand relief. For such occasions Nature has provided an outlet.

The modern woman undertakes tasks unknown to her grandmother. In politics, offices, factories, she competes with men, often carrying at the same time the double burden of home and family. No wonder there are so many frayed nerves and breakdowns. Later, with more experience, women will manage these things better, but now one of their great needs is to learn the art of relaxation.

Tears, to be sure, are only a small part of this relaxation and not for a moment the most desirable kind. But the point is this—if at an overwrought, trying moment (perhaps at the end of one of those awful days when everything just insists on going wrong) you feel like indulging in the luxury of a good cry, go ahead—have it out.

Such a cry releases taut nerves and brings relief. Different are the tears of the woman who cries because the butcher brings the wrong meat, because her dressmaker disappoints her, because her husband disagrees with her. These are the tears of selfish indulgence and are damaging physically, mentally, spiritually. Equally disfiguring is the weeping of the morbid

woman who broods over fancied wrongs and revels in tears of self-pity. They cause ill health and loss of looks.

Though there are times when a good cry is as satisfactory as a sedative, it is wiser to keep on the safe side of tears—to refuse to allow oneself to be driven to this point. When you feel yourself getting overtired—when things get "tied in a hard knot" when nothing goes right—*Stop! Relax* before you reach the breaking-point.

Here are some suggestions to restore a normal state of mind and body.

Lie flat on your back for fifteen minutes, allowing every muscle to relax until you feel as limp as a rag-doll.

Now draw one leg up to the body bending it at the knee; straighten it. Repeat with the other leg, but *do not hurry*. The important thing is deliberation. Now exercise the arms in similar fashion, bending them at the elbow. Finally "wriggle" each finger, until you have a feeling of perfect control of every muscle in your body. Now relax again for five minutes.

**T**HIS simple exercise in itself will do wonders toward restoring a normal balance. But it is even more effective if followed by a warm, unhurried bath, and a short rest in bed. If you follow this last suggestion don't try to converse, sew, or even read—unless it is something very light. Just relax. If you can take a little nap, that is splendid, but if you cannot do this, lie quiet for half an hour. It is fine, of course, to do this the last thing at night as preparation for a good night's sleep. And if while you are resting, you will slowly sip a cup of hot milk, you will find it soothing.

There are other equally simple remedies for reducing nervous tension. A good stiff walk will do wonders toward setting one right with the world, particularly if you hum as you go along! Have you ever noticed how humming produces a harmony of spirit and quiets the nerves?

Often unusual nervousness or depression is only a matter of poor circulation. In that case, of course, there is nothing like systematic exercise to tone one up, both mentally and physically.

I have not room here to describe the exercises which are most helpful in a case of this kind, but if you will write me in care of McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City, I will be glad to send without charge, a set of my "Cheer-Up Exercises."

# FAULTLESS "Wearever" RUBBER GOODS



NOTHING better typifies Faultless high standards than No. 40 "Wearever" Water Bottle. Moulded-in-one-piece of fine live rubber—no seams to leak, no bindings to come loose. Its Patented Oval Neck makes it strong where other bottles are weak and makes it easy to fill and comfortable in use. Sold at a reasonable Pre-War Price, but no better bottle can be bought by paying more. No. 24 "Wearever" Fountain Syringe is also moulded-in-one-piece of fine live rubber. Has full length, extra large, best quality tubing and full equipment of correct design pipes. Insist on getting the most for your money. Ask for these goods by name and number. Sold by good dealers generally. If not obtainable conveniently, write us and we will tell you where you can get them.

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## Faultless RUBBER

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Faultless No. 11 Children's Tea Aprons—"just like mother's"—that's why every little girl wants one. All-rubber, decorated with appropriate cut-out designs. Red, blue or green body with white trimming or white body with red, blue, green or white trimming. Price, 85c.

Faultless Sanitary Aprons—top section made of open mesh fabric for coolness; lower section all rubber. Entire apron white, bound with white tape and two white tape tie strings and two white tape garter loops. Small (No. 30), Medium (No. 35) and Large (No. 40), each 60c. Faultless All-Rubber Aprons are sold by good dealers generally. If not obtainable conveniently, write us and we will tell you where you can get them.

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Its new live rubber fibers are so strong that you can wring out this sponge like a wash cloth; or sterilize in boiling water without injuring it. Yet the sponge is soft and smooth, delightful feeling on the skin, and in color and texture looks like a fine quality natural sponge. No wonder this new creation of The Faultless Rubber Company's laboratory is leading in sales and in universal appreciation in fine bathrooms. Made in three sizes, priced 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Sold by good dealers generally. If not obtainable conveniently, write us and we will tell you where you can get them.

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## Neysa McMein

[Continued from page 1]

salty with actuality. Here, for once, was a painter of women who used no stencil. And to each had been imparted something of her own abounding joy in just living.

Then, during the last two years, the shift has been made from mere decoration to the greater exactions and greater satisfactions of authentic portraiture. The same period has marked her first experiments in oil. Her portraits of Ralph Barton, Janet Flanner and Dorothy Parker are in oil. To my inexpert eye, they seem admirable, but when a celebrated art critic closes one eye, sighs deeply and predicts that in a hundred years art students will be sent to this or that sketch of hers to learn how a neck should be painted, I have been carried beyond my depth and, to judge from her own wide-eyed astonishment, beyond hers, too.

It is difficult for the sober, mincing people of the world to believe that fine art can take form and life in as turbulent a spot, as crowded, as entertaining and as happy-go-lucky a salon as Neysa McMein's studio. At all hours and at all seasons, there is hubbub there, and many artists would as soon set up their easels in the Grand Central Terminal. In all New York, there is no place quite like it.

The spot itself is a bleak, high-ceilinged room, furnished by the processes of haphazard accumulation. Its decoration ranges from a Briggs strip, torn out of the morning's paper and pinned askew on the wall, to an original Drian, respectfully framed. That splash of vivid color on the screen is a shawl sent by David Belasco and that stretch of gray-green fabric on the wall is a tapestry which she herself bought in Paris and bore home in triumph only to find that the greater part of it had come from the looms way back in the dim days of 1920.

The population is as wildly variegated. Over at the piano Jascha Heifetz and Arthur Samuels may be trying to find what four hands can do in the syncopation of a composition never thus desecrated before. Irving Berlin is encouraging them. Squatted uncomfortably around an ottoman, Franklin P. Adams, Marc Connally and Dorothy Parker will be playing cold hands to see who will buy the dinner that evening. At the book-shelf Robert C. Benchley and Edna Ferber are amusing themselves vastly by thoughtfully autographing her set of Mark Twain for her. In the corner, some jet-bedecked dowager from a stately milieu is taking it all in, immensely diverted. Chaplin or Chaliapin, Alice Duer Miller or Wild Bill Donovan, Father Duffy or Mary Pickford—any or all of them may be there. In Paris, they say of the *terrasse* of the *Café de la Paix* that if you sit there long enough you will see everyone you know. If you loiter in Neysa McMein's studio, the world will drift in and out. Perched on the stool is a delighted model, trying hard to keep her face straight; and if the work is in oil that day, perhaps some older artist may be watching, amused and exasperated at the sight of this woman doing instinctively the things it takes the plodders so many years to learn.

Standing at the easel itself, oblivious of all the ructions, incredibly serene and intent on her work, is the artist herself. She is beautiful, grave and slightly soiled. Her apron is a shabby, streaked remnant of a once neat garment. Her fair hair, all awry, is discolored from an endless drizzle of pastel dust. Her face is smoothed with it. She itches to edge one of the pianists to the floor and join the concert herself. The poker game tempts her. But it is not until the daylight has dwindled to dusk that she comes wandering around the easel and drops into a chair, dog-tired but sociable. Indeed, she brings to the party the kind of whole-hearted laughter for which your true comedian will work till he drops. Few persons can tell a story better, but unlike so many who have that gift, she can listen, too. She listens with all her might, which, as those know who have sat at the feet of Mrs. Fiske, is half the art of acting and almost the whole secret of good manners.

What would surprise the people to whom the word studio has faint connotations of debauchery, is the homely, neighborly flavor which circumstances and the quality of this woman have imparted to this crazy one of hers. In its casualness and its informality, it has the accent of one of those ugly, roomy, hospitable homes on the edge of a small town, where the young folk are always running in and out. You can almost hear voices calling across the fence, almost catch the aroma of fresh bread sifting from the kitchen.

The sight of Neysa McMein, absently trotting next door in her painting-apron or sitting hatless on the steps to waylay the catnip man in behalf of her beloved Persian, does seem, somehow, to take the curse and the chill off the biggest of cities. She has made a small town of New York.



## Seven Secrets of Beauty in This Dainty Beauty Case

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The silk for this gown in size 36 will cost about \$11.65 for Belding's Taffeta, \$13.15 for Belding's Crêpe de Chine, or \$18.75 for Belding's Crêpe Faïe. Use the New McCall Pattern No. 3071, requiring in size 36, 3 1/4 yards of Belding's 36-inch Taffeta, 3 1/4 yards of Belding's 40-inch Crêpe de Chine, or 3 1/4 yards of Belding's 40-inch Crêpe Faïe. In addition, the neck yoke and sleeve ruffles require 3/4 yard of 36-inch lace and the foundation lining 1 1/8 yards of material.

#### Belding's—Good Silks For Sixty Years

Belding's Silks have kept faith with American women for sixty years.

Your gowns, your linings, your lingerie—every garment in your wardrobe will look smarter and wear longer if it is made with Belding's Silks.

Be sure you see "Belding's" in the selvage of the silks you buy—it's your guarantee.

Belding Bros. & Company, 902 Broadway, New York City

# Belding's

Makers of Enduring Silks—  
Fabrics—Embroidery—Sewing Silks



## Non-Stop

[Continued from page 13]

Her dark eyes rested on him with greater appreciation. "How did you know?" she asked.

Jim openly denied that Paul did know. "She's got an Illinois tag to her car," he interjected; and when nothing else was forthcoming, he recorded the license number and scratched out the name. Jim disliked being trifled with.

Personally, Paul was fed up on the actual calm, restrained Priscilla Aldens; they provided no romantic thrill to him. His forefathers had married so many of them that they had bred out of the family about everything else but calmness and restraint; his part of Connecticut had become as congested with those qualities as the Boston Post Road with old-maid-owned tea rooms. But if this girl liked to pretend she was a Priscilla Alden, perhaps that meant that a Cranston could look romantic to her. Paul remembered that the idea of him evidently had seemed romantic, until she saw him.

She now had on his cloak and had off her hat, but she had not pulled the hood over her head. She had lovely hair, he noticed as she stood bareheaded in the sun. She was sensible enough not to have bobbed it; and she had the sense, too, not to have smeared a lot of dull, opaque rouge over the clear, glowing pinkness of her cheeks and lips.

When Paul touched her arm, she climbed into the airplane; and he noticed with satisfaction how steady she was; but she was not calm. She was not calm at all, but alert and interested in a most pleasing way.

He took his seat beside and slightly in front of her. His was a pilot-and-passenger plane, with engine and air screw in front. Jim blocked the wheels, and she watched and asked: "What's that for?"

"If we didn't do that, we might cut him in two when he cranks," Paul explained as Jim seized a blade of the propeller. "When he starts the engine, we might leap on him and the propeller might kill him, if we weren't blocked. When you read that a mechanic's been killed, that's usually how he got it."

"Switch off!" said Jim.

"Switch off," assured Paul, and Jim carelessly spun the propeller, drawing the charge into the cylinders.

"Switch on!" requested Jim; "Switch on!" warned Paul; and Jim pulled down on a blade of the air screw, not carelessly at all. Quickly he leaped aside as the engine caught and spun the propeller into a whirl of sudden, roaring invisibility.

Paul was used to seeing a passenger shrink and jerk back when she found herself behind an air screw going like that; but this passenger never cringed, and when he throttled down and diminished the racket so that he could be heard when he reached, "Ready?" She replied steadily: "Go ahead. I'm glad I learned that!"

"What?" asked Paul.

"How to crank. If we have to come down, I can do it now."

"Don't you think of it!" yelled Paul and, as Jim kicked away the blocking, he opened the throttle, and up they flew with engine roaring, and almost immediately they reached the air over the edge of the lake.

Usually Paul explained to a passenger that she was likely to feel a few "bumps" over the edge of the water on a day like this; for with the hot sun on the land, air currents would be rising off the ground and opposite currents would be descending to the cooler surface of the lake. He had not warned this girl, and here were the "bumps" rocking them, tossing them, tilting them sidewise, dropping them. Drop! Everything gone from under you! Falling! "I'm gone!" That was the sensation.

An ordinary passenger screamed and clutched at the pilot even when she had been warned and assured that this bumping would end upon a safe, soft cushion of steady air. This girl, though unwarmed, merely held tight to the sides of the seat and smiled when Paul turned to her. He steered the airplane into the smooth, easy going over the deep water, and she glanced back and watched the squares and straight streets of the city on the shore diminish to the semblance of a toy village.

They were a mile up and, as they flew far from land, it was a height and a place for pardonable reflections upon one's fate if the engine missed and the machine were forced to come down on water with two rubber-tired wheels and a tail skid. Priscilla, however, did not indulge in such reflections; her clear eyes studied, musingly, the funny, seed-shaped spots which trailed long, gray tails over the blue water. "Ships!" Paul shouted; and she heard his voice and looked up and smiled and nodded. He had known that she saw they were ships; but he had wanted to talk to her.

Of course any real conversation was impossible; so he contented himself with watching her dark eyes glow with delight as she looked about, and her lips part with

exhilaration. She drew off her white gauntlets after a while and bared slender, pretty hands which clung to the sides of the seat with the tenseness of a child enthralled with a new wonder.

Smoothly, with long, soothing dips as they rode the mildest of the air billows, they flew on over the lake with engine and air screw steady and tireless in their rush forward. It became to Paul an unworldly hour in which he could let himself dream pleasantly of flying on and on irresponsibly into some fanciful land with this lovely stranger who had cast herself into his power. He leaned back and looked at his passenger, and she seemed to feel equally the spell of the unworldliness.

The Michigan shore drew up under them all too soon, and Paul roused and gave his attention to his mapboard. She roused, also, and he pointed out to her the correspondence of the roads and rivers to the lines on his chart. This was agreeable but not like the day-dreaming which was ended; also the mapboard emphasized the approach of Detroit, where was that man for whom she was making this flight. Paul became so intent in thinking about him, and Priscilla's possible relations with him, that the engine "missed" badly before Paul realized that much was wrong. Then he put his machine nose-down and dived.

This felt like a fall, at first; and the passenger could not know it was not a fall; but she kept her nerve beautifully and quietly held on until Paul got the engine going again and he was able to "flatten out" and fly evenly a couple of thousand feet lower than before. When he gazed at her then, she was white, but she smiled with steady lips. This happened when they were beyond Jackson and so it was only a few minutes later when they began to enter the smoke- and dust-cloud of Detroit. Paul picked a flat field well in the outskirts but with a traveled road beside it, and he landed.

"Well, you are a hummer!" she cried to him enthusiastically as soon as the engine stopped.

"Done up much?" he asked her guiltily, with that dive near Jackson on his conscience.

"Of course not!" she protested, and stood up almost as soon as he did. Dropping off her cloak, she bent to reach under her seat where she had stowed her hat. She opened her vanity bag, looked at herself, patted her hair here and there and, putting on her hat, she climbed down.

"We've about forty minutes in hand before four o'clock," Paul informed her modestly.

"Yes; you've done your part marvelously—but me! Do you know, I never once thought during that ride!"

Paul thrilled with little tingles of gratification. She had, then, been experiencing some of the day-dreaming in which he had indulged! But in a moment he realized that this did not necessarily mean she had day-dreamed about him. However, he felt he well understood her. "You mean that you expected on the way over here," he said, "to do some thinking which you had left to the last minute?"

"That's just it; and when I got up in the air, I didn't do it."

"Perhaps if you'll tell me more exactly what you left unfinished," Paul suggested, "I might carry on for you a bit."

"It was my plan to get that package I came over for. You see . . ." she hesitated.

"You've time to tell me," Paul urged. Intentionally he had taken his landing run far from the traveled road so that no one had been near, but many curious persons were now approaching.

"It's addressed to Mr. Shelby Selkirk, Hotel Touraine, Detroit," she told him. "Shel—Mr. Selkirk is not known at the Touraine. So if I were a man, or could pass as a man, I'd simply go to the hotel, register as Shelby Selkirk of Chicago, ask for a room and claim his mail and get the package that way. I thought that all out before I came to your field in Chicago. Of course, being a woman, I might register as his wife and ask for his mail but—"

"But you're not his wife?" Paul asked quickly.

"No. Of course not."

"Then don't do it," Paul forbade with more force than he realized he was using. It surprised her; also it surprised him, and he again astonished himself by offering:

"I can pass as a man; so when I get somebody out of this crowd"—he gazed at the curious people approaching—"to look after this bus, I'll go uptown with you."

"Oh, no, you needn't."

Paul paid no attention to her but examined the crowd for the sort of man who would enjoy and exercise the delegated authority to watch over the airplane and keep other people off. Paul picked out such an individual and quickly closed a satisfactory arrangement.

[Turn to page 45]



## Not a Day Older

**F**ORTUNATE is the wife and mother whose youthful appearance evokes this compliment on the day of her china wedding. Yet the most famous beauties of history, beginning with Cleopatra, were most admired when, from the standpoint of years, they were no longer young.

This gift of eternal youth depends upon one attraction — a fresh, smooth skin: "Keep your school-girl complexion" and you can ignore the passing years.

### How to keep it

Very easily, as you can quickly prove. The secret lies in thorough cleansing, once a day, of the minute skin pores which compose the surface of the skin.

For these minute pores have a most important function, they provide the skin with the natural oil which keeps it smooth and soft. But when this natural beautifying skin oil is allowed to accumulate, when dirt and perspiration are allowed to collect in the pores, serious clogging is the result.

Unless all dangerous accumulations are carefully removed, you will soon be wondering why your complexion looks so coarse. The appearance of blackheads and blemishes complete the disfigurement.

Before you resort to the harsh methods which may roughen and toughen the delicate texture of the skin, try this simple but effective method of beautifying.

Get a cake of Palmolive Soap, mildest and most soothing of all facial soaps. Massage the profuse, creamy lather gently into your skin, using your two hands. Rinse carefully and use a fine, soft towel for drying.

If your skin is very dry, apply a little cold cream. Normally oily skins won't need it. Do this just before bedtime and you lay the foundation for a fine, real beauty sleep. In the morning your mirror will compliment you by reflecting a freshened, beautified complexion.

### Palm and olive oils

Palmolive Soap is the modern scientific blend of the same palm and olive oils which were the favorite cleansers in the days of ancient Egypt. Modern progress has perfected their combination, but they have remained the ideal soap ingredients for three thousand years.

If Palmolive were made in small quantities it would cost at least 25c a cake. World-wide popularity keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night. This reduces the cost to 10c a cake.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, U. S. A.  
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Canada  
Also makers of Palmolive Shaving Cream and Palmolive Shampoo

Volume and efficiency produce  
25-cent quality for

10c



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### Why Palmolive is Green

Because the rich, natural color of these rare oriental oils from which it is blended, naturally impart their color as well as their quality to the fragrant green cake.

The soft moss tint is nature's own—just as is the color of grass and foliage. Thus there is no need for artificial coloring. Nature does it for us.

Palm and Olive oils — nothing else — give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap



**FREE  
to  
MOTHERS**

A test cake of Bauer & Black Baby Soap and a sifter can of Bauer & Black Baby Talc—scientific effectiveness in the charming guise of exquisite nursery requisites. Simply mail the coupon below.



*Keeping her sweet and alluring, and guiding her to the radiance of clear skinned girlhood, is now but the detail of a few simple rules of care which any mother can follow*

## *The simple new way of keeping a child's skin flawless which children's specialists are now advising*

This is to explain a simple new way of caring for a child's skin, which more than 1000 of America's leading children's doctors endorse and are urging mothers to follow.

Also to offer, free, a liberal test of the two Bauer & Black nursery requisites it embodies—a cake of Bauer & Black Baby Soap and a sifter can of Bauer & Black Baby Talc, both in a charming miniature package. Simply mail the coupon below, and you will receive them by return mail.

*Pretty at 6, but—at 16?*

The answer is in every mother's hands.

Authorities now tell us that the charm of a radiant complexion in girlhood is dependent upon the care given the skin in childhood.

Yet many mothers do not realize that fact, and continue the indiscriminate use of ill-chosen soaps in the daily hygiene of the nursery.

Thus many a naturally beautiful complexion, that most envied possession of childhood and girlhood, is ruined before being given a chance to bloom.

But you can protect this appealing freshness, can keep the child's skin smooth and flawless, and lead to the radiant girl, or the clear skinned boy of your ideals, if you will.

Avoid the use of ordinary soaps. Do not think that what is good for your skin is necessarily good for the children's.

Bauer & Black Baby Soap is a pure, white soap, made for infants and children. It is tempered to the delicate fineness of their skin. It embodies scientifically accepted elements, which the youthful skin must have to be healthy.

*The Treatment Children's Doctors Advise*

First, rinse the skin with clear, lukewarm water. Then with a wash cloth (one not used by others of the family) work up a gentle lather with Bauer & Black Baby Soap. Cleanse the skin with light circular movements; do not rub up and down, do not rub hard. Then rinse thoroughly with lukewarm water. Then dip the cloth in cold water and "pat" it over the face. Dry with a soft, clean towel, avoiding harsh rubbing.

*Then at Night, Do This*

Follow the foregoing treatment, but after drying the skin, lightly powder the face with Bauer & Black Baby Talc.

This is recommended because Bauer & Black Baby Talc contains highly curative and soothing ingredients most necessary to protect the skin from rash and irritations. It is in no sense of the word an ordinary "talc" but a scientific agent of protection, designed for this purpose, and now employed by many of the most prominent children's specialists in America. A new preparation, embodying newly discovered principles of skin hygiene.

*Note Results in One Week*

Results from this method are quick—and amazing. In one week a marked improvement, both in skin texture and in color, is noted. Continued observance results in the refreshing sweetness of the naturally flawless skin of a healthy child.

*The Test is Free*

We urge all mothers to make the test. It is free. Simply mail the coupon.

*At your druggist*



For more than 29 years Bauer & Black products have been used by leading hospitals, surgeons and physicians

**Bauer & Black**  
*BabyTalc and BabySoap*  
for all delicate skins



McCall's 3-23

**Mail This for Free Samples**  
Bauer & Black, Chicago, U. S. A.

If you live in Canada, address  
Bauer & Black, Ltd., Canadian Laboratories, Toronto, Canada  
Gentlemen: Please send me a trial package of Bauer & Black Baby Talc and Bauer & Black Baby Soap—these without charge or obligation on my part.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City and State \_\_\_\_\_

## Non-Stop

*[Continued from page 42]*

"Come on!" he ordered Priscilla and led her to the road where he hailed a car-for-hire and put her in. "Hotel Touraine, quick," he told the driver, and took his seat beside Priscilla.

As the car sped away, she sat back in the corner, gazing at him questioningly and with decided interest. "Exactly what do you mean to do?" she inquired.

"Register as Shelby Selkirk, of course, and get your package for you."

She nodded slightly as though saying, "I thought so;" and Paul sat back with more satisfaction. He felt himself decidedly in charge of the party, and he liked the feeling. He felt decidedly hostile to Mr. Shelby Selkirk; and he liked that sensation, too. He felt greatly improved over his state at noon today, when he had been loafing in the shade of a wing without an enemy in the world and without an interest; now he had both.

"If you're going to register as *Shel*," his Interest suggested politely, "hadn't you better change to more ordinary attire? They don't know *Shel* at the Touraine; yet they'll probably expect him in ordinary clothes."

"Where'll I get ordinary clothes?" Paul returned.

"Store."

"I haven't enough money," Paul admitted.

"I have," Priscilla assured and did not wait for him to accept or refuse but leaned forward and told the driver: "Stop at the first men's clothing store where you can get quick service."

The man put on the brakes almost immediately, and Priscilla got out and, when Paul followed her to the door of the clothing store, she told a salesman to show a gray business suit to the gentleman.

The salesman supposed the gentleman was the lady's husband, and Paul, realizing the need for hurry, let it go at that; he took a gray, sack suit into a dressing-room, put it on and appeared again to Priscilla who instantly approved and paid for the suit and also for a cap to match which she had found while he was dressing.

Paul followed her to the cab, no longer feeling in charge of the party; he felt like a little boy and did not mind much. There was a charming spirit of give and take about this vigorous girl which was markedly unusual; and now it was her turn to take again.

"You get out here," Paul ordered her, stopping the cab a block from the Touraine. "Wait in that doorway for me. If I don't come back in twenty minutes, go to the airplane; I'll meet you there."

"All right," she accepted and gave him her hand as she got out, returning the pressure of his fingers in a particularly agreeable way. "Good luck."

While he watched her slender, graceful figure cross the walk, he forgot about his new hostility; then it rushed back to him.

Reaching the Touraine, he paid off the cab and in a somewhat self-conscious manner—which he hoped would be credited to the obvious newness of his clothes—he crossed the hotel lobby and examined the register. The time was seven minutes to four.

No "Shelby Selkirk" was among the names upon the day's page, so Paul deliberately put one there.

Instantly the clerk, reading the name upside down, heartily welcomed the guest by name: "Glad to see you, Mr. Selkirk; telegram and special delivery mail here for you, sir."

With some effort, Paul controlled his impulse to look quickly around. He had a feeling that his enemy *Shel* had come in just in time to hear that hearty welcome; he thought that a man who had been walking toward the desk had suddenly stopped and was standing back, watching.

"I'll have them," said Paul to the clerk, and put out his hand steadily.

There were one telegram and two special-delivery packages—one a large, brown envelope addressed by typewriter to Mr. Shelby Selkirk at the hotel; it contained a firm, thick enclosure which required thirty cents in postage. The other was also an envelope, white in color, somewhat larger and with a thick, firm enclosure; this was addressed in a vigorous feminine hand. Neither bore return address; both had been mailed in Chicago.

There was so little doubt in Paul's mind that the white envelope was the one Priscilla wanted, that he immediately put that in the inner pocket of the coat she had bought for him. He did not want the other package nor did he care for the telegram, but he had at least to open that, if he was to maintain any pretense of being Mr. Selkirk.

"Buy sheep and spot cotton," it said tersely; it was signed "Firey" and had been dispatched at two o'clock from Chicago. Some sort of market tip, Paul thought; and then he didn't think so. It suddenly struck Paul Cranston that there was something queer about that telegram, but he

realized that he did not gain the impression from the telegram; he got it from the fact that the man who had stopped behind him was still standing there and evidently was watching him.

"That's Selkirk," Paul warned himself and, turning, he became sure of it; for the man was young and precisely the sort Paul had expected, following the assumption that Priscilla had picked up her friend "Shel" at some hotel tea-dance.

He was really a beautiful person of about twenty-eight, tall and supple-looking in body and with regular features which he composed in a self-conscious expression that he undoubtedly considered patrician. Paul remembered that Priscilla sought the patrician; she had expected it of him. The man wore a perfectly tailored gray suit and a gray felt hat, reminding Paul that Priscilla preferred gray; that was the color she had specified in the suit and cap she had just bought for him. Yes; beyond doubt, the fellow was Selkirk, particularly as his pale gray eyes were intently observing Paul and the opened telegram and the unopened mail. The queer feature of the affair was that he did nothing more; he merely stood there and observed.

To be sure, under the mask of the patrician set of his features, the fellow had an unusually futile sort of face; yet this pale-gray-eyed pet of the public cotillions did not look so completely inept that he should not make a move of some sort against a stranger purloining his mail; however, he made no move at all; and Paul, incapable of keeping up hostility against him, became disgusted. He thrust the telegram into his pocket and turned back to the desk for the other large, well-filled envelope of Mr. Selkirk's mail, which Paul had almost decided to leave at the hotel, and he thrust it into a pocket.

Intentionally he made the act provocative, for he was disappointed in the tame ness of this venture over which he had worked up considerable feeling in advance. But Mr. Selkirk's pale eyes continued to watch. It was not until Paul started to leave the lobby that *Shel* did anything definite; then he followed.

Paul felt slightly encouraged; perhaps the tea-dance hero might show a little life outside in the fresh air. "She picked gray for my clothes because it matches his eyes," Paul thought; and he whipped up his hostility again. He had started from the Touraine in the direction of the doorway where he was to meet Priscilla, but now he swung abruptly to the right and went down another street. He had agreed to bring Priscilla Mr. Selkirk's mail, but he had not agreed to bring Mr. Selkirk. Paul denied to himself that he was afraid to have Priscilla meet Mr. Selkirk; but he was. And this whipped up his feeling further as he proceeded down the side street.

Mr. Selkirk continued to follow, and he did nothing more until Paul approached a large and rather old building with an "Office for Rent" sign beside the door; then, from his following position several paces behind, Mr. Selkirk suddenly hastened up beside Paul.

"Do you want to step in here a minute?" he asked, mildly.

"Certainly," Paul accepted instantly and stepped into the entry where a partly open door in the rear disclosed the vacant space and paper-littered floor of a deserted office. Mr. Selkirk looked at this and looked at Paul, who nodded. If Mr. Selkirk preferred settlement of their affair in that private place, Paul was willing; and when Mr. Selkirk politely waited and motioned Paul to precede him into the empty room, Paul inadvertently did so and in the next second sank unconscious to the floor.

He realized, when he was coming to himself while lying in the paper litter, that Mr. Selkirk must have struck him from behind—probably with a black-jack; he had crumpled down within the office, and Mr. Selkirk had entered and shut the door. Mr. Selkirk was standing over him now, but not looking down at him nor, in fact, giving him any attention at all. *Shel* was completely absorbed in the contents of that large, well-filled white envelope, addressed in a feminine hand, which Paul had obtained at the Touraine and which *Shel* now had obtained from Paul.

Paul looked around and made sure that *Shel* and he were alone and, careful to give no warning, he jerked up and grabbed Mr. Selkirk's legs, hugging them together and throwing Mr. Selkirk very violently to the floor. As he struck, Paul let go of the legs and sprang up, grabbing Selkirk's shoulders and pounding him again to the floor. When *Shel* fought back and kicked, Paul put all his force into a swing of his right fist and hit Mr. Selkirk on the point of his jaw. That proved enough for *Shel*, who took his turn at lying quietly on the floor; but Paul did not take a turn at supposing him senseless when he was not. He carefully felt over *Shel* and procured,

[Turn to page 46]



## All Foods There

**In a night dish children love**

Think what children get in a night dish of Puffed Wheat in milk. Wheat supplies 16 needed elements. All the body minerals are in it.

In puffing, every food cell is exploded. Every granule is made available as food.

Puffed Wheat in milk combines two practically complete foods in their ideal form.

### Flimsy, flavorful tidbits

Puffed Wheat is whole wheat puffed to bubbles, 8 times normal size. The texture is like snowflakes, the flavor is like nuts.

Children revel in it. Few ever get enough.

So with Puffed Rice. Both Puffed Grains are made by Prof. Anderson's great process.

Both are fascinating dainties. Both make whole grains tempting. Both are fitted for easy and complete digestion.

These are no mere breakfast dainties. They are all-day foods in millions of homes where mothers know whole-grain needs.

Serve them in plenty, morning, noon and night, for the children's delight and good.

## Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice



### Rice Bubbles

Puffed Rice with cream and sugar forms the finest breakfast dainty children ever get.



### Mix with fruit

Puffed Rice mixed with any fruit gives it a doubled delight, as crust does to a pie.

**The Quaker Oats Company Sole Makers**

## for the Proper Care of the Hands

The skin should be kept naturally soft, *all the time*, if you would have really beautiful hands. Pure soap and water alone will not do this, for some soaps dry the skin, and you know that dry skin easily roughens and often cracks or chaps.



Your hands and arms  
Stay soft you see,  
No matter what  
Your work may be.

If you will moisten  
the hands slightly with

## Hinds Honey and Almond Cream

every time after they are washed and dried you will see the skin grow softer, and feel its girlish smoothness; you'll be happy with hands that never roughen nor redden; hands that do not easily soil or develop hangnails and "catchy" finger tips; hands that remain attractive altho exposed to weather or dust.

A plentiful use of Hinds Cream when manicuring softens the cuticle, prevents tenderness and improves the nails.

Hinds Cream is good for everybody in your home,—Father and Brother will find it very convenient to keep a bottle of Hinds in the car—it is a great help in removing grease and oil from the hands, and in keeping them in splendid condition.

### Soothes and Heals the SKIN After Shaving

After shaving  
Every man finds  
A comfort sure  
In using HINDS.



After rinsing off the soap and drying the face, apply just enough Hinds Cream to moisten the skin, rubbing gently. Remove with the towel any surplus that may remain. This Cream quickly stops the sting, heals cuts and the close-shave effect. It neutralizes any astringent action of the soap; prevents and relieves windburn and chapping, keeping the skin soft and ready for the next day's shave.

All druggists and departments sell Hinds Honey and Almond Cream in bottles, 50c and \$1.00. Cold and Disappearing Cream, tubes, 25c. Jars, 60c. Traveler size, all creams, 10c each. We mail a sample Honey and Almond Cream for 2c, trial size 6c. Cold or Disappearing sample 2c, trial tube 4c.

A. S. HINDS CO.

Dept. 19

Portland, Maine

### Non - Stop

[Continued from page 45]

in addition to that white packet, the brown packet and the telegram and, also, a loaded, automatic pistol. Then he gathered the scattered contents of the white envelope addressed in the feminine hand. They proved to be all Liberty Bonds of the fourth issue and each of one-thousand-dollar denomination. Paul counted twenty-five while Mr. Selkirk watched him from the floor.

"Twenty-five was all?" Paul asked him.  
"That's right," Mr. Selkirk confirmed.

Paul returned them to the white envelope with the address in the feminine hand. He looked at the brown envelope, addressed in typewriting, which Mr. Selkirk had not even taken the trouble to open; Paul did not take the trouble either, but put it in his pocket unopened. He was feeling strangely sick.

On the face of affairs, the explanation of this envelope with the feminine address and the explanation of Priscilla's flight to Detroit was that early this morning she had mailed twenty-five thousand dollars in Liberty Bonds to her friend Shel here, but later had thought better of her impulse and had decided to have them back. But there was a trouble with this explanation; it did not satisfy Paul.

"What does 'buy sheep and spot cotton' mean?" he questioned Mr. Selkirk on the floor.

"Oh, it's just a market tip," replied Mr. Selkirk, mildly.

"A tip, you mean, to get out quick; or something like that," Paul suggested.

Mr. Selkirk very calmly gazed up from the floor.

Paul advised: "You better stay right where you are for a while."

Mr. Selkirk expressed only appreciation at the opportunity to do so, and Paul backed away from him, opened the door, backed through it quickly and left the building. He entered a dry-goods store a few doors down, went through and departed by another exit. He was confident now that he had eluded possible pursuit by Shel and therefore he ought to return to that doorway a block the other side of the Touraine where he had an appointment with Priscilla, but he found himself obliged first to clear up a recollection of a bond robbery in Chicago about which he had read in the morning's *Tribune*.

On a corner was a stand with out-of-town newspapers, and he bought a *Tribune* and located the account which printed the list of the serial numbers of the stolen bonds which were all Liberty issues of the fourth loan. He cut out the list and, entering a telephone booth which had an opaque door and an electric light, he inspected the numbers on the bonds in his envelope; every one of them had been stolen.

"Well, little one," he gibed himself, as he returned the package to his pocket, "she told you in plain English that she was hiring you to hop her here to pull something raw; and you had to make her your little fairy princess and press yourself into her service. Child!" he jeered himself; for he could not remember when he had been so disappointed.

His castle—for he realized that in his day-dreams, while with Priscilla he had been riding the sweeping, soft billows of the sky, he had begun the building of a castle—his castle now was crumpled to the ground; his princess had become a felon. He had no wish whatever to return to her doorway; he had no desire to go anywhere. He was walking at random when a defensive instinct warned him that someone was threatening him.

This was a man not at all like Shelby Selkirk but a businesslike, alert, unostentatious individual whose plain clothes failed to nullify an air of official inquisitiveness. "That's a police headquarters operative," Paul said to himself and realized the peculiar difficulty of his situation if he was arrested with those bonds in his pocket.

"The police got the tip a little late," Paul thought. "They got to the hotel after Shel and I both called, and they got my description from the clerk. Of course I'm Shelby Selkirk to them."

He recognized the alternative to running; he could give himself up, surrendering the bonds, and tell how it all happened; but he had offered to Priscilla to get her package for her; he had taken that upon himself against her protest; he must play his string out. Moreover, he suddenly wanted to. He stepped to the middle of the street where an empty taxi happened to be waiting for the east-west traffic to be freed; and, as the signal was given, he jumped into the cab and cried to the driver, "Harper Hospital; hurry!"

The driver got a fast start. Whistles shrilled behind, but if they were meant to stop Paul's taxi, they failed; he was away and the plain-clothes man, if he followed, was left behind. Paul passed the doorway in which he had left Priscilla. No pretty, white figure was there now; nor should she be there, for nearly an hour had gone

[Turn to page 49]



## It overshadows even beauty

WOMAN'S charm is a subtle thing. The slender fingers of its magic often cast a strange hypnotic spell. And then you hear people say: "What can he possibly see in her!"

But Mary was different. She was simply and obviously beautiful and every one said so; even the girls who envied her most.

Yet she had fox-trotted blithely through that period when a girl is supposed to pause over marriage as a more serious thing than it appears to be at twenty.

And now she was rapidly approaching those more serious years that pendulum about the thirty-mark when friends begin to be just a little concerned.

All of the girls of her set were either married or about to be. She was not—and, very apparently, not about to be.

In spite of all her charm, some invisible something was eclipsing her beauty and holding her back.

If any of her friends knew why, no one dared to tell her. And she, least of all, knew the reason.

The insidious thing about halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath) is that you, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle.

*It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean.* So the systematic use of Listerine this way puts you on the safe and polite side. You know your breath is right. Fastidious people everywhere are making it a regular part of their daily routine.

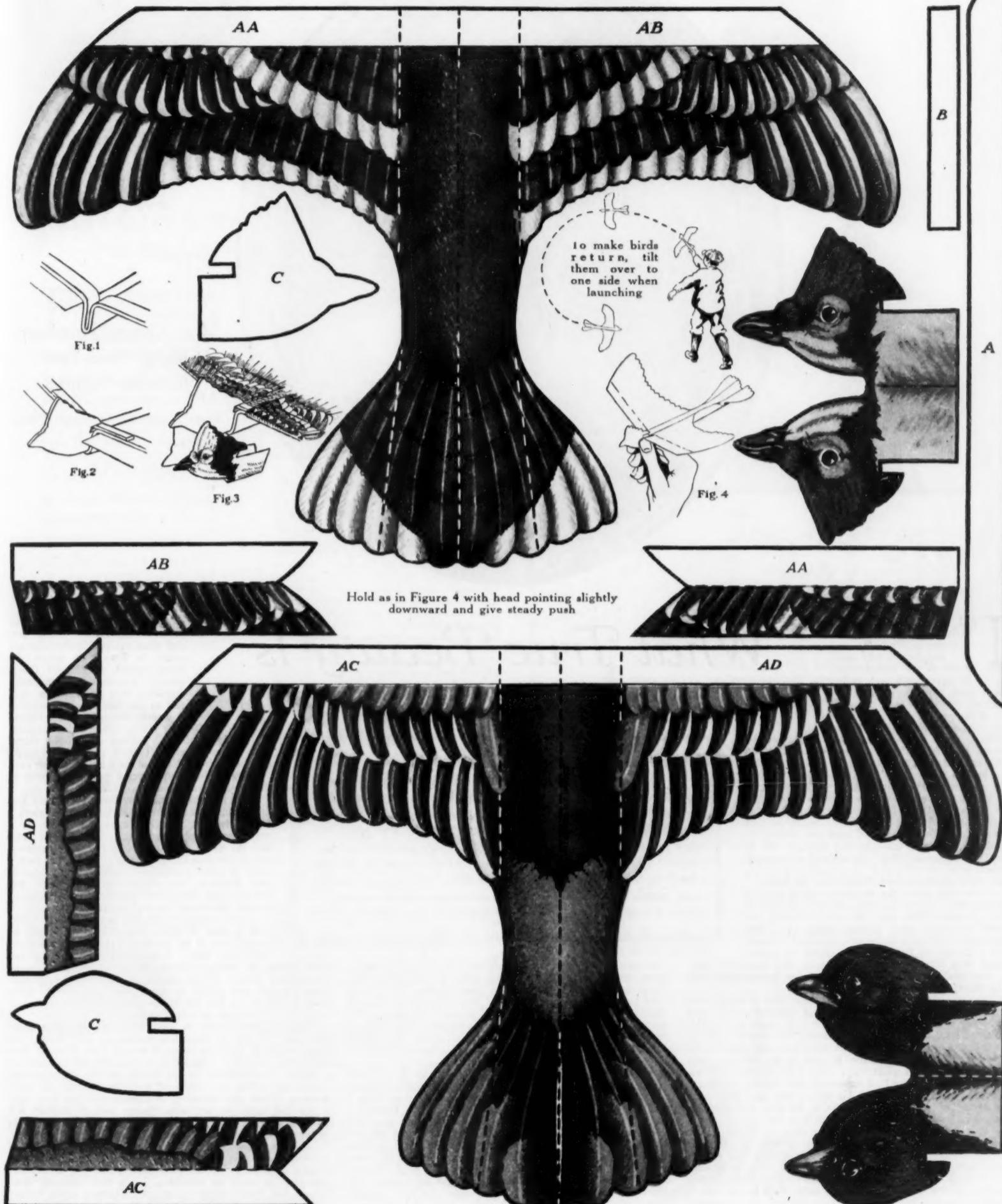
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For  
HALITOSIS  
use  
LISTERINE

# Sir Oriole and Bandit Blue Jay

By PERCY PIERCE



CUT from cardboard two long and two short strips like patterns A and B. Cut head patterns C from cardboard too. Cardboard about the thickness of a writing tablet back is just right for this.

Paste cardboard A to white space along front of each bird. Turn. Paste white edge of flaps AA, AB, AC, AD, along front edge of each bird. Turn. The colored wing portions of flaps project in front, facing downward.

Fold along center dotted line. The wings now stand up. Fold down along dotted lines to a horizontal position. (Figure 1.)

Paste cardboard B on longer piece in center extending between wings like bridge. Paste square end of cardboard heads to each body so small cardboard strip B fits into slot of head. (Figure 2.)

Fold colored edges of flaps and paste down firmly on cardboard A and wings. Fold colored heads and paste over cardboard heads. (Figure 3.) Bend tails horizontally along dotted lines parallel with wings. (Figure 4.)

Be sure wings are even. If the bird dives, curve rear edges of wing near tips, downward. If it turns to one side, curve rear edge of opposite wing, upward.

*Mrs. Harriman says: "Never is Charm of Greater Value than to the Married Woman Who Desires to Create a Successful Home and Hold the Love of Her Husband and Her Children"*



*Mrs. Oliver Harriman,  
One of New York's  
patrician beauties*

*From a portrait by Albert Herter*

**I** AM old-fashioned enough to believe that a woman's kingdom is her home, and that she should take great pride in its management, its appearance and in her own good looks as part of the picture.

What greater glory can there be for a woman than to be mistress of a happy household, mother of devoted children, wife of a good husband? But she must deserve it. It is not enough for her to have a fine spirit. She must look the part, be as charming outwardly as she is in character. It is as much her business to make herself pleasing to the eyes of her family as it is to make her house provide for their comfort. Saints in torn robes and stringy hair have gone out of fashion, and the modern housewife and mother will do well to remember this. Saintliness of spirit is much more effective if it is combined with immaculate cleanliness and daintiness of dress.

Too often girls who are most careful of their appearance before marriage, become careless in their homes. They seem to have a feeling that with marriage their problems are over, that personal loveliness is no longer a necessary weapon. As a matter of fact, never is charm of greater value than it is to the married woman who desires to create a successful home, hold the love of her husband and win the affection and admiration of her children.

No man finds inspiration in a home that is badly kept, or in a wife who is slovenly in her appearance. A man is keenly sensitive to physical beauty. He may not be able to tell the color of your frock or notice that you are wearing your hair a new way, but if the color and hair arrangement are becoming, he will sense it and be appreciative even though he cannot explain why. And what woman does not thrive on appreciation? I remember once hearing my father say, "A wise man will tell his wife every day how much he loves her and how pretty she is, for that will keep her happy and make her more beautiful than ever."

It is instinctive with a woman to dress for others. When her appearance is favorably commented upon it stimulates her to greater efforts. This is not only true of her clothes, but of her house. She will go to endless pains in making her home lovely if only her efforts are noticed. And nothing makes for greater harmony in the home than a wife who is eager to secure her husband's approbation and a husband who is appreciative of his wife's efforts. But one thing cannot exist without the other. The wife must do her part, she must strive conscientiously to make her home beautiful and to make herself as attractive as possible so that her husband's eye will rest with delight on the picture that meets him when he comes home. If she refuses to make this effort she may find, to her sorrow, that her husband will be attracted by a more charming picture elsewhere.

We sometimes hear it said that our American men have not the gift for pretty words that foreign men have, but if they pay compliments less glibly I am sure that it is not because they are less quick to note and appreciate beauty. I believe that American men are particularly devoted to their homes and their wives. In no other race do the men work so hard in order that their wives may enjoy the luxuries of life. But how often these wives fail to fulfil

## *What True Beauty Is*

*By Mrs. Oliver Harriman*

**M**RS. OLIVER HARRIMAN has not only regal beauty but she has, too, marvelous and elusive charm—such beauty and charm as can exist only where there is, also, the inner beauty of heart and spirit. Her great wealth, her social eminence in New York, her rare beauty and charm place her in a position of unrivaled authority and give weight to all she says. She discusses, here, the glory of the woman who has pride in her home—in its management and its appearance, and above all, in her personal loveliness as the strongest influence in making the home a kingdom wherein she rules.

their part of the bargain. In successful marriage, in a happy home, there must always be fair play, a real partnership. Dress up for your husband, be your loveliest self, make your home attractive for him and you will find him paying you the same compliments he paid in courtship days. The result will be more happiness for everyone. For that is one of the finest things a woman can do; it not only brings joy to herself but everyone else will be conscious of it.

**W**OMEN who are fortunate enough to be mothers should direct their children's thoughts toward beauty from their very earliest days. It is easy to train a child's eye to see and understand loveliness. Indeed, I think the trouble is that we do not often realize just how sensitive to beauty children are. Even babies are affected by the colors about them. I have heard of small children becoming definitely upset when they were placed in rooms where red, orange or other disturbing colors predominated.

These delicate color perceptions should be trained, not ignored. There are lovely picture books for little children which offer amusement also. A child's sense of beauty may be quickened, too, through its natural love of flowers. As children grow older handicraft is a great help.

It is very good for children to learn to create things of beauty themselves; this not only teaches them a sense of color and form but they learn to know the pride of the artist in his work. Very young children may be taught to string beads or to do simple sewing with colored yarns. For older children there are dozens of other arts.

Any effort toward beauty in yourself or your work helps you to a better understanding of beauty in the world around you. If you will begin by interesting yourself in your house, making a study of its furnishings, its possibilities for improvement with a deft touch here and there, you will soon find yourself interested not only in your own home but in others. You may end by having a tremendous interest in the whole subject of interior decoration!

The same thing is true of personal appearance. Have you not often noticed that people are quick to remark in others the things which they have themselves? A woman with unusually beautiful hair will interest herself in the hair of other women.

A woman whose hands are noticeably lovely will examine carefully the hands of others. That is one of the things that makes an effort toward personal loveliness so worth-while. You not only improve your own appearance but you increase your enjoyment of the beauty round you.

This reaching toward loveliness for oneself and one's home has another splendid side. It gives a joyous interest to what might otherwise be a very commonplace routine. The woman who sees her house not as a place of endless drudgery, but as her own little kingdom of which her family may be proud; who sees herself as the head of that kingdom, so gracious in appearance and manner that her family openly adore her—that woman has found the way to happiness.

I am convinced that not nearly enough attention is paid to home life. Children should be taught love of the home and encouraged to spend their time there. But what child wants to stay home unless his mother is there too or unless there is some cheerfulness there? If you cannot be home with your children yourself, you should at least encourage them to bring their friends in, so that the house will be a place of human warmth to them, not an empty shell.

When children desire to spend most of their time away it is only because the home has nothing to offer them. No child desires to leave his home if he can have a better time there than elsewhere. And it is not so difficult to build up a feeling of enthusiasm for the family fireside. Entertaining books are within the reach of everyone, games are inexpensive. There are thousands of amusements that need only a guiding spirit to set them going and if mother will undertake to be this spirit she will find herself well repaid in the devotion of her children to their home and to herself.

As girls grow older they can be taught the dignity of household tasks in a way that will make them enjoyable instead of work to be despised, done quickly, if at all, and forgotten as soon as possible. I am not speaking from theory, but from the very practical experience which I have had as head of the Campfire Girls Association.

**I**N fact, I think that one of the very things which is wrong with our girls is the lack of real home life as a background. This eager seeking for excitement that leads young people to thoughtless follies is only the natural seeking for entertainment that is not provided elsewhere. No wonder girls crave the gay life of restaurants where they can go to see and be seen, if home offers them nothing but shelter, food, and perhaps the companionship of mother who grumbles at her daily routine! Not very inspiring, is it?

Make a definite business of beautifying your home and yourself. Make a special effort to please your family. By making your home a happy and charming spot you will inspire every woman who enters it to brighten her own home. By making yourself fresh, attractive, lovely you will inspire in other women the desire to do likewise.



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### Non - Stop

[Continued from page 46]

since he made his appointment with her. If she was keeping to his orders, she would be waiting for him at the airplane; and that was where he was bound. For Harper Hospital lay in that direction, and Paul did not need to name his destination more exactly till the taxi was clear of the heavy traffic. "I'm really catching an airplane for Chicago!" he told his driver then and gave the location of the field. "Rush it, and there's fifteen dollars for you." Another taxi, also rushing it, came clear to the crowded blocks and swung out past slower cars. This, undoubtedly, was in pursuit.

"I'm trying to pull a getaway by that airplane!" Paul called to the driver. "There's a car after us. Do you think you can beat it?" The driver shot one glance at Paul and another to the rear. "I know I can!" he assured; and Paul sat back as the cab spurted faster, his hand on that packet of stolen bonds, and he wondered about Priscilla. If she was waiting for him at the airplane, he would have an exceedingly tight situation on his hands, even though he arrived ahead of the other cab. If she was not there, what would be his next move?

Paul reached the wide suburban road a fair three blocks ahead of the police cab.

"Run as near the plane as you can!"

He could see that his machine had ceased to be a local curiosity; gone was the crowd which had gathered when he had landed. One man was there, the watchman, undoubtedly. A girl was there; a girl in white who must be Priscilla! Yes; now he was sure of it. As she saw the cabs racing to the field, she ran a few yards toward them. Then he saw that she took in the situation and she ran back to the airplane and was doing something with the watchman. "Paying him off!" Paul realized. "Good girl, Priscilla." And at this sight of her, with perception of her quickness and nerve, Paul experienced a marvelous return of feeling for her.

His cab had run as close as possible. As he jumped the fence and entered the field, Paul saw Priscilla run around to the front of the airplane and reach up.

"She's trying to crank!" On tiptoes, arms extended, she put her weight on the propeller blade and hung there. He saw it oppose her and saw her struggle to pull it down; and he yelled again, frantically. Then the engine caught; the aircrew flew about too quick for eye to see and struck her down. The engine and aircrew roared, moving the airplane forward till the wheels encountered her body.

Paul reached the machine and thrust down the throttle; then he pulled Priscilla from under the wheels.

"Hello!" she greeted him, staring with dazed eyes. "You—got it?"

"I got it; but you—you—" "Good for you! Now let's get out of here. They're after you."

"You," he stammered again. "I'm all right. Just knocked—silly. That's all. The engine's going!" she boasted proudly.

She seized the handgrip to the passenger's seat, and he lifted her so that she got to her place. He sprang to his and opened the throttle. The watchman, whom she had paid off, was keeping away from the roaring whirl of the aircrew; but two men from the cab that had pursued Paul were running from the road.

Paul opened the throttle, and the airplane moved; it gained on the runners while it was still on the ground. As it got into the air, they started shooting but hit nothing. Paul simply flew away.

But he could feel no triumph in his escape; for Priscilla, who had made it possible, was swaying and toppling beside him, though she was trying to hold herself straight. She crumpled in her seat, all limp, and Paul let the plane ride of itself while he tried to support her with his hands.

She remained conscious a few moments and succeeded in raising her head and smiling at him; then she went limp, and no matter how closely he held her slight, soft body, she slipped down, down. The airplane dipped and almost tumbled sideways "off the wing," and he hardly paid attention for he thought that she was dying in his hands. Then he straightened the flight and held Priscilla with one arm and knew that she had only fainted; and in the exultation of that moment, he found himself dreaming again about her—about her, strong and well and smiling, and with him riding the sky. He entirely forgot that she was a thief, or he ignored it.

She seemed to cease breathing and he knew that, whether she and he went to jail or not, he must get her down and to a doctor. Gazing at the ground, he discerned that he was beyond Ann Arbor, and he circled over a wide field, in a farming section, with a big patch of woods into which ran a stream. He landed and lifted her out and, with her white cheek and dark hair against his shoulder, he carried her under the trees till he found a patch of grass where he laid her down.

[Turn to page 50]



## The Message Every Morning Brings

THE daily bath—with its stimulation of the skin to renewed activity—its suggested use of a pure and refreshing toilet soap.

It should not be necessary to urge the merits of Resinol Soap, nor is it necessary to people who have tried it. They know that it invigorates a sallow, sluggish skin, and helps to keep the complexion clear and fresh,—and the hair thick and lustrous.

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Non - Stop

[Continued from page 40]

He bathed her face with cold water, and when she revived, she lay looking at him with quiet, steady eyes.

"You told me not to crank," she admitted to him. "But if I hadn't, we'd never have got away, would we?"

"No," said Paul.

"I remember those men were after you. You got the package;—or didn't you?"

"I got it," Paul admitted; he did not like to be reminded of that package.

"Where's your machine?" she asked.

"On the field over there."

"Then shan't we go on?"

"I'll see," Paul temporized and rose and walked to the edge of the wood where he got a view of his machine now surrounded by farm people. He had no fear that they could yet have learned that he was wanted by the police in Detroit, for the farmers gave no sign of more than ordinary curiosity about the flying-machine.

Paul returned to her to find that Priscilla was regaining strength and sitting up.

"I want to know what you had to pull in Detroit to get my package. They shot at you, as we flew up, didn't they?"

"They shot at us," Paul amended.

"All right," she accepted the correction. "Now, was it too much for papa to square? He's got a great lawyer, I told you; and I guess he's worth four or five million." Paul stood looking down and suddenly feeling angry at her for continuing to play him for a fool and pretending that she was a daughter of a rich man and had flown to Detroit on a purely personal errand. He did not answer, and she demanded: "What happened at the hotel?"

"Nothing at the hotel," Paul denied.

"Where did it happen then?"

"Well, part of it about a block away in an empty office. Your friend Shel—"

"Oh, you met Shel!"

"Judge for yourself," Paul invited, and described the meeting with the gray-clothed young man. As he told of knocking out Mr. Selkirk, motor explosions sounded from the direction of the field.

"What's that?" he asked her.

"Somebody starting your engine?"

"It's motor-cycles." He moved off.

"Wait!" she called to him. "Leave me those packages!"

He hesitated and then tossed them to her. He had said nothing but left the clipping from the Chicago Tribune enclosed in the envelope with the stolen bonds. As he went through the trees, he thought of her finding that clipping and realizing that he knew; then he got sight of the field and saw that two men in uniform had arrived on motor-cycles and joined the farmers and were questioning the local people. One of the uniformed men, with one of the farmers, approached the wood, and Paul crept back. The officer saw him and called him to halt and come out; and when Paul kept on in the other direction, the man fired.

Paul ran; and the officer cautiously waited at the edge of the wood and shouted for reinforcement. Paul reached Priscilla who had got to her feet.

"Who was firing?" she challenged him.

"Men from motor-cycles; they've come from Ann Arbor, I suppose."

"After us?"

"Come on," said Paul. "I'll carry you. I can; I have."

"Wait!" she stopped him. "What do you think I've done?"

"Come!" cried Paul. "We've got to get out."

"We've nothing of the sort," she denied firmly but also gently. "Oh, I see it all now! At the hotel you got a package addressed to Shel which was full of stolen bonds; you figured I sent them; you thought that's why I had to hop the lake—to get back those bonds, for some reason. You thought I was a thief!"

"What?" Facing her, at this moment, nothing else occurred to him to say.

"You never even opened the other package. Here it is; father wrapped it and had it sent from his office; it's Shel's letters and gifts to me. Here they are; do you want to see them?" She held the contents of that brown package in a heap before him. "Father got suspicious of Shel last week; he said Shel was shady and I must break with him. I'd lost most of my feeling for Shel, but when father got together his letters and gifts and shipped them back, special-delivery, I said that was no way to treat Shel; so I came to you to hop the lake to get them back before Shel got them. But I guess, from this other envelope that I knew nothing about and from what happened to you, that father was right. Anyway, now I don't care."

Paul stared at her and stared at the heap of letters in her hands; at the broken wrapper and back to her again. At last he asked, "Why?"

"Why should anybody care about losing the imitation," Priscilla returned steadily, looking squarely at him, "when she's found the real thing? You and I, Mr. Paul Cranston, aren't running away any more

[Turn to page 90]

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your  
baby's  
life?



## Hygeia

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## Story of the Bible

[Continued from page 20]

sides water-tight with clay and she placed the boy inside this crude cradle and let him go forth into the wide world, all alone.

The improvised vessel did not go very far. There was little current. The stream was shallow, and soon the tender craft was caught by the reeds which grew along the shores in such great quantities. By great good luck, the daughter of the king had come to this exact spot to take a swim. Her ladies-in-waiting found the strange bundle and fished it out of the water. A child of four months is usually very appealing. Pharaoh's daughter decided to keep it. But as she knew very little about babies, she asked that a nurse be sent for.

Miriam, the sister, had watched this episode from nearby. She now came forward and said that she knew just the right nurse for a boy of that age. She ran home and got her mother.

In this way, one Jewish child at least escaped the general massacre and was educated in splendor in the royal palace, under the secret guardianship of his own mother.

But way down deep in his heart, he felt himself a Jew. And one day, when an Egyptian was beating up a harmless old man who belonged to the tribe of Abraham, Moses interfered. He went further. He hit the Egyptian—just a trifle too hard. The Egyptian fell down dead, and Moses ran the risk of immediate execution if the deed should become known.

It did not remain a secret for very long. Shortly afterward, when Moses went out into the streets, he found two Jews quarreling with each other. He told them to stop. One of them jeered at the peacemaker. "Who made you our master?" he asked. "Do you want to kill us too, as you killed that Egyptian the other day?"

The news traveled fast. Orders were given by Pharaoh that Moses be taken prisoner and hanged. Moses was warned. He fled.

He wandered through the desert which surrounds the Red Sea until he came to a well. Just then the daughters of Jethro, a priest who lived nearby, were bringing their flocks to be watered. One of the shepherds tried to push himself ahead of the daughters of Jethro. Moses, with his usual courage, came to the assistance of the girls. They, in turn, invited him for supper at their father's house.

In this way, Moses met Jethro and became a shepherd, as Abraham, Isaac and Jacob had been before him. He married Zipporah, one of the daughters of Jethro.

Among the solitude of the sandy waste, he recognized his true mission in life. His people had strayed away from the true principles which had guided their ancestors through so many dangers. They had forgotten Jehovah, their God. They were fast losing that belief in a great national future which had inspired their fathers and grandfathers. In short, they had reached a point where city life and luxury (together with ever greater poverty) were threatening to destroy them as an individual and independent race of men.

Moses decided to be the savior of his own people. He declared himself the humble servant of a great and guiding Will, and when he felt thoroughly convinced of his own mission, when he knew that he had heard the voice of Jehovah, speaking from a burning bush, he returned to Egypt and began the gigantic task of moving an entire people from one country to another, through the endless tracts of the desert of Sinai.

But there were other difficulties. King Rameses was dead, and his successor, Mineptah, had probably never heard of the killing of the Egyptian. Moses could therefore safely return to Egypt as far as the police were concerned. But now the Jews were unwilling to believe in him.

Slavery is a bad thing for the souls of men. It makes them cowards. The Jews had a hard life in Egypt, but they were certain of three meals each day. It was no doubt very pleasant to talk about a glorious and free existence in a new country; but that Promised Land lay many miles away, and just then it was in the hands of hostile heathen. There would be fighting and months of wandering through the hot sands of Sinai, and at the end, the success of the expedition was very doubtful.

Moses, who was not a good talker, wisely left the preliminary discussions to his brother Aaron and himself devoted his attention to many details that had to be arranged.

He went boldly to Pharaoh and asked that the Jewish tribes which had come to the country voluntarily during the reign of the great viceroy, Joseph, be allowed to depart in peace.

His request was curtly refused. It reacted most unhappily upon the poor workmen in the royal brickyards. Henceforth they were treated as prisoners who had tried to escape. Formerly they had been given the straw that was necessary for the making of their bricks. Now they must

[Turn to page 53]



## Boncilla Beautifier Clasmic Facial Packs

It gives mothers and daughters that matchless skin—radiant beauty that is deeper than skin deep.

The lady of fifty, if her skin is clear and fresh and her facial contour is firm and youthful, is young.

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# RUMFORD

the wholesome  
Baking Powder



## What Will You Give Your Child?

A Well-Nourished Body Will Provide Your Baby with the Power to Resist Both Fatigue and Disease

By Dr. E. V. McCollum and Nina Simmonds

School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University

NOT only through infancy and childhood but in large measure through pre-natal life, the physical welfare of the child depends on the mother.

Both the prospective mother and the nursing mother must see to it, for her sake and her child's, that her diet is planned every day to meet the chemical requirements of the body. If this is not done, not only will the nutrition of the child be faulty and its vitality lowered, but the mother too, will sacrifice in large degree her own strength and undermine her own health. Nature will insist that the mother give up a part of her own reserve of vitality in order that the race may be continued. If, on the other hand, she is careful to have her diet supply the food elements needed for the construction of new organs and tissues, and for the repair of the damage done by work and the necessary life-processes, she protects herself against the draft on her own bodily account, and at once safeguards the growth of her child.

A diet of white bread, meat, potatoes, sugar and desserts consisting largely of starch and sugar cannot do this. Mothers who are trying to live on such a diet cannot do the right thing by their babies during the pre-natal life, nor in the nursing period. Only imperfect growth can be accomplished by the child who sits down three times a day to a table provided almost exclusively with articles from these sources.

In previous articles we have stressed the fact, made clear by modern research and experiment, that the body cannot maintain itself in a healthy condition, much less nourish a child, without minerals, bulky foods and vitamins. On a right use of what we call protective foods—milk and leafy vegetables—hangs, to a large extent, the health of mother and child.

Take the matter of the teeth alone. During pre-natal life, through infancy and up to about fourteen years of age, the quality of the teeth is determined. The enamel is put on the teeth while they are still embedded in the gums. If malnutrition interferes

with growth and proper development at this time the enamel is not put on perfectly, and a vulnerable tooth results. Teeth which come through irregularly and unevenly, and show a tendency to decay early, in spite of care, are what they are because they were not properly formed during the critical time when they were developing. The most needed step in preventive dentistry is not the dental clinic, but a reform in the character of our diet as a nation.

Not only is it vital that the prospective mother shall safeguard her health and her child's; correct diet is even more important during the nursing period. Then the child is larger and the nutriment to be supplied by the mother is correspondingly greater. From birth, the child's growth should be maintained *uninterrupted*. Temporary stunting of growth is a distinct loss to the child, and never to be regained entirely

although much can be done to recover lost ground.

Besides malnutrition, there are two other enemies to the child's well-being which the mother has to combat—chronic fatigue and contagious disease. Not infrequently chronic fatigue begins in early infancy. Because of digestive disturbances the baby's rest is disturbed; he cries too much, and tends to exhaust his strength without sufficient respite from physical discomfort to enable him to catch up on the rest he needs. Later, young children are not kept at rest enough of the time and so suffer from an accumulated fatigue. In school, too much work is often assigned so that study is necessary after school hours. There is no justification for robbing children of their opportunity for play and exercise.

Children living on farms are often overworked with chores about the home in the mornings and evenings. Fortunately, children in the country are generally not pushed in school as much as city children are, and the small jobs required of them in the hours out of school have a great value from the standpoint of physical development and of character building. The danger is in overdoing in outside work so as to interfere with the necessary long hours of sleep.

Under modern conditions of civilized life it is impossible or impracticable to prevent children from acquiring the ordinary diseases of childhood. The school physicians and teachers are doing an excellent work in reducing the opportunity for the spread of infection in the schoolroom, but there is still much room for improvement in this direction. Measles, whooping-cough, diphtheria, scarlet fever, chicken-pox and so on, are serious diseases and often leave the child in a weakened condition in which he can be infected easily by some other disease.

The protection of the child against such diseases is only partly within the power of the parent, but the problems of providing sufficient rest and the right kind of food are problems of the parents alone.



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### Story of the Bible

[Continued from page 51]

provide this themselves, and yet they must turn out as many bricks per man per day as they had done before. This meant additional hours of toil. The new regulation made the Jews very angry with Moses.

Moses at last began to have a clear appreciation of the extreme danger of his position. He sent his wife and his children, who had accompanied him, back to his father-in-law, in the distant Midian country. Then he began in all seriousness to prepare for the days that were to follow. Time and again (but with very little success) did he tell the Jews what they ought to do. He tried to convince them that it was Jehovah who was speaking to them. They must leave the land of slavery at once if the promise to Abraham, that Israel should be a great nation, was ever to be fulfilled.

But his pleading was in vain.

Moses understood that neither side would make a move without the use of force. He alone was not strong enough to bring his own people to reason. Neither could he hope to convince Pharaoh. Jehovah alone could do this, and Jehovah did not desert His faithful servant in this hour of need. He told Moses to go once more before the king and warn him of the terrible things that would happen if he refused to heed the warnings of the God of the Jews. For the second time, Moses and Aaron went to the royal palace, and asked that their people be allowed to depart in peace. And again they were refused.

Then Aaron took his staff and stretched it over the waters of the Nile. The waters turned red, and the people were forced to dig wells, that they might not die of thirst.

That was the first plague. Then came the next: Often the banks of the Nile were full of frogs. This time, millions of the slimy beasts crept out of their marshy homes and hopped all over the land. Pharaoh saw the floor of his palace turned into one swarming mass of frogs. He asked Moses to take the frogs away. As soon as they were gone, so he promised, the Jews would be allowed to leave Egypt. But when the frogs had all died at the command of Moses, Pharaoh forgot all about his given word. The Jews were as badly off as before.

Then came the next plague: Clouds of large, disgusting flies began to buzz all over the country. They carried disease far and wide. The food of the Egyptians was being spoiled. People were beginning to die.

Pharaoh tried to compromise. He suggested to Moses that the Jews be permitted to go to the desert for a short while to sacrifice to their own God after their own fashion. If they promised to come back when the sacrifice had come to an end, they could take a short holiday.

Moses made an end to the pestilent visitation of the flies, and Pharaoh, glad to be rid of this nightmare, immediately disregarded his promise.

Then came the next plague: All the cattle of the Egyptians fell sick with a mysterious and deadly illness. Soon there was a dearth of fresh meat.

Still Pharaoh refused.

Then came the next plague: The bodies of all men and women were covered with terrible sores, and no physician knew how to cure them.

Then came the next plague: A hail-storm destroyed the entire harvest.

Then came the next plague: Lightning struck the barns containing the flax and the seed grain for the next year.

Then came the next plague: A cloud-burst of grasshoppers broke over the poor country. Within a single day, all the trees and shrubs stood bare. Not a leaf was left.

By now, Pharaoh was thoroughly frightened. He asked that Moses come to see him. He offered to let the Jews go, provided they left their children behind as hostages.

But Moses refused. His people, so he announced, must go with all their sons and daughters. Otherwise they would stay.

Then came the next plague: A terrible sandstorm came up from the desert. For three days, the rays of the sun were obscured by the dust. The land of Egypt lay in complete darkness.

Pharaoh asked Moses to hasten to the palace. "I will let your people go," he swore, "but they must leave me their flocks."

"My people shall go together with their children and their flocks, and all their household goods," Moses said, and departed.

Then came the next plague: The oldest child of every family that dwelt in the valley of the Nile died.

The Jews escaped this dreadful fate. They had been warned. On the doorsills of their houses they had painted a small red mark, made with the blood of a young lamb. When the Angel of Death (at the bidding of Jehovah) went through the unhappy country, he had stricken the sons and daughters of the Egyptians. But wherever he found the sign of the lamb's blood, he had "passed over" the house that harbored a descendant of Abraham.

[Continued in the April MC CALL'S]

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## THE MC CALL FOOD BUREAU

## Why Not Try Croquettes?

As an Entrée, Main Dish or Dessert, They Will be Hailed with Delight by the Family

By Lilian M. Gunn

Department Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University

HAVE you some scraps of meat, fish, odds and ends of vegetables? Then why not make croquettes?

They may be served as the main course of the meal or the accompaniment to that course. Fruit croquettes are a delicious dessert.

For meat croquettes, cut the meat into tiny cubes with a pair of scissors. Do not use hashed meat unless you must. Fish should be flaked and all skin and fat discarded. Vegetables may be mashed or diced. Fruits should be cut the size you desire the croquette to be.

The croquette mixture must be held together by egg or a thick white sauce—use as much as one-fourth cup flour to one cup milk for the white sauce. It will thicken more as it cools, so allow for that when adding it to the other ingredients. If the mixture is chilled the croquettes can be shaped more easily.

To form into pyramids, make balls, roll them on a board sprinkled lightly with crumbs, pressing down slightly on one end. For cylinders, form into balls and press evenly when rolling on the board.

Have ready two plates of crumbs, sifted through a coarse sieve, and a bowl in which is an egg slightly beaten to which one tablespoon of cold water has been added. Roll the croquette in crumbs, dip into the egg, drain, then roll in the other plate of crumbs. After they are coated, the croquettes may stand for several hours before frying.

Croquettes must be fried in deep fat, and a frying basket is of great assistance in keeping their shape. For cooked mixtures the fat should be about 380 degrees Fahrenheit, and for uncooked mixtures about 350-360 degrees Fahrenheit. This allows the mixture time to cook before browning. If you have no thermometer, use this test: a fat that will brown a cube of bread in forty seconds is right for cooked mixtures; sixty seconds for uncooked. Drain the croquettes for a few seconds on unglazed paper before serving.

#### HOMINY CROQUETTES

$\frac{2}{3}$ cups cooked hominy	2 eggs
$\frac{2}{3}$ cup stale bread crumbs	2 tablespoons chopped parsley
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk	1 teaspoon salt
	Tiny bit of cayenne

Mix the hominy and the crumbs; add the milk gradually, keeping the mixture stiff—do not add all the milk if the hominy is very moist. Form into cylinders, egg and crumb. Fry.

If desired one-half cup grated cheese may be added to the mixture and the egg and crumbing omitted. Drop by spoonfuls into the hot fat and fry.

#### BANANA CROQUETTES

Remove the skins from the fruit and any of the little strings which may

In following these recipes use level measurements and standard measuring cups and spoons. Each recipe serves about six persons.

cling to it. Cut each piece, lengthwise, in halves. Roll in lemon juice; drain. Egg, crumb and fry in deep fat.

**MEAT-AND-POTATO CROQUETTES**  

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup of boiled potatoes cut fine (or riced)	1 cup meat cut fine
$\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt	1 small onion chopped fine
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper	4 tablespoons flour
1 tablespoon minced parsley	2 tablespoons fat
	1 cup meat stock

Fry the onion in the fat, then remove it; add the flour, then the stock; cook for about three minutes. Add the other ingredients and cook until most of the moisture is absorbed. Cool. Form into cylinders, egg, crumb, fry.

**SWEET POTATO CROQUETTES**  

3 cups hot riced sweet potatoes (mix while hot with 3 tablespoons butter)	Add $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper 1 egg
---	---

Beat the egg and add it to the other ingredients. Cool mixture and form into cylinders using a little hot milk if the mixture is too stiff to form. Egg, crumb and fry. These are delicious to serve with poultry.

**FISH CROQUETTES**  
 Flake the fish from the bones and measure. For every cup of fish add:  

$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon finely minced parsley	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup bread crumbs

For every cup of the mixture add one-half cup of thick white sauce. Form in pyramids, egg, crumb and fry. Halibut and salmon are particularly good, but any fish may be used.

**APPLE CROQUETTES**  

6 apples	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon juice	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons butter	3 tablespoons flour
Yolks of 3 eggs	

Cook the apples, add sugar and lemon, and boil down (being careful not to burn) evaporating most of the liquid. Melt the butter, add the flour and the apples very slowly. Beat the yolks and pour the mixture on them. Cook over hot water until the mixture is very thick. Cool. Form in the shape of apples. Egg, crumb and fry in deep fat. Put a clove in the top of each to look like the blow of the apple.

Served with a sauce, these are a delicious dessert.

**NUT CROQUETTES**  

2 cups cooked rice	2 tablespoons sugar
1 cup finely cut nuts	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
2 eggs	Little cayenne
2 tablespoons fat	

Warm the rice in a double boiler. Add the seasonings and nuts. Slightly beat the eggs and stir them in. Cook until the eggs thicken. Add the fat and spread on a platter to cool. Shape in ovals.

Egg, crumb, and fry them in deep fat until brown.

## The prettiest baby in Galveston—

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## Borden's EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK



### The Affair at Gray Walls

[Continued from page 35]

"Oh, I see!" I said, listening with every pore.

"This was close to five months ago, and her experience, as I've only just learned, was worse than yours has been. You see she stayed longer, nearly the two months. She was a big, vigorous, Canadian girl, a young widow with a baby—a fact she hid, though, never letting them know at Gray Walls that she had this tie binding her to the outside world.

"It was for the baby's sake, on account of the money, you know, that she clung on as she slowly sickened there. Well, by the time that she found a chance to get away—crawling out of a kitchen window one morning at about four o'clock—she was more dead than alive. Still she managed to reach the station where she was able to telephone to friends in New York, as Johnny was at this time living in Canada; in fact he knew nothing about Gray Walls until much later. Pietro tracked her and, afraid of publicity, handed out in cash the thousands owing her.

"They thought they were safely rid of her, her mouth shut, and this is what would have happened except that, unlike you, she never got better. They say that she can't live long. Well, the whole thing so absorbed and enraged her young brother, it amounted at last to an obsession. He felt sure that because of the dead brother who had been Johnny's pal, Luther Marquand would help him. And he did.

"First they found out with the aid of the biggest detectives in the country something of the strange history of Mrs. Roger Cassington. After this they decided it would be necessary for one of them to pretend to be something that would give him admission to the house. Well, Luther Marquand managed this. Ten days before you arrived, the second gardener at Gray Walls left at short notice—having been bribed, my dear, with enough money to set him up in business for himself. Luther had at one time studied landscape gardening, so that's why the affair was managed from that end. His references for the place from such a prominent man as Horace Marquand—his own father, my dear, got him the job.

"Johnny Creighton, in the meanwhile, having left his sick sister and her baby in Canada, got a room in the village near Gray Walls. One in and one outside of the house, these two waited for what they knew would surely happen—the hiring of another companion. When Luther tipped young Creighton off that one was coming, it was to be Johnny's business to warn her as soon as possible of the danger she was going into, while urging her to stick it out and to trust in Luther who was in the house pretending to be what he was not—in fact making it clear to her that she was to be a sort of detective, too. It was a good thing for their plan, however, that Creighton was able to put you wise, as the boys say, the very day you arrived there, since they shot the bolts on you at once.

"Well, the rest of the affair at Gray Walls you know about better than anybody else. I'm to be allowed to sit with you tomorrow when your fine friend comes—and what a friend to you that Luther Marquand has been!—bringing with him this great big highbrow who'll be able to take the lid off the mystery for us. Now, no tiring questions except about this—" and to my amazement she shot a hand mirror at me. "Have a look, darling!" she cried.

I'm sure I blushed at sight of the thing, remembering what I had seen last as a reflection. Then, Miss Cruith's glad air bringing me assurance, I drew the glass to my face. I gazed and gazed, as happy tears came from me in a rush.

"Myself!" I quavered this. "Yes, almost myself again!"

"Sure thing," Miss Cruith cried, and gave me a hug. "You're awfully pale and thin, still. But I'm not sure that pointing curve to your little chin and this white rose sort of complexion isn't prettier even than the rosiness and go ahead look that you had."

I astonished her then. "Do I get that money?" I asked.

"Why do you wish to know?" was her cautious reply.

"Because I want it."

"Thank goodness you're sensible!" This burst out with one of her sudden laughs. "I was afraid you were going to be fussy and say that no money coming out of Gray Walls would soil your hands! You get it all right!"

"I earned it!" I said fiercely. It was about four o'clock the next afternoon when Luther arrived and with him a small, gray, close-lipped man who without in the least looking a great scholar, made you somehow know that he was one. Miss McKenzie had shopped for me, and I was resting in a house-robe of sapphire crépe. A lovely peace went through me when Luther took my hand and smiled down at me. It was the first time I had

[Turn to page 56]



This kitchen designed by J. Harold Gessell of Philadelphia, Pa.

## Let HOOSIER Make YOUR Kitchen Work Easier

THE average woman has no idea of the amount of unnecessary work caused by the arrangement of her kitchen. But when she gets a HOOSIER in her kitchen, she soon realizes that she has been wasting time and strength—and can both see and feel the difference.

### HOOSIER Makes Your Dreams Come True

If you were to dream of creating for your kitchen a magical fixture which would give you a work-shop as convenient as any ever designed

—a pantry that would come to you instead of forcing you to go to it

—an office for the keeping of recipes and the filing of household accounts

—and a work-table that would eliminate the hardest muscular strains of the kitchen

—the HOOSIER would be the realization of that dream.

HOOSIER concentrates your tasks in one spot.

With it you are saved miles of steps, hours of time, and numerous waste motions each day. You not only get out of your kitchen earlier—but in better spirits.

### There is No Substitute for the HOOSIER

And that is not all. A kitchen cabinet is made to last a life-time. You only buy one once. Therefore, you can not afford to take chances on securing anything less than the best.

According to the verdict of its two million users, the HOOSIER is that best cabinet. There are so many exclusive

HOOSIER improvements that there is no substitute for the HOOSIER.

By all means, do not purchase any kitchen cabinet until you have seen the helpful HOOSIER at your dealer's.

### A HOOSIER for Every Type of Kitchen

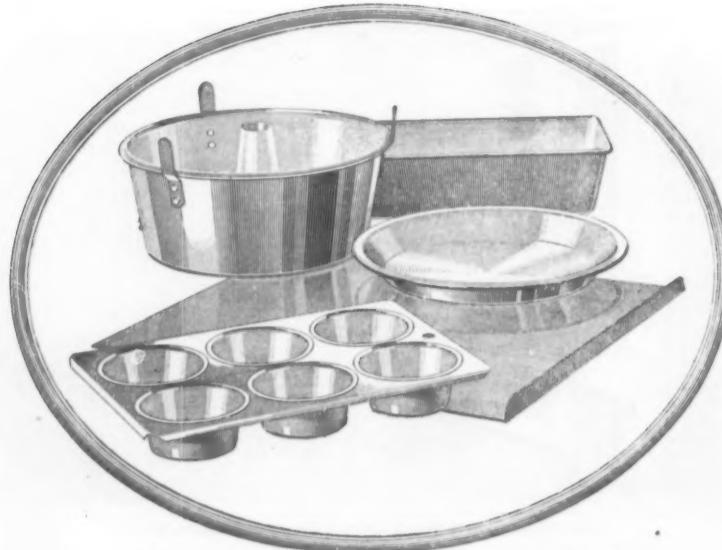
Even if your kitchen is elaborately equipped with built-in cupboards and cases, you need the HOOSIER. For built-in equipment causes you to scatter your steps—unless you also have a HOOSIER.

Special HOOSIER models have been created for every type of kitchen. Some even fit in under the window. So no matter what type of a kitchen you now have, there is a HOOSIER to fit it—and to fit your purse.

### Easy Terms Enable You to Afford the HOOSIER Now

The best news of all is the fact that you do not need to go on doing your work in the hard, old-fashioned way while you save up money to buy the HOOSIER. Your dealer will put the HOOSIER in your home on dignified, easy terms. Be sure to ask your HOOSIER dealer about these terms—or, if you do not know your HOOSIER dealer, write us for his name and for complete illustrated literature concerning our proposition.





Viko bread pans, 40c and 65c. Cookie pans, 3 sizes, 85c to \$1.30. Corn cake pans, 6, 9, or 12 cups, 65c to \$1.30. Viko angel food pans, \$1.30 and \$1.50. Pie plates, 3 sizes, 25c to 35c. (Prices somewhat higher in extreme West and Canada)

## Beautiful Baking With VIKO

Confess! Are you one of the thousands of women who are sure they appreciate all the fine points of aluminum but have never tasted the joy of baking in good aluminum—like Viko? Viko is ideal. It heats uniformly for thorough, even baking, which does not burn or dry out the food. It insures bread, cakes, or pastry of unusually fine texture and with light, delicate crusts. Its quick heat is wonderful for muffins or popovers—the batter puffs up beautifully.

Little or no greasing is required, so food is more digestible. Aluminum is not affected by fruit acids; you can leave your rhubarb, cherry, or apple pies in their Viko pans, for several

days if you like, and put them on the table in their bright, attractive containers.

One more joy of Viko baking—the round corners, the tightly rolled edges, the absence of seams, and the hard, polished surface to which food does not stick, make light work of cleaning up. Let VIKO, The Popular Aluminum, be your standby in all your kitchen tasks. It is the guaranteed product of the world's foremost maker of aluminum ware. Strongly built of thick, tough metal, it wears long and serves well.

Viko is popularly priced. And nearly all good stores sell it. Miniature Viko catalog No. A5 gladly sent on request.

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# VIKO

## The Popular Aluminum



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ZANOL Marshmallow Creme makes the finest cake even more delicious. This light, fluffy, ready-to-use Marshmallow Creme is very economical. Ready for instant use—for cakes, dressing, filling for ices, puddings and ice cream. Saves time, saves eggs and is cheaper and better than home-made icing.



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No morning dainty was ever more delicious. So it makes the needed bran inviting. What finer breakfast dish can you conceive than this whole wheat and bran? Please try it.

**Pettijohn's**  
Rolled Wheat—25% Bran



IT MOVES YOUR HOME & SAVES YOUR TIME

### The Affair at Gray Walls

[Continued from page 55]

seen him out of his gardener's clothes. He was that fine type of cultivated young American man that had so delighted the French when our regiments went marching down the Champs Elysées; a type that I've been told abounds by the thousand in the far west and that I, of the city, had seen rushing about Wall Street in the morning and striding up Fifth Avenue in the late afternoon. Yes, I, a lonely struggler with a half bedroom for my background, had often gazed at and longed to know Luther's sort—well-dressed in quiet grays and browns, lean and active of figure, big of shoulder, with the almost Indian sharpness of vivid face that only Americans have.

There was no sentiment in his manner, just a dominant smile twisting his well-modeled mouth that was not a bit sensuous and yet not a bit ascetic. He gripped my hand until it hurt the while he gave it a lurching, schoolboyish shake. "How are you?" he asked, and before I could give a reply, gave his own: "All right, I see."

He introduced Professor Nergard of Copenhagen to Miss Cruith and me, and it was easy to see that the old man had come to a fatherly sort of love for him.

"The professor hasn't a minute to spare and he'll have to talk fast, but you mustn't miss a word. He will unfold a tale of metaphysical interest, the equal of any set forth by the troop of dome-browed gentlemen whose knowledge of the subconscious begins where we ordinary mortals think the end of the road is reached." As he was speaking he made himself comfortable beside me, crossing his long legs and clasping his flexible, brown hands about one knee. "When the professor is finished," he added, "I have a little bit of rather grisly information of my own to add as a sort of epilogue."

I don't intend to try to tell you exactly what this most fearfully learned man said because, simply, I couldn't. The crux of the strange truths that came to us on the wave of his fluent, heavily-accented English I do know, and can set down.

To begin with: who Mrs. Cassington was. In the late twenties of the past century this curious woman had been born in Florence, Italy. Her name was Lucrezia Costanzo, her father a poor notary. When but a child of six Lucrezia was startling every one. Her gifts were remote from spiritualism and miracles of that sort. What she astounded with was proof of the supernormality of her five senses. As instances: She had only to lay her hand on a dumb beast to make the creature—horse, dog or cat—cringe before her, either fawning or terrified; she was able also to fall into states of ecstasy during which she would wound herself, and even like the Yogis of Hindustan, draw blood without feeling it.

But one singular power rose above all the others like a mountain's peak. Nothing of this was hidden behind the mists of the unseen. She could demonstrate it in a commonplace room, its results immediate. This was her will dominance over an opposing consciousness provided it was placed where she could concentrate upon it. By it the person operated upon would pour out strength as a fluid on an enclosed current, until, transiently, he was no more than an ingeniously constructed mechanism, the practitioner adding to her vitality the more she made excursion into the other's ego.

In one case she brought about on a woman subject such a total dissociation of personality that she could not undo her work when the exhibition was ended. It was a psychical upheaval so drastic that she could scarcely draw back her own consciousness from the victim. The matter was righted at last, but Lucrezia was frightened at herself.

The people, too, began to know fear. The most unheard-of reports were abroad about the girl. It was said that she had but to will a thing, even death, to bring it about. This, by its very amazingness, made her at length valuable as a business speculation. Her father, and commercial friends with him, saw her as a potential gold-mine. They had counted without Lucrezia. After announcing that she would never consent to a parade of her incomprehensible gifts for money, she disappeared.

The professor had gleaned this accumulation of facts from a number of sources, some having been contributed by Creighton's sister—one companion that Mrs. Cassington had evidently found attractive enough for most intimate confidences. Continuing, he tried, and vainly as far as I was concerned, to analyze expertly for us such a psycho-physical mystery as had bewildered us. Soon after the great and simple man went away.

It was then Luther's turn to tell us of the things he personally knew. "It wasn't only to help Johnny to a romantic sort of revenge that I took up the job with him," he said, through the smoke of a cigarette. "It was to have him get such a case against that brutal old woman as would make her hand over a nice little fortune to his sister, so that in the event

[Turn to page 97]



## HEINZ Tomato Ketchup

There's more ketchup in a bottle of HEINZ Tomato Ketchup than in a larger bottle of ordinary ketchup. More tomato and less water. Sound tomatoes and no artificial preservatives. Luscious red ripe tomatoes and no artificial coloring matter.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY



## For the Growing Child

Right Food, Proper Rest and Happy Associations Are Part of the Daily Program

By Charles Gilmore Kerley, M.D.

LAST month the necessity of a right supply of food for children was dwelt on at considerable length, and feeding schedules for the various ages of childhood from the first to the eleventh year were given in detail. It was made plain that the penalty of improper nourishment was defective growth and if the inadequate feeding were continued, an inferior adult would be the outcome.

But a child may be given the most ideal diet and yet fail to thrive. Next in importance to the food supply we have to consider the matter of sleep and rest. The young child usually awakens early and for the next twelve hours is very active. He runs and walks and plays—all of which is quite right. But he does not know when he is tired or when to rest, provided there is an over-stimulation to activity of any nature. The ceaseless activity becomes a habit and is often, through the production of exhaustion, a means of much harm. The chief function of the child is to grow, and when he wastes energy day after day in purposeless activity there is less for purposes of physical development. It is surprising how many children after the third year of age never have the advantage of a mid-day sleep or even a short period of repose during the day.

Children whose daily activities are without a break, comprise a good many that come to me because of stunted bodies and greatly unbalanced nervous systems. The first-born is frequently a sufferer from malnutrition because of over-stimulation by his parents and relatives. It is rather unfortunate to be the first child in many families and to be an only child is still more unfortunate. The small child who tries to keep the pace set by an older brother or sister also supplies not a few of my defectively growing patients.

Every child under six years of age regardless of health, vigor and resistance should have the mid-day after-dinner sleep of one and one-half hours. Delicate children—those who are under weight, excitable and precocious, should continue the mid-day rest until a considerably later period. Seven to seven-thirty o'clock is a suitable rising hour. If the child will sleep until eight, so much the better, but he should not be allowed to sleep after eight o'clock as this means that the breakfast would be late and interfere with the mid-day meal which should be at least four and one-half hours after the completion of the breakfast.

Bathing, fresh air by day and night and suitable amusements all contribute to the child's well being, and neglect in any of these matters interferes with growth. It is impossible to supply arbitrary figures as regards height and weight as normal children vary largely in these respects, depending not a little

on the size and robustness of the parents. In order to determine whether the child is under weight or under height, reference to the following schedule will be of assistance.

HEIGHT Inches	AGE	WEIGHT Pounds
20.	At birth	7-8
25.	6 months	15-17
28-29.	1 year	19-21
29-30.	18 months	22-24
30-32.	2 years	25-27½
34-35.	3 years	30-32
38-39.	4 years	34-38
40-41.	5 years	39-41
42-44.	6 years	43-46
45-47.	7 years	47-49
48-49.	8 years	51-54
49-50.	9 years	58-60
50-52.	10 years	63-66

ANOTHER agency that may contribute to defective body building is defective teeth, or there may be a mal-occlusion—which means a wrong relation of teeth when the upper and lower jaws are brought together. In either event the food is improperly masticated, improperly digested; digestive disturbances result and the child suffers accordingly. Every child large and small should be under the observation of a competent dentist. An examination of the child's teeth entails very little expense and there is no necessity for any parent neglecting this very important part of the child's body.

Over-housing and absence of fresh air will prevent normal growth. Living-rooms habitually ill-ventilated will lower the vitality and may be the determining feature between vigor and illness.

Children are sensitive to surroundings and unhappy associations will operate through the nervous system on the appetite and food assimilations and have a decidedly deterrent influence on development.

A nurse, governess, or perhaps a near relative who mentally is not in tune with the child will cause appreciable detrimental physical effects operating through the mind and nervous system. I have been obliged in not a few instances to advise a change in attendants for this reason. In other cases I have found the patient much improved after being sent to a boarding-school away from the disturbing element in the family life. Boys sometimes fail to understand their fathers, and daughters may have a hard time with an irritable, over-exacting mother. When domestic problems interfere with the development of the child they sometimes become medical problems.

The presence of adenoids and enlarged tonsils interfering with normal breathing may have an important effect upon growth and development. The child's appetite and food-capacity is distinctly diminished. He has frequent attacks of so-called colds and fever. Frequent illness of any nature means retarded growth.



## Food—good Food! Your strength and vitality depend on it

NO one ever did real justice to himself or his work, if undernourished. You may get plenty of food, and still be underfed, if your food doesn't contain the elements for proper nutrition.

If you eat "de-mineralized" food—food robbed of mineral elements—you are bound to lack the energy and endurance you should have. This is one of the reasons why Grape-Nuts should play an important part in your regular diet.

Grape-Nuts is a highly nutritious food made from wheat and malted barley. It contains the vital mineral elements that are needed to build up strength and vitality.

Grape-Nuts is ready to serve—no cooking necessary. A package contains many servings, costing about one cent each. Your grocer sells Grape-Nuts, and it is on the menus of hotels, restaurants and lunch-rooms.

Where you don't find Grape-Nuts you won't find people.

### Grape-Nuts FOR HEALTH

"There's a Reason"

Made by Postum Cereal Company, Inc.  
Battle Creek, Michigan



# Table talks

By Mrs. Knox

## Is Your Family Like Jack Sprat's?

PERHAPS May doesn't like fish, and Bobby is too fond of pies, and father won't eat certain vegetables. Most families are like that, and mother has certainly a hard time to please them all. But here are two of my dishes—a Dessert and a Salad—that have been *unanimously* voted delicious in thousands of American families. Perhaps your family will like them too.

### Chocolate Sponge

Making Enough for Six People

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
 1/4 cup cold water 1/3 cupful of sugar  
 1/4 cupful boiling water 3 eggs  
 1 teaspoonful vanilla Few grains of salt  
 2 squares of chocolate or 6 tablespoons cocoa  
 Soak gelatine in cold water until soft, then dissolve in boiling water. Add cocoa or melted chocolate. Beat egg-whites until stiff and add well-beaten egg yolks, one at a time, to the whites. Add sugar, then the dissolved gelatine, which has been beaten well. Beat and add flavoring. Pour into wet mold, chill and serve with whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk.

### Fruit Salad Supreme

(Ten Servings)

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
 1/2 cup cold water 1/2 cup sugar  
 2 cups boiling water 3 cups fresh fruit  
 1/2 cup mild vinegar cut in small pieces  
 Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, and add boiling water, vinegar and sugar. Strain, and when mixture begins to stiffen, add fruit, using cherries, oranges, bananas, or cooked pineapple, alone or in combination. Turn into mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove from mold to nest of crisp lettuce leaves, and accompany with mayonnaise or boiled salad dressing—Substitute vegetables for the fruit and you will have a delicious vegetable salad.

NOTE. By omitting the lettuce and salad dressing, this may be served as a dessert, and raspberry or other fruit juices may be used in place of the cold water to give a different flavor.

### Free—150 Recipes

There are over 150 economical, easy-to-make, carefully explained recipes in Mrs. Knox's books, "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy." Free, if you will send your grocer's name and four cents in stamps to cover postage.

## KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

108 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.  
 "ALWAYS the HIGHEST QUALITY"



Does your family return to you like this?

—Or like this?

## They Shall Return in Gladness

The Evening Meal Should Be a Recreation Time—the Crown of the Day—for Your Husband, Your Children and Yourself

By Sarah Field Splint

DOES your family come rushing home to you at the end of the day, trampling under foot, if need be, old ladies and babies who obstruct its path, intent only on reaching the Home Fires and You and the best meal in town? Or does it amble aimlessly along, pausing for here a little gossip and there a little diversion, in the words of the Russian ballet, postponing its return to its own roof-tree until all the neighbors having withdrawn to eat, there's no one left to chat with?

Whichever they do it's probably your fault. If you are always cheerful and always loving and a wonderful cook and make the house awfully comfortable and wear becoming dresses and if you are a sympathetic listener and an interesting talker, then you have only yourself to blame if your husband and children are under foot all the time, so that you never have a moment to yourself except, possibly, when you are in the bathtub. No, the easiest way to keep a family in its place is to greet it with complaints and uninviting food and hard chairs and bad lights when it turns into the home enclosure at evening. Probably it will stay just long enough to eat and then make its escape to a more congenial atmosphere.

Perhaps because I have been a wage-earning woman for so long—recently I have begun to be very sensitive about just how long—my attitude toward the man who is the breadwinner of the family is more sympathetic than he deserves. But really I mean to be fair because I, too, have kept house for a good-sized family and I know how unending are the demands made upon the homemaker's thoughts and strength.

The successful homemaker, head of an adoring and happy family, works harder and more incessantly to make good on her job than any business woman. But the woman—happily there are not many of her—who regards homemaking as one long martyrdom, making hard labor of the simplest tasks, thinking always of what marriage owes her instead of what she owes marriage, is luckier than she knows. For wifehood is the only employment from which unadaptability and incompetence are not just grounds for dismissal.

I AM of the opinion that a lot can be said in favor of men's rights even though they did keep the vote from us as long as they dared and don't give us seats in the street car and won't do a small job for us like driving a nail until we have asked them seven hundred and thirty-three times. After all they aren't having everything their own way while they earn the money to pay the rent and buy the food and educate the children. The race for preferment is keen and the man who is an employee has to keep his eyes open and work hard for any promotion or increase of salary that he gets. The man in business for himself carries even a heavier load because his competitors are playing the game according to the rules, determined to lose none of their customers to him, but eager to snatch some of his away, if they can.

It is no wonder then that a man longs to return to a well-ordered home and a cheerful wife at the end of the day. Have you ever gone to the theatre when you were tired, expecting to be convulsed by a funny play, and found the seat for which you had paid a good round sum was away over on the side so that you saw badly and heard worse and what you did see and hear convinced you that you were witnessing a tragedy of the first water? A man who takes on the responsibility of family life must have some such feeling of being cheated when he discovers that his home is not a haven of peace and

happiness but a place of fault-finding and confusion and constant defeat.

A welcoming house, a companionable wife, happy children and a meal that satisfies the inner man no less than it appeals to the imagination, gives a husband the feeling he is pretty successful, after all, to have achieved all this. And isn't her family's

would rather receive her family with tears or a volley of saucers than with smiles. But unfortunately the nearness of the neighbors prevents such pleasant outlets for the nerves of the overtaxed wife and mother and she may therefore just as well greet the incoming male—and offspring—blithely.

Whether the evening meal is supper or a more elaborate dinner, it can be the gala hour of the day. Gloom in every guise is barred out, only pleasant topics of conversation are permitted and everyone is given the chance to forget his troubles and weariness.



Madame Housewife is a conjuror

state of mind a matter of prime importance to the thoughtful homemaker?

Just as we decided last month that breakfast must be a spur to husband and children, starting them off eager for work and confident that they can accomplish it, so the evening meal must be a reward, a tangible sign that their work has been worth while. They must feel that their efforts have earned them the right to bask in this comforting glow of contentment



Who banishes Old Gloom—

that pervades the best of all places—their home.

And though the children may be too young to keep of the house, they will be quick to develop a pride in coming to the table with the responsibilities of lessons and small chores faithfully performed.

There is no doubt that at times even the most patient and loving of homemakers

To surprise her family with a new food or with a unique way of serving an old one is one of the happiest feasts in the homemaker's bag of tricks. The next time you have some left-over lamb, do not mince it and arrange on toast but conjure it into a shepherd's pie for a change. Or if you are having pork chops for dinner, plan a one-dish meal, heaping mashed sweet potatoes in the center of the platter, arranging a ring of chops around it and outside of them laying your border of fried apples.

Some cold night try having split pea or black bean soup—plenty of it. Give your family hot biscuits with this, and for dessert plentiful servings of refreshing fruit salad. Such meal is little trouble to prepare and if you see to it that there is plenty of everything the Man of the Family and the children will rise from the table better satisfied than if they had had little dabs of a lot of different things.

A dish of macaroni with a good cream sauce and plenty of cheese, and with spinach or a salad to accompany it makes a fine main course and one approved by Dr. McCollum. So do large Bermuda onions hollowed out and stuffed with chopped leftover meat moistened with bouillon cubes dissolved in hot water or with beef extract.

If you bake scalloped potatoes in individual baking dishes instead of in a single large one you are giving an interesting little touch to the meal at practically no additional trouble.

A modest outlay will buy a supply of different types of dishes which will help the housewife to give wide variety to her food. There are charming individual baked bean jars, small Japanese casseroles with covers in which to serve stews, large fluted scallop shells, admirable for creamed fish or meat. All these if not obtainable in your neighborhood can be bought from any department store in a large city.

A different arrangement of table linen is stimulating, too. When you tire of the conventional table-cloth, you have doilies of linen, oilcloth and lace paper to fall back on. Then there are runners with a simple cross stitch which you can do yourself, and luncheon cloths which, covering only a part of the table, are very pretty for a change.

A bowl of fruit, filled either with the real fruits or with their enchanting reproductions in wax, is a pleasant spot of color for the center of the table. But if you do not care for this you can always have a fern or a handful of cut flowers, arranged in a low bowl.

I am sure you will think of many more ways for making the last meal of the day a delight to your own beloved household. Only do not make the mistake of working too hard over your preparations. Plan dishes that do not take a lot of time to get ready, or do not require complicated methods of serving. And as you work around the kitchen in the morning get as much of the evening meal ready as is possible.

The main thing, of course, about dinner or supper is that it should be a jolly meal, a recreation time for your husband and the children and yourself.



And makes the evening meal a joyous one!



## She Knows What's Good

**CARNATION** is just pure cows' milk from which part of the water has been removed by evaporation, hermetically sealed and sterilized. Its consistency is that of rich, country cream. To serve for drinking, simply add water to suit the taste. For cooking and baking, you will find Carnation gives a new richness to all your favorite recipes. Order it today.

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353 Consumers Building, Chicago  
453 Stuart Building, Seattle

## Carnation Milk



"From Contented Cows"

The label is red and white

**Corn Bread**—½ cup flour, ½ cup water, 1 cup corn prunes, ½ cup Carnation Milk, 1 egg, ½ tsp. salt, 2 tbsp. baking powder, 2 tbsp. butter or substitute. Mix flour, corn meal, salt and baking powder. Add unbeaten egg and liquid. Add melted butter and beat vigorously. Pour into shallow pan which has been well oiled and bake in a moderately hot oven. The mixture must be thin.

**Cheese Souffle**—2 eggs, ¼ tsp. salt, 2 tbsp. flour, 2 tbsp. butter, cayenne, ½ cup water, 1 cup grated cheese, ½ cup Carnation Milk. Melt butter, add flour and stir until thoroughly mixed, then add the liquids and cook until it thickens. Add the seasonings. Remove the back of the stove and add the well beaten yolks and cheese. When cool add the egg whites, which have been beaten stiff. Turn into buttered baking dish and bake 25 to 30 minutes. Serve when taken from the oven. This recipe serves six people.

**Prune Whip**—5 egg whites, ½ pound or 1½ cups prunes and soak in cold water overnight. Cook in same water until soft. Remove stones and rub through a strainer, add sugar and cook five minutes. Beat whites of eggs until stiff. Fold in prune mixture when cool and add the lemon juice. Put lightly in buttered baking dish and bake twenty minutes in a slow oven. Serve with Carnation Custard Sauce. This recipe serves six people.

**Custard Sauce**—3 egg yolks, 1½ cups water, ½ cup Carnation Milk, ½ tsp. salt, 2 tbsp. sugar, ½ tsp. vanilla. Scald milk diluted with water, beat yolks slightly, add sugar and salt. Stir constantly while adding the hot liquid. Cook in double boiler stirring until the mixture thickens and a coating is formed on the spoon. Strain, add vanilla and chill.

The Carnation Cook Book contains more than 100 tested economical recipes. Send for this handy recipe book today.

### Eris

[Continued from page 11]

and I know scarcely anything worth knowing. It is awful. It frightens me. I'm crazy to be somebody. I can't be unless I learn the truth about things."

He said, always watching her: "When you know the truth what are you going to do with it?"

"Act it. Write it."

"Live it, too?" he inquired gravely.

She turned to look at him, not comprehending.

"Where are you going to get the money to do all this?" he asked lightly.

"It is going to be difficult—without money," she admitted.

"All things are difficult without money," he said, pursuing his perverse thesis. "Without it ambition is crippled. Aspiration remains a dream. Lacking a pennyworth of bread, Hamlet had never been written."

Eris listened, unaware that he was poking fun at himself. Her shadowy eyes were intent on his in the starlight. The white, sharp contour of her face interested him. He was alert for any word or tone or gesture done for dramatic effect.

"So that's your story then," he said in his gay, agreeable voice.

"I have no story."

"No ill-treatment at home to warrant your running away?"

"Oh, no."

"Not even an unhappy love affair?"

She dropped her head slightly as though embarrassed.

"How old are you?"

"Twenty in April."

Annan was silent. He had not supposed her to be over seventeen.

She said seriously: "I am growing old. And if I have talent I have no time to waste. That is why I went away at the first opportunity."

"What are your talents?"

"I dance. I have acted in school plays. Once I wrote a one-act piece for myself. They liked it."

"Go ahead and tell me about it."

She told him how she had written the act and how she had sung and danced. Stimulated by the memory of her little success, she ventured to speak of her connection with the Crystal Films. Then, suddenly, the long pent flood of trouble poured out of her lonely heart.

"I drove over to Summit," she said, "where they had been shooting an exterior. Mr. Quiss introduced me to Mr. Donnell, the director. Mr. Donnell said that they were just leaving for Albany on location, and he couldn't give me a test. So I went to Albany the next morning—I just packed my night-clothes and walked all the way to Gayfield to catch the six o'clock morning train. It was my first chance. I seemed to realize that. I took fifty dollars I had saved. I have spent thirty of it already.

"At Albany Mr. Donnell had a test made of me. It turned out well. He offered me a contract. I telephoned to my stepmother and told her what I had done. I explained that I needed money. I have some money of my own, but my father wouldn't let me have it. I wrote several times, but they only told me to come home.

"Then, when the company arrived at the New York studio, Mr. Donnell seemed to be in trouble. We were not paid. I heard Mr. Quiss say that the principals had received no salary for a month. We stood around all day. Somebody said that the bankers who owned the Crystal Films were in financial difficulties.

"Then, the next morning, when we reported for work at the studio, we found it locked. Mr. Quiss was very kind to me. He offered to pay my fare back home. But I wouldn't go. Mr. Donnell offered to lend me ten dollars, but I told him I had twenty. He gave me a nice letter to the Elite Agency. Mr. Quiss promised to keep me in mind. But the agencies tell me that all the film companies are letting their people go this summer. I can't seem to find any work. They tell me there won't be any work until October. I'm saving my twenty dollars. And I'm wondering what I shall find to do to keep busy until October. Even if I could afford a room, I don't need it; it's too hot in New York to sleep indoors. I can wash my face and hands in the ladies' room of any hotel. You see, twenty dollars doesn't go very far in New York. I wonder how far I can go on it. Do you know what would be the very cheapest way to live on twenty dollars until October?"

Annan, sitting cross-legged on the grass, clasped his knees with both arms.

"I offered you ten dollars for your story. That was too little to offer for such a story. It's worth more."

"Why, it isn't worth anything," she retorted. "I hadn't any story to tell you. I shan't let you give me money just because I've talked to you."

"Can you guess how much I shall be paid by my newspaper for writing out this story you have told me?" he asked.

[Turn to page 63]

# the new way to buy prunes



in this handy  
2 lb.

## SUNSWEEP CARTON

Sunsweet Prunes—California's finest fruit food—packed in a pantry handy 2-lb. carton! It is the new way to buy prunes—and the better way: more sanitary; more compact; more convenient; keeps the fruit fresh-flavored, too!

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Write today for the new Sunsweet Recipe Packet—"60 ways to shake hands with health every day"—recipes that will put a new taste-and-health meaning into your daily menu. It's free—address California Prune & Apricot Growers Association, 343 Market Street, San Jose, Cal.



## Mr. RUSSELL COMES HOME



Mr. Russell had been away for five days on business. He arrived home on Saturday afternoon, a little tired and dusty, but in good spirits. To use his own expression, he was "feeling fine."

"Went out to your sister's on Wednesday night for dinner," he said to Mrs. Russell. "She's the picture of health—never saw her looking better."

Mrs. Russell smiled. "I'm glad of it. Marjorie's a fine girl. Was her Coffee as good as ever?"

Mr. Russell brightened. "Even better, I think. And I found out why. I've got the reasons right here."



Mrs. Russell took the little slip of paper that her husband held out to her and read. "Is that all there is to it?" she exclaimed in surprise. "Just those six rules? Why, that isn't complicated at all—I'll start right in making our Coffee that way to-night."

\*

### SIX RULES FOR MAKING BETTER COFFEE

1—Keep your Coffee fresh	4—Don't boil your Coffee
2—Measure carefully	5—Serve at once
3—Use grounds only once	6—Scour the Coffee-pot

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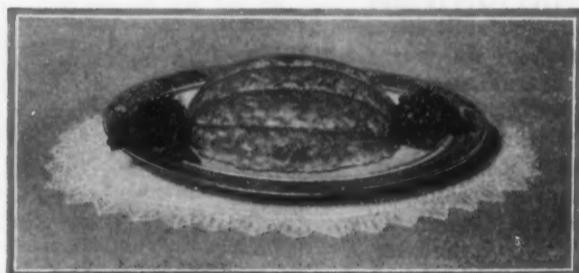
Joint Coffee Trade Publicity Committee  
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Here Are All Manner of Good Things for Company Times and for Everyday Too



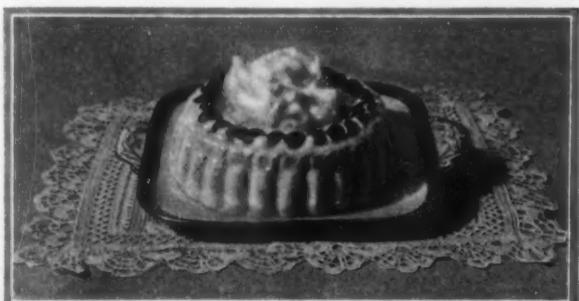
Page the spring bride! Here is her cake iced and ready to cut. It's an especially good one, too, white and light—as a bride's cake ought to be—and flavored delicately with almond. No need to call in the caterer, you see. And who wouldn't like one of those little sugar rosebuds to dream on?



Ham mousse, flavored with chopped parsley. Good? You'll say so when you have tasted it! And though it looks and tastes exactly like a chef's handiwork, it can be made easily in the home kitchen. The recipe for this and for the bride's cake, too, is in our booklet, "What To Serve At Parties."



Eat salads twice a day, says Dr. McCollum, but he doesn't have to shout when they are like this one. It is made of apricots, cheese and olives. And for a dressing what more delicious than mayonnaise to which chopped nut meats have been added cunningly? Our booklet, "Time-Saving Cookery," tells you how



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# Every Woman Loves Beautiful Things



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## EMBROIDERY PACKAGE OUTFITS

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Prices quoted apply only to U. S. A.

## Eris

[Continued from page 59]

She shook her head.

"Well, I won't bother you with details; but your commission in this transaction will be considerable. Your commission will amount to a hundred dollars."

She sat so rigid and untroubled that he leaned a little toward her to see her expression. It was flushed and hostile.

He said: "I'm not mean enough to make a joke of your predicament. I'm telling you very honestly that I can construct a first-rate short story out of the story you have just told me. I'm workman enough to do it. That's my job."

"Every week I write a short story for the Sunday edition of the New York *Planet*. My stories have become popular. My name is becoming rather well known. I am now paid so well for my stories that I can afford to pay well for the idea you have given me."

"It isn't worth a cent," she said. "I don't want you to offer me money—or anything. . . . She laid both hands against her forehead as though her head ached, and sat huddled up, elbows resting on her knees. Presently she yawned.

"Please excuse me," she murmured. "I seem to be tired."

There was a long silence. Annan turned his head to see if his friend Coltfoot still waited. Not discovering him, he inspected his watch. Surprised, he lit a match to make certain of the time, and discovered that he had been talking with this girl for more than an hour and a half.

He said to her in his pleasant, persuasive voice: "You're not afraid of me, are you?"

She looked up, white and tired. "I'm not afraid of anybody."

"Well, you're not entirely right. However, if you're not afraid of me, suppose I help you find a room tonight."

She shook her head.

"You intend to stay here?"

"Yes, tonight."

"You'd better not stay here with a hundred and twenty dollars in your pocket."

"I shan't take money from you."

"Do you want me to lose five hundred dollars?"

"How?" she asked, bewildered by the sudden impatience in his voice.

"If I write the story I get six hundred. I won't write it unless you take your commission."

She said nothing.

"Come," he insisted, almost sharply. "I'm not going to leave you here."

He sprang up from the grass, took her hand before she could withdraw it, and drew her forcibly to her feet.

"Maybe you're twenty," he said, "but some cop is likely to take you to the arsenal as a lost child."

She seemed so startled that he reassured her with a smile—stooped to pick up her hat and satchel, still smiling.

"Come on, little pilgrim," he said, "it's two o'clock in the morning, and the Temple of Wisdom is closed. Bath and bed is your best bet."

She pinned on her hat, mechanically smoothed her wrinkled dress.

"Ready?" he asked gently.

"Yes. What do you want me to do?"

"Let's go," he said lightly, and took her by the hand again.

Slowly, through starry darkness, he guided her between prone shapes on the grass, and so along the asphalt, east, until the silvery lamps of Fifth Avenue stretched away before them in endless, level constellations.

"You're not afraid of me, you say?" he repeated.

She shook her head. "You seem kind. Should I be?"

"Well, not in my case," he said, laughing. "We'll take that taxi—He hailed it, gave directions, and seated himself beside her, now keenly amused.

"Little pilgrim," he said, "you're going to have a good scrub, a good sleep in a good bed, and a jolly good breakfast when you wake up. What do you think of that?"

"I don't know what to think. I have found much kindness among strangers."

He laughed and lighted a cigarette. The Avenue was nearly deserted. At Forty-second Street the taxi swung west to Seventh Avenue, south, passing Twenty-third Street, west again through a maze of crooked old-time streets. It stopped, finally, before a two-story-and-basement house of red brick—one of many similar houses that lined both sides of a dark and very silent block.

Annan got out, paid his fare, took the little satchel and handed Eris out.

"Is it a boarding-house?" she asked.

"One lodges well here," he replied carelessly.

They ascended the stoop; Annan used his latch key, let her in, switched on the light.

"Come up," he said briefly.

On the landing at the top of the stairs he switched on another light, opened a door, lighted a third bracket.

"Come in!"

Eris entered the bedroom. It was large. So was the bed, a four-poster. So was the furniture.

"Here's your bathroom," he remarked, opening a door into a white-tiled room.

"Now," he said, "your worries are over until tomorrow. There's your tub, there's your bed. There's a key in the door; lock it when you turn in. And don't you stir until they bring your breakfast in the morning."

Eris nodded.

"All right. Good night."

She turned toward him as though still a little bewildered.

"Are you going?" she asked timidly.

"Yes. Is there anything you need?"

"No. I would like to thank you. . . ."

"Little pilgrim," he said, smiling, "I want to thank you for an interesting evening."

He held out his hand; Eris laid hers in it.

"You needn't tell me your name," he said smilingly, "—unless you choose to."

"Eris Odell."

"Eris! Well, that's rather classic, isn't it? That's an unusual name—Eris. Suggests Mount Ida and golden apples, doesn't it? Or is it your stage name?"

Puzzled, smiling, he stood looking at her, still retaining her hand.

"No, it's my name."

"Well, then, my name is Barry Annan. . . . And I think it's time we both got a little sleep. . . . He shook her slender hand formally, released it.

"Good night, Eris," he said. "Lock your door and go to sleep."

"Good night," she replied in a tired, unsteady voice.

Annan walked through the corridor into the front bedroom, turned on his light and began to write Eris's story.

He seemed to be much amused with the situation—a little worried, too.

"She'll get in Dutch if she doesn't look out," he thought as he went about his preparations for the night. "A funny type."

Rather convincing—or a consummate actress. But she's most amusing, anyway. Let's see how she turns out. She looks hungry. . . . What a little fool!

Now, you couldn't put this over on the stage or in a story. Your public is too wise. They don't grow that kind of girl these days. That's romantic stuff and it won't go with the wise guy. You can't pull a character like this girl on any New York audience.

And yet, there she is—in there, scrubbing herself, if I can judge by the sound of running water. . . .

No, she doesn't exist. And yet, there she is!

Only I'm too clever to believe in her. . . . There is no fool like a smart one. . . ."

MRS. SNIFFIN, who had looked after Annan for thirty years, found him bathed, shaved and dressed, and busy writing when she brought his breakfast tray.

The gentleman in the other room, Mr. Barry—when is he to have his breakfast?"

"It's a lady, old dear."

Mrs. Sniffin's pointed nose went up with a jerk. He had been counting on that. He liked to see Mrs. Sniffin's nose jerk upward.

"A pretty lady," he added. "I met her accidentally about two o'clock this morning in Central Park."

When the effect upon Mrs. Sniffin had sufficiently diverted him, he told her very briefly the story of Eris.

"I'm writing it now," he added, grinning. "Sob-stuff, Xantippe. I'm going to make a little gem of it. It'll be a heart-breaking tragedy—predestined woe from the beginning. That's what they want today—weps. So I'm going to make 'em snivel. Moral stuff, old dear. You'll like it. Now, be nice to that girl in there when she wakes up—"

He put his arm around Mrs. Sniffin's angular shoulders as she indignantly placed his tray on the desk before him.

"Be kind to her," repeated Annan, giving Mrs. Sniffin a pat and a hug. "She's a good little girl—too good, perhaps, to survive long. She's the sort you read about in romance forty years ago. She's a Drury Lane victim. They were all fools, you know. I couldn't leave the suffering heroine of a Victorian novel out in the park all night, could I, old dear?"

"It's your 'ouse, Mr. Barry," said Mrs. Sniffin grimly. "Don't be trying to get around me with your imperious, easy ways—"

"I'm not trying to. When you see her and talk to her you'll agree with me that she is as virtuous as she is beautiful. Of course," he added, "virtue without beauty is unknown in polite fiction, and is to be severely discouraged."

"You're the master," snapped Mrs. Sniffin. "I know my place. I 'ope others will know theirs—particularly minxes—"

[Turn to page 66]



## A lesson in the new cleanliness that Mrs. Turner never forgot

WHEN her little Catherine was able to be up and about again, the doctor on his last call gave Mrs. Turner some good advice. "I would suggest, Mrs. Turner, that from now on, you form the habit of frequent and systematic disinfection."

### Disinfection aids in keeping sickness away

The doctor explained that germs of all sorts multiply by millions in a garbage can; and also in sinks, toilet bowls, cellars, dark closets, and out-of-the-way corners.

He pointed out that ordinary soap-and-water cleaning is inadequate to remove or destroy germs. Frequent disinfection by an efficient germicide is needed. "Lysol" Disinfectant, by killing the germs with which it comes in contact, prevents their further increase and dissemination.

Doctors and boards of health everywhere are urging the new kind of cleanliness that only frequent disinfection can give.

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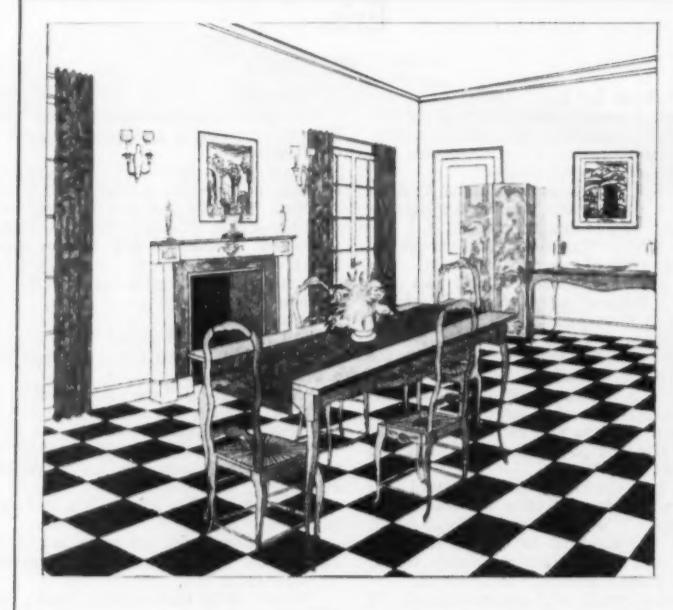
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## The Unusual Dining-Room

*Quiet Charm, Distinction, Simplicity, Are Often Expressed in Furnishings That Are Different*

By Ruby Ross Goodnow

THE usual dining-room is such a definite problem that it is a simple thing to furnish it, but somehow the dining-rooms I remember most agreeably were not furnished usually at all!

Why should we be content to put all our money into a conventional "set, suite or suit" of dining-room furniture, when all we need, to begin, is a room with sunshine for breakfast, a table of convenient height, and comfortable chairs, not too heavy to pull around? China cabinets and buffets and sideboards are extras. We can live without them serenely and indefinitely.

One of the most beautiful dining-rooms I ever saw was in an old Paris house on the Quai Voltaire, on the banks of the Seine. This was a small room, with a black and white marble floor. There were plain white walls, and a set of original prints, Raphael's "Hours" in black and white, hung on the walls. The woodwork was painted gray. The table was a plain polished oak one. The chairs were oak with caned seats and slat backs. The only strong color in the room was the rose-red of the damask curtains. There was no other furniture. All the service was from the adjoining pantry.

Nothing simpler could be imagined, and yet its perfection remains in my memory. It amused me later to construe the room in terms of a simple American cottage room. Black and white linoleum took the place of marble. The plain white walls were whitewashed, and gray paint for the trim was merely a matter of a good tone of gray. The table was a copy of a French one, which cost only eighty dollars, although it was an extension table. The chairs, also copies of old Regence models, cost thirty dollars each. The curtains were my greatest discovery; they were made of red and white tablecloth stuff that we have lately affected to despise. A number of architectural prints were framed in narrow black moldings and hung on the walls, and no more distinctive room could be imagined than this arrangement in black, white, gray and red.

I can recall vividly at least a hundred charming dining-rooms. Some of the more interesting ones may be briefly described.

At Palm Beach, Florida—a small room with red tiled floor, cypress-beamed ceiling, walls washed with pale yellow, curtains of red and white checked Normandy linen, long oak table, simple peasant chairs with rush seats, and a long sofa covered with red and white and blue striped linen along one wall.

In a New York apartment—walls covered with flowery chintz paper, wood-work soft green, mirrors instead of pictures set in panels on walls, table, an oval one of mahogany, Windsor chairs painted

green, curtains of green organdie, very full with ruffled edges and tie backs.

A Long Island cottage—plain beige-colored ingrain papered walls, floor of wide boards and a few gay hooked rugs, gate-leg table of oak, old oak dresser with some blue and white plates and pewter platters, Yorkshire chairs, huge curtains of dark blue and white striped stuff that was meant to be bed-ticking.

IN A country house—a larger dining-room of white painted trim, corner cupboards and mantel. Walls papered with gray and white landscape paper. Curtains of plain deep gray silk, with elaborate rufflings and tie-backs. A dark-blue rug, mahogany table and chairs of Sheraton style. A dignified old buffet with silver candlesticks and bowls—a cool and placid family room.

In one country house I know there is no regular dining-room, but there is a fresh and delightful breakfast-room. Two walls are glassed in, and the other two are of rough plaster. Curtains of heavy, natural-colored linen are used to cover the glassed walls in bad weather. The floor is of red tiles. The table has a walnut base, but the top has been painted an orange color, lightly rubbed over with gilt, and then covered with glass. There are six side chairs of walnut, and two big arm chairs that have both seats and backs made of bright orange and red printed linen. The serving-table here is a long marbleized board held against the wall by two wrought iron brackets. There are old-fashioned wire plant stands, painted dark green, in the four corners of the room holding pyramidal masses of ivy and geraniums and other homely plants. When a lot of people are entertained, the big table in the living-room is cleared and dinner is served there, but the breakfast room is the family room.

My own little dining-room is so narrow—only twelve feet wide—that I was tempted at first to cover one wall with a huge mirror to increase its apparent size, but luckily, I was invited to a house where such a trick had been used, and it was so annoying to see another group of people reflected so near me that I decided to use a very narrow table and let it go at that. I covered the walls with a plain silvery paper, and got one of my artist

friends to paint the room from an old Chinese wallpaper idea—strange trees with gold branches blossoming into white flowers, for I have always wanted a white and gold and silver room. I am making the curtains of heavy, coarse white net, with several rows of narrow gold and silver ribbons on the edge. Even if they tarnish the effect will be delightful.



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## Our Housekeeping Exchange

Conducted by Helen Hopkins

TACK A PIECE OF AN OLD TIRE or overshoe on each leg of the stepladder. It will not slip on a wet or oiled floor.—Mrs. J. W., California.

AN OLD GEORGETTE or crêpe de Chine waist makes a cover for a ten-cent hat shape. Dye any desired color and add trimming to suit. Georgette is an easy material to adjust and if there is some embroidery on it, the hat will have a handsomer look at no cost.—Mrs. V. E. H., Iowa.

PAPER CLIPS ARE VERY USEFUL in sewing. Use them when basting seams and in turning up hems. They will not fall out readily.—Mrs. M. A. C., Pennsylvania.

TO TRAIN SMALL CHILDREN TO WORK, I have devised this plan: They have a small blackboard on which I write their tasks, and they may erase each thing as the work is done. They know they cannot go anywhere or ask any favors till they have a clear blackboard. Before using this plan I often would rather do the work myself than hunt for the children. I also have them put a mark on the board for carelessness, forgetfulness, and so forth. The novelty has worn off but still the plan works. Mrs. M. G. T., South Carolina.

HAVING A POOR MEMORY, I burned cakes and other things by forgetting to remove from oven. All the family forgot to turn off the cellar light, frequently adding dollars to our electric light bill. I printed on one side of a pasteboard card "Cellar" and on the other "Oven." Now, whenever we go to the cellar in the evening, we place the card in a conspicuous place in the kitchen. I do the same whenever I put an article in the oven to bake, using the reverse side of card. There are no more ruined articles and big light bills.—Mrs. C. O. G., Oregon.

WEARING GLOVES WHEN SWEEPING does not altogether keep off "broom corns." A better preventive is two pieces of velvet or felt fastened with glue to the broom handle just where you usually grasp it.—Mrs. E. H. H., Mississippi.

WHEN THE RATS ARE TROUBLESOME about the chicken house, instead of cooping up your little chickens in a box and finding to your sorrow that during the night half of them have been devoured, get a few wire waste-paper baskets and put a hook (as on a screen door) on one side of it and hook to a staple on the floor; on the other side, nail a staple to the floor through the bottom round of wire. In the morning it can be unhooked and turned back so that you may sweep under it, and you will find all your chickens safe. This is the best device I have tried, and there is no danger from suffocation.—Mrs. B. O., Florida.

BUY HALF A DOZEN THIMBLES, even if only aluminum ones. Keep one in your darning-bag, one in the sewing-cabinet or workbasket, one with your fancy work and one on your dressing-table. If you belong to a sewing-circle have a thimble especially for that. You will save much time and many steps. I also have a pair of scissors, of suitable size, with each thimble and a pair in the kitchen and one on my desk.—A. R. B., Illinois.

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Illustration below shows  
full yarn center



Eris

[Continued from page 63]

“Now, Xantippe, don't freeze the child stiff. I'm very sure she isn't a minx. Take her breakfast to her at ten-thirty; look her over; come in and report to me.”

“Very well, sir.”

Annan went on with his breakfast, leisurely. As he ate he read over his penciled manuscript and corrected it between bites of muffin and bacon.

Annan wrote very fast. There were about thirty-five hundred words in the story of Eris. He finished it by half-past ten.

Rereading it, he realized it had all the concentrated brilliancy of an epigram. Whether or not it would hold water did not bother him. The story of Eris was Barry Annan at his easiest and most persuasive. There was the characteristic skill in it, the subtle partnership with a mindless public that seduces to mental speculation; the reassuring caress as reward for intellectual penetration; that inborn cleverness that makes the reader see, applaud, or pity him or herself in the sympathetic rôle of a plaything of Chance and Fate.

And always Barry Annan left the victim of his tact and technique agreeably trapped, suffering gratefully, excited by self-approval to the verge of sentimental tears.

He lit a cigarette, shuffled his manuscript, numbered the pages, and stuffed them into his pocket. The thing was done.

Walking to the window he looked out into Governor's Place—one of those ancient and forgotten Greenwich streets, and now very still and deserted in the intense July sunshine.

Already the hazy morning threatened to be hotter than its humid predecessors. Nothing stirred in the street, not a cat, not an ice-man, not even a sparrow.

Tall old trees, catalpa, maple, ailanthus, spread solitary pools of shade over flag-stone and asphalt. All else lay naked in the glare.

Mrs. Sniffin appeared, starched to the throat, crisp, unspilling in her calico.

“She's 'ad 'er breakfast, sir.”

“Oh. How is she feeling?”

“Could you lend her a bath-robe and slippers, sir?”

He smiled: “Has she concluded to stay here indefinitely?”

“Her clothes are in the tub, Mr. Barry.”

“In the bathtub?”

“In the laundry tub.”

“Oh. So you're going to do her laundry for her!”

“It's no trouble, sir. I can 'ave them for her by early afternoon.”

“You're a duck, Xantippe. You look after her. I'm going downtown to the office. Give her some lunch.”

“Very good, sir.”

He followed Mrs. Sniffin to the corridor where his straw hat and malacca stick hung on a peg.

“Am I right, or is she a minx?” he inquired, mischievously.

“She's an idjit,” snapped Mrs. Sniffin. “Spanking is what she needs.”

“You give her one,” he suggested in guarded tones, glancing instinctively at the closed door beyond.

“Shall you be back to lunch, sir?”

He was descending the stairs, his story bulging in his coat pocket.

“No; but don't let her go till I come back. I'm going to try to persuade her to go home to the pigs and cows. And, Xantippe, there'll be four to dinner. Eight o'clock will be all right. I'd like a few flowers.”

“Very well, sir.”

Annan went out. The house had cooled during the night, and the heat in the street struck him in the face.

Annan found Coltfoot, the Sunday editor, in his undershirt, drops of sweat spangling the copy he was pencilizing.

“You didn't wait last night,” began Annan.

“What do you think I am!” growled Coltfoot. “I need sleep if you don't.” He picked up a cold cigar, lighted it.

“There's her story,” said Annan, tossing the manuscript onto the desk.

“What do you do, kill her off?”

“I do.”

“You and your morgue,” grunted Coltfoot, “it's a wonder your public stands for all the stiffs you bring in. . . . But they do. They want more, too.”

He glanced at the first penciled page, skimmed it, read the next sheet more slowly lingered over the third—suddenly slapped the manuscript with open palm.

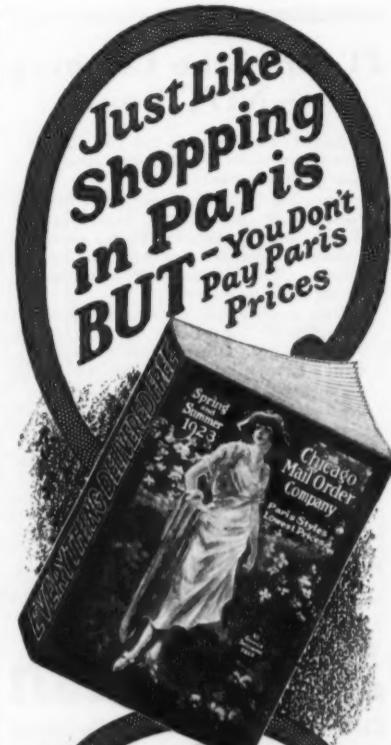
“All right. All right! You get away with murder, as usual. Your stuff is dope. Anybody is an ass to try it. It's habit-forming stuff. I don't know now whether I owe you ten. I guess I do, don't I?”

“We'll have to wait and see what happens to her. If her story works out like my version of her story, you'll owe me ten,” said Annan, laughing.

“What really happened last night after I left?” demanded Coltfoot.

Annan told him, briefly.

[Turn to page 69]



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## A Little French Village House

Which Adds to Its Picturesque Quaintness a Practical Comfort That Is Truly American

By W. D. Foster and Harold W. Vassar

**T**HIS little house has derived its style from the houses of the French villages and in its extreme simplicity would look "at home" in any locality. It is very simple in plan as well as on the exterior.

The particular feature of the plan is that it has been so arranged that only the first floor need be finished at first and yet it would be a complete house. By building the dormers and running the heating pipes, the plumbing lines and the electric wiring to the second floor, the two bedrooms upstairs could then be finished at a later date with the minimum of expense.

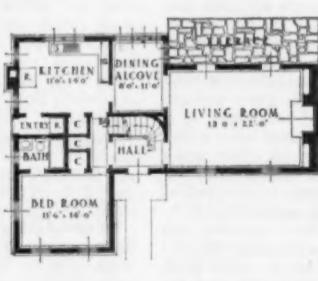
The living-room occupies a wing by itself, with its ceiling going up into the roof, either to be plastered or left open with heavy trusses or beams. This room, with its higher ceiling, its rough plastered walls, the big fireplace at the end flanked by bookshelves on either side and with doors leading to a paved terrace and the garden beyond, should make a strong appeal to persons who wish to live with simple dignity and without the fussiness of the usual contractor-designed suburban house.

The fireplace should have no mantel shelf but should be a simple opening in the chimney breast. For ornamentation a fine picture or a richly colored piece of material could be placed over the fireplace, dodging the clock and glass vases which find too easy a resting place on the mantel shelves of America.

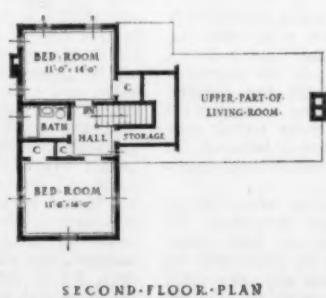
From the living-room we pass through a wide opening into the dining alcove. In a house as small and simple as this a dining-room would seem to be out of proportion—a waste of space to be used only at meal times, and so this alcove has been provided. With a long narrow table and chairs on either side it could easily accommodate six persons. A door might be hung between the alcove and the living-room but a screen placed to shut it off when the table is being set or cleared would leave a more open feeling.

The kitchen is conveniently arranged with easy access to the front door, and to the cellar stairs. Dressers and a supply closet take the place of a pantry, and save the homemaker innumerable steps when she is preparing a meal. The rear entry has been made large enough to hold the refrigerator—an ideal plan from the house-keeper's point of view, since this means that the ice is put into the box with a minimum of annoyance and dirt.

The front portion of this wing of the house provides a bedroom and bath, directly accessible to the entrance hall and to the kitchen as well. This room would take care of the family at first if need be. The stairs would then lead to the unfinished second floor. Later, the upper part could be finished by dividing it into the two fair-sized bedrooms.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

with a bath and ample closet space and a good storage closet under the roof over the hall and dining-alcove. At that time the downstairs bedroom would become either a servant's room or a guest-room with its private bath.

It should be noted that not only the bedrooms but all the rooms in the house have windows on two sides so that there is excellent cross-ventilation.

All the walls on the inside, except the kitchen and bathrooms, could be left with two coats of plaster, having the second coat troweled to a rough uneven surface, as suggested for the living-room. They could then be left either in this gray, varying color, or tinted slightly with a warmer color. The trim round the windows and doors should be a simple flat band, flush with the plaster or projecting only slightly and stained a light brown.

**I**F ONE wished to spend a little extra money, a very pleasant effect could be achieved by putting large, square quarry tile on the floors of the entrance hall and living-room, such as is generally seen in the French cottages; or irregular slates could be used, as in the English houses.

Great care should be taken in selecting the lighting fixtures and hardware, to have these conform to the unassuming solidarity of the house. It is easy to see that polished brass, glass, or ornamental fixtures would be out of the picture. Simple, black iron hinges, door-knobs, and lighting fixtures would strike the old world note and be entirely in keeping. It is just these details that distinguish the well planned, well executed house.

No porch of the conventional type has been shown, but the flagged terrace serves as a comfortable place to sit out-of-doors. Iron pipe set up at the corners of the terrace would support an awning which could be rolled down to give shelter from the sun and rolled back on cloudy days to give light in the living-room; in winter the whole thing could be taken down and stored away until the next summer.

Steel casements, now an inexpensive item when used in standard sizes, have been used throughout. The shutters are of the simple batten type with cross battens as shown. The front wall of the living-room portion is covered with lattice or trellis which has big spaces, such as is found on the houses of any French village, and should be covered with vines, closely trimmed and trained into definite lines of growth.

The exterior has been kept simple. The plain stuccoed walls, slightly colored, with rough troweled surfaces contrasting with the varying color of a shingle or slate roof and the vines and brightly painted shutters would have a charm which make this an unusual little home.



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## Within the Ideal Home

Mechanical Servants Allow the Busy Homemaker to Develop Her Other Talents

By Lillian Purdy Goldsborough

MARGARET was the pianist of her set. She played for dances, church entertainments and club musicals. Finally she adopted a career, with a dozen pupils to her credit.

When she married, everyone expected her to shelf her music in favor of housework. But Margaret was made of different stuff. She did not intend her piano to become simply an ornament in her new home. From the start, she decided to use it to satisfy her soul, and as John's salary was small, to help the family finances.

After five years, even though she is the mother of two children and still cannot afford a maid, she is accompanist at every important concert in her town and constantly has six or eight pupils. She maintains a modern home in the modern way. She sees the relationship between the keeping of her home and the keeping of herself. She realizes that the success of the former has vital dependence on the latter.

How does she do it, you may ask? How can she spare the time and keep her hands in good condition for this work which requires flexibility, softness, whiteness?

Margaret learned after experience that she must rely on mechanism for help and must keep her hands out of hot water. Her electrical washing machine, operated by a laundress, managed one phase of the problem. To have the housecleaning done the intervening week by the same woman, took the scrub pail out of her hands.

But how about the three-times-a-day dishwashing which, above all other tasks, is the housewife's greatest bugbear?

Here again she turned to mechanical servants. She invested in an electrical dishwasher. It was somewhat expensive but she figured that a few extra concerts and pupils would easily pay for it. And think of the saving of time and energy, and the return in joy for the reduction of "threes-times-a-day" to "once!"

She could stack her dishes in this white enameled appliance and close the lid, whereupon dishes vanished and a lovely kitchen table appeared. At the appointed time, electricity supplanted her physical energy, washing and rinsing the dishes for her in about fifteen minutes (water connection and drainage being installed for convenience) while she busied about something else.

Turning off the current after rinsing, and lifting the lid, the heat from the water dried the dishes in their racks, leaving only the glasses to polish and the silver to wipe. The pots and pans could also be washed in the machine, although

some scouring was always necessary. Of course, they were washed separately.

Perhaps you have not progressed so far as to afford the luxury that Margaret enjoys, yet at little cost you may have a faucet dishwasher consisting of a brush attached to a hose which may be adjusted to the hot water faucet.

One of these is supplied with a soap receptacle just above the brush. The hot water, flowing through the soap to the brush, supplies sudsy water for the washing. Then by turning the appliance and pressing a button, a stream of clear water is emitted for rinsing. Thus, each dish is handled but once and when placed on a rack will dry without the use of a towel if the water is hot enough.

WITH this, or without it, a drainer is imperative to eliminate the towel as far as possible. One is excellent in which the wire basket rests in an aluminum stand, which means no rust, no care, and always an attractive appearance.

But if you must wash dishes in the old way, there are still many little servants to lend a helping hand. A wire soap-basket, for instance, dissolves the soap in a jiffy. A tinsel mop helps to remove portions of food that adhere to dishes and pans. Steel wool cleans and polishes to a wonder of brilliancy with little effort. A fiber sink brush and trowel collect and remove debris from your sink. You may also like an enameled sink strainer to help preserve cleanliness. And then, there is an invaluable accessory—a little knife cleaner made of cork with a wooden handle. To get the best results with this, try the imported scourer that makes your steel knives shine like new.

For whether you are a musician like Margaret, an artist, or just a happy home woman with no profession outside the walls of your home and the hearts of your family, you want to keep as long as possible the fresh charm of youth. It is not only that the modern homemaker wants to care for her home in the easiest way, but in the best way, in a way that will not tax her strength, waste her energy needlessly, and make her a slave to the endless round of cooking, washing and cleaning. You will want your hands to be soft and white and shapely, though not for one instant begrudging their service to your home and dear ones. To those who write me I shall be glad to send more detailed information about the hand-and-labor savers I have mentioned. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope and address me in care of McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



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### Eris

[Continued from page 66]

"What!" exclaimed the other. "Is that tramp girl still in your house?"

"Yes, poor little devil. I'm going to ship her back to her native dairy this afternoon. By the way, you're dining with me, you know."

Coltfoot nodded, pushed a button and dragged a bunch of copy toward him.

"Get out of here," he said.

Annan lunched at the Pewter Mug, a club for clever professionals, where there were neither officers nor elections to membership, nor initiation fees, nor vouchers to sign. Wilted members drifted in to dawdle over cold dishes—clever youngsters who had made individual splashes in their several puddles; professionals all, players, writers, painters, composers, architects, engineers, physicians, sailors, soldiers. The roll call represented all the creative and interpretive professions that America is heir to.

Annan's left-hand neighbor at the long table was a boy officer whose airplane had landed successfully on Pike's Peak, to the glory of the service and the star-spangled banner.

On his right a young man named Bruce ate cold lobster languidly. He was going to Newport to paint a great and formidable lady—"gild the tiger-lily," as Annan suggested, to the horror of Mr. Bruce.

She had been a very great lady. Traditionally she was still a social power. But she had seen everything, done everything, and now, grown old and bad-tempered, she passed her declining days in making endless lists of people she did not want to know. She was Annan's great-aunt. She had never forgiven him for becoming a common public entertainer.

Once Annan wrote her: "I've a list of people you have overlooked and whom you certainly would not wish to know."

Swallowing her dislike she wrote briefly, requesting him to send her the list.

He sent her the New York Directory. The breach was complete.

But the curse clung to Barry Annan. "He's a nephew of Mrs. Magnelius Grandcourt," was still remembered against him when his name and his stories irritated the less successful among his confrères. The conclusion of the envious was that he had a "pull."

Bruce rose to go—a dark, sleek young man, trimmed in Van Dyck fashion, with long, acquisitive fingers and something in his suave manner that suggested perpetual effort to please. But his eyes were opaque.

"Tell my aunt," said Annan, "that if she'll behave herself she can come and live a sporting life with me in Governor's Place, and bring her cat, parrot, and geranium."

Bruce's shocked features were Annan's reward. He grinned through the rest of luncheon; was still grinning when he left the Pewter Mug.

Outside he met Coltfoot, hot and without appetite.

"It's ten degrees hotter downtown," grunted the latter. "I'm empty, but the idea of food is repugnant. Where are you going, Barry?"

Annan had forgotten Eris. "I'm going to get out of town," he said. "I think I'll go out to Esperence and get some golf. We can be back by 7:30. Does it appeal to you, Mike?"

"It does, but I'm a business man, not a genius," said Coltfoot, sarcastically. "Did you ship your tramp girl home?"

"I clean forgot her!" exclaimed Annan. "I've got to go back to Governor's Place. I must get rid of her before dinner—"

He was already moving toward Sixth Avenue. He turned and called back, "Eight o'clock, Mike!"

"All set," grunted Coltfoot.

An elevated train was Annan's choice. Preoccupied with the problem of Eris, he arrived at No. 3 Governor's Place before he had solved it. He didn't want to hustle her out. He couldn't have her there at eight o'clock.

Letting himself into the little brick house with a latch-key, he glanced along the corridor that led into the dining-room, and saw Mrs. Sniffin in the butler's pantry.

"Hello, Xantippe," he said. "How's the minx?"

Mrs. Sniffin placed a cup of hot clam broth upon a tray.

"Mr. Barry," she said in an oddly altered voice, "that child is sick. She couldn't keep her breakfast down."

"For heaven's sake—"

"I made 'er some broth for luncheon. No use at all. She couldn't keep it."

"What do you suppose is the matter with her?" he demanded nervously.

"Starvation. That's my idea, sir. She's that bony, Mr. Barry—no flesh on 'er except 'er 'ands and face—and every rib to be seen plain as my nose!"

Mrs. Sniffin hauled up the dumb-waiter and lifted off a covered dish.

"Toasted biscuit," she explained. "She can't bear anything 'arty, Mr. Barry."

"Well," he said, troubled, "what are we going to do with her?"

[Turn to page 99]

## Brighten Up Your Home



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### 1922 Was An Eureka Year

During 1922 the women of America clearly established their preference for the Grand Prize Eureka Vacuum Cleaner, and did so in a manner so significant that we believe their acceptance and preference deserves to be brought to the attention of those countless thousands who have not as yet purchased electric vacuum cleaners.

The records of the Electric Cleaner Industry indicate that during the year there were approximately 70 different "makes" of electric cleaners offered for sale by manufacturers, jobbers and retailers. Yet American women, during 1922, purchased one Eureka for every four electric cleaners of the other 69 "makes" combined! By so doing they not only made 1922 the largest and most successful year in the Eureka's long and successful history, but at the same time established the Eureka in a position of undisputable leadership in the entire electric cleaner industry!

During 1922 one Eureka was sold for every thirty electrified homes in the United States wherein electric cleaners were not in use. This fact, together with the sale of the Eureka compared with that of the other 69 different "makes" combined, gives us good reason to contend that 1922 was an Eureka year.

For rapid, thorough cleaning in a diversity of time saving uses, in uninterrupted service, in freedom from attention, the new Eureka model represents the highest development of vacuum cleaner design and manufacture. Our nearest dealer will be pleased to favor you with a thorough, free demonstration in your own home. Write us for his name.

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Makers of Eureka Vacuum Cleaners since 1909

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Prize at Panama-  
Pacific Exposition; at  
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and Paris. Highest  
Award at Amsterdam.

# EUREKA

VACUUM CLEANER

### Tommy-Rot

[Continued from page 6]

After it was written and posted, he could not have said whether he would be glad or sorry if the invitation were refused. But he was not left long in uncertainty. Two days later came Craven's reply in the form of a telegram:

*Arriving 3:40 train. Wire if convenient.*

Geoffrey's answer to that was another telegram to the effect that he would meet the 3:40 train, and in the afternoon he hired the only motor the village boasted, a rickety four-seater, and was driven to the station.

The day was fine, a golden afternoon in September, and on the way he passed Nurse Rose on her bicycle, busy among her village patients. The greeting between them was very brief, but Geoffrey went on his way with a warmth at his heart that he had not felt for days. For she had smiled with obvious pleasure at the sight of him, and he knew her for the soul of sincerity. Nurse Rose only smiled like that upon those she counted as her friends.

He rattled into the station-yard with barely a minute to spare, and limped onto the platform just in time to see the little branch-line train come puffing in.

There followed the usual fuss of arrival. Country-folk who had been in to a neighboring market-town jostled each other on the platform, a few crates and hampers were tossed out of the guard's van, and the train seemed to be on the verge of departure again when from an open carriage a man descended. He was of medium build. He moved stiffly, like a marionette, and across his face, completely covering one eye, he had a black silk handkerchief.

Geoffrey stared at him for a moment, then, seeing that he descended with difficulty, came forward to his help.

"Hello, Wickham!" said Craven's familiar voice. "Come to meet me yourself, have you? I say, you are a brick."

"Glad to see you, old chap," said Geoffrey.

They could not clasp hands, for neither had a hand to spare. The new arrival leaned heavily upon a crutch on one side. On the other he lacked an arm. And Geoffrey, who had been having some trouble in his damaged leg again, was using two sticks that day. They limped out of the station side by side—two men who had offered their lives on the altar of Empire and who bore the stamp of their sacrifice indelibly upon them. They climbed with difficulty into the ramshackle car, and jolted away along the road to the village. Again, as Fate would have it, they met Nurse Rose. She was coming out of a garden-gate, and she threw her fleeting smile to Geoffrey as they passed.

"Who's that?" asked Craven. "Some angel of mercy?"

"Yes," said Geoffrey with brevity.

He fancied he detected a sneering note in the other's voice, and expanded no further. In fact, he somewhat obviously turned from the subject.

"You have made considerable strides since I saw you last. Have they discharged you as cured?"

"I discharged myself temporarily," said Craven. And then quite simply he added, "I am going blind."

"Good God!" Geoffrey said, startled. "You don't mean that!"

"Oh yes, it's quite true. I have always known it might happen. That spinal injury damaged the brain. We are curiously balanced in some respects, and the great Engineer didn't allow for accidents. I am getting back the use of my legs, but I am to lose my eyes instead. I shall be like a rudderless ship."

"My dear chap!" Geoffrey said, distressed. "I'm most awfully sorry to hear it. Is there nothing to be done?"

"They say not. Hence my little holiday outside the whitewashed walls. At least I shall never see again, thank heaven. I don't return while the daylight lasts." His mouth took a wry twist. "Don't throw away any pity on me! I always was a waster. I shall grope my way through, you may be sure. Anyway, even if I go to the rocks, I go alone."

"I'm jolly glad to have you," Geoffrey said. "Poor old chap!"

The other man laughed, but his laugh had a jarring note. "Would you rather have a wife and family to drag down with you? No, I've always kept free of ties of that sort. I've had a good time on the whole, and I leave no debts behind." He broke off suddenly. "Is this the city of refuge you've chosen for yourself? It's rustic enough—looks almost primeval. Hope I shan't strike a wrong note. Jolly decent of you to have me."

"Then you must be infernally hard up for amusement," said Craven. "What's that thing over there? Not a War Memorial? Ye gods, even here!"

"They are everywhere," said Geoffrey. "Ye gods!" Craven said again. "And are we never to forget?"

They dismissed the clattering car and entered the cottage-home that Geoffrey Wickham had found for himself.

"What are the neighbors like?" asked Craven, catching sight of another cottage roof beyond the little garden.

"Nurse Rose lives there," said Geoffrey. "Who? Not the angel of mercy in a white apron we passed on the road?"

"Yes," said Geoffrey, and again his tone was curt.

Craven gave him a quizzical look. "How often does she call in here in her professional capacity?"

"Not often," said Geoffrey.

Craven laughed outright. "What a romantic situation! She's got some nice roses there. Does she ever bring you any?"

"Never," said Geoffrey.

"Then you're not making the most of your opportunities," laughed Craven. "Just introduce me to her, and I'll show you how to do it!"

"Thanks!" said Geoffrey, and registered an inward resolve that Nurse Rose should not be pestered with Craven's society if he could help it. But later the sight of the man's infirmity softened him afresh. He was so infinitely worse off than he was himself, and he bore it with so brave a spirit!

"I say, it's damnable for you," he said suddenly, as they sat together after dinner in a corner of the garden. "Tell me about yourself. What do they say about you?"

"Who? The doctors? What can they say? They can't get away from facts." Craven's tone was impersonal, even careless. He flicked the ash from his cigarette with a smile. "Not that they know everything," he said. "They said I was going to be totally paralyzed at one time, but that hasn't happened. This eye trouble has come along instead. That's why I'm out on ticket-of-leave. I'm going to see all I can before the light goes."

"But is it really hopeless?" Geoffrey said.

"Is anything hopeless?" said Craven.

Something in his tone brought Geoffrey's eyes to his face. He looked at him with close attention for the first time. He saw a man slightly older than himself, with hair turned white by suffering, but a face that in some curious fashion belied it. Perhaps it was his mouth that most clearly expressed the workings of his mind. It was a comical mouth, with an upward curve at one corner that somehow conveyed an impression of indomitableness, of quizzical daring. There was something unconquerable about his smile. And yet, to Geoffrey's knowledge, he had never trodden the path of success.

"Well?" Craven said. "And the result?"

"Have another cigarette!" said Geoffrey. "I think you're the rummest old rotter I ever met. Why have you never done anything—never got anywhere?"

"Because I'm a waster."

"But you were cut out for a winner," Geoffrey said.

"Was I? Well, I never pulled it off. P'haps the luck was wanting. I'm out on my last spree now anyway, so I'll make the most of it. The next time the doors close on me, it will be for good."

"Let's hope the luck will turn!" said Geoffrey.

Craven smiled, his funny smile. "Thanks; also Amen! But I don't suppose it will. Now let's hear your side! You're here for a purpose, I gather. Going to get married?"

Geoffrey's face contracted a little. "What makes you think that?"

"Observations made. The angel in the white apron, isn't it? I hope she regards you kindly. Very suitable idea—economical and so on, for a man in your position. I've always thought I'd marry a nurse if I lived long enough."

"That is not my idea," said Geoffrey stiffly.

"No?" Craven laughed carelessly. "P'haps you're in love? But that's only a passing phase, you know. Love doesn't last."

"Much you know about it!" Geoffrey said, forcing a laugh.

"Well, I do, as a matter of fact. I've made a study of it. I've had a good many hours for contemplation during the past two years, and I've come to the conclusion that the only love that lasts is the love that never arrives—the ship on the horizon, as it were, that never comes to port."

"Ah!" Geoffrey said. "Perhaps you're right. But it's a beastly cynical thing to say."

"Not cynical; philosophical. I've studied the subject, I tell you. It's the way Nature provides her compensations. Now I know a fellow—he's rather a pal of mine, as a matter of fact—who has lost everything in the world worth having absolutely everything, except one priceless possession—a dream, nothing else—a dream that can never come true. Yet I sometimes think that chap is luckier than the fellows who catch their romances and find them crumble to a mere handful of earth in their grasp. I've seen so many romances end like that."

"So have I," Geoffrey said. "But not all."

[Turn to page 90]

## "No other woman is half so lovely"

At the beginning of Jack's and Sally's engagement, all their friends rejoiced, while the envious others wondered, "How long will it last?" For Jack was a man of rare magnetism, whom all women liked.

Tonight they had been married five years, and his every glance, his every thought, was for her alone.

"There's no one like you, Sally," he said. "You're as pretty now as the day I met you!" She only smiled at him out of tender eyes, while he watched a little dimple fade—and deepen.

Presently his eyes wandered over the soft flushed cheek, the delicate texture of the skin on nose and brow, the creamy softness of her throat. "No other woman is half so lovely," he thought. "She is so sweet and fresh and glowing. It's her complexion that is her greatest charm. And she belongs to me!"

Quite true, she was his; but then, too, you see, he still belonged to her.



"You're as pretty as the day I met you!"

## The way to make mere prettiness bloom into beauty

The Pompeian Instant Beauty Trio, consisting of Pompeian Day Cream, Beauty Powder, and Bloom, gives the magic touch that transforms mere prettiness into real beauty.

The Day Cream is truly a vanishing cream; being thoroughly absorbed by the skin, it does not reappear after application in the form of tiny beads. It softens, protects, and gives a perfect foundation for powder.

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Use these three Pompeian preparations—Day Cream, Beauty Powder, and Bloom—together, for Instant Beauty. The effect is better if they are used in combination.

tion—not indiscriminately mixed with preparations of other brands—for great care has been taken that all Pompeian preparations blend perfectly, to give the most natural effect.

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POMPEIAN NIGHT CREAM 50c per jar  
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For 10 cents we will send you all of these:

1. The 1923 Mary Pickford Pompeian Beauty Panel as described above. (Would cost from 50c to 75c in an art store.)
2. Sample of Pompeian Day Cream (vanishing).
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4. Sample of Pompeian Bloom (non-breaking rouge).
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## How Youth Can Spoil Youth

By MME. JEANNETTE

Today I sat opposite a young girl in the street car. She had charming, piquant features and a wealth of dark brown hair—but, oh, her complexion!

The skin about her neck and her temples was sallow and dark, while on her face she had powder and rouge of the shades that should be used by only the fairest blonde.

How I did long to sit beside her and say, "My dear, did you look in the mirror before you came out? Don't you know that, although the proper use of rouge and powder is now accepted as part of the toilette of every well-groomed woman, it is really tragic to spoil your pretty face as you have done today?"

For that is just the point—the proper, the correct way to use rouge and powder is the studying of your own particular type, and the deft accentuating of the color nature gave you.

Just take this girl, for example. Her complexion, from what I could see, where she had neglected to powder, must have been naturally dark. But a good vanishing cream, such as Pompeian Day Cream, carefully used over face and neck would have softened and prepared the skin for the powder and rouge to blend naturally. They would not have stopped abruptly in the irregular lines shown on this girl's face. Then the powder; she should have had the rich, creamy Rachel Beauty Powder that Pompeian has prepared for this dark type. And for rouge, Pompeian Bloom, the dark shade made especially for brunettes.

Here was a girl whose features were really lovely and who could very easily have been called a beauty—if she had used a little thought. There is no great knowledge or skill needed to make the best of oneself. Practical common sense in choosing good, pure creams and powders that are the correct shades, and a little care in the way they are used is all that is required.



Do not forget that such creams and powders are not only beautifying in the usual sense, but they have an added value in protecting the complexion from March winds, which tend to make the skin red and rough. A good complexion is like a cultivated flower—it must be guarded and cared for.

Mary Pickford Pompeian Beauty Panel  
and four Pompeian samples sent  
to you for 10 cents

Pompeian Orange-Tinted Rouge is charming at all times, and you will find it particularly good for daylight use. This shade is very popular, for it gives a delicate freshness to your complexion, like the color that comes from a walk in a cool, soft breeze.

Lip stick, too, plays an important part in improving the appearance. If the shape of your mouth is good, follow its curves with the lip stick, but do this very lightly, for too much will make the lips look unpleasantly moist. If the lines are not good, draw the lip stick from the inner side of the lips to the outer edge, and blend with the finger tips. Pompeian Lip Stick is absolutely pure, prevents chapping, and its shade is delightfully natural.

*Jeannette*  
Specialiste de Beauté

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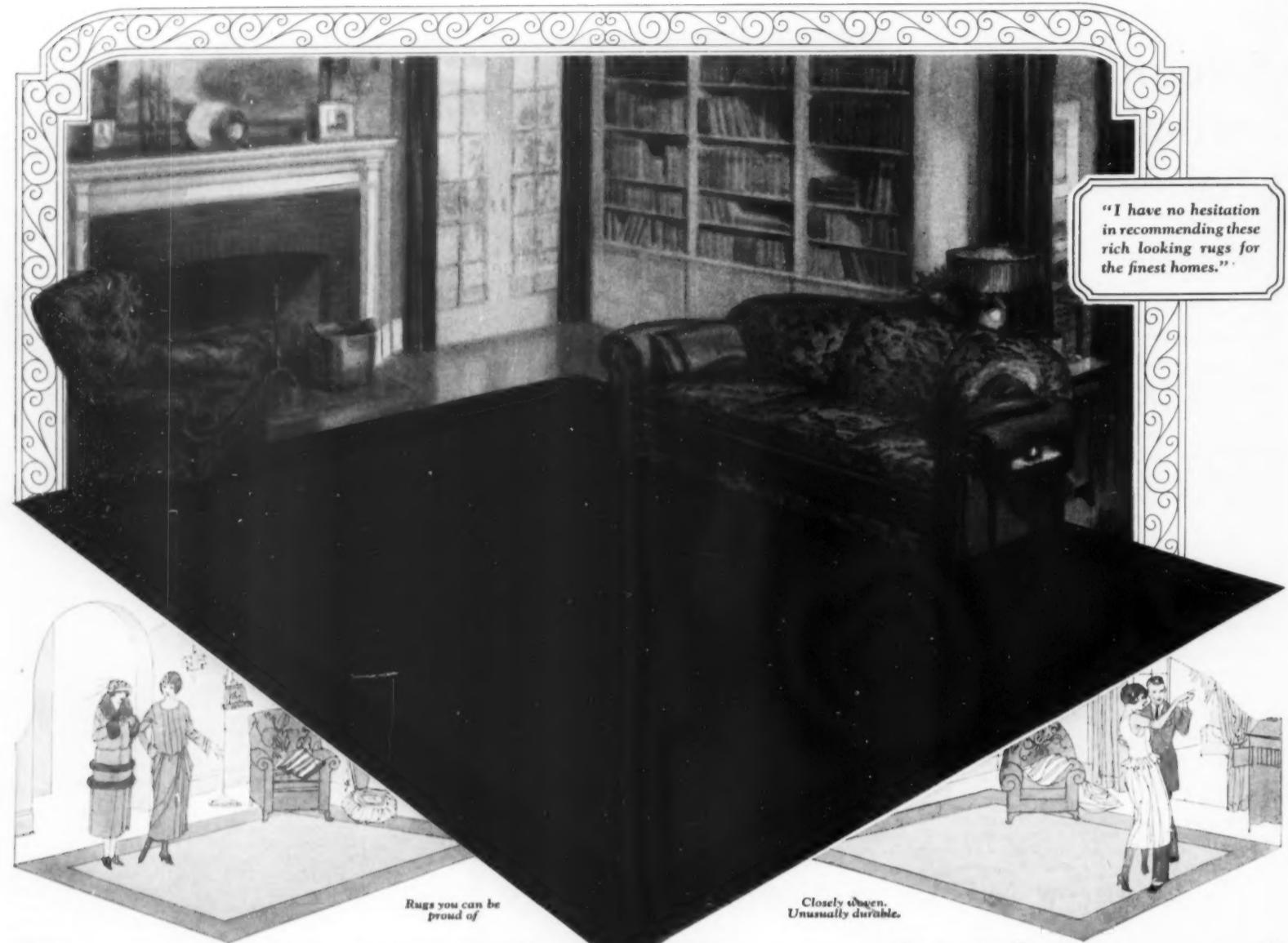
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Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1923 Art Panel of Mary Pickford, and the four samples named in offer.

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By wonderful patented process, one of the largest and oldest rug manufacturers in this country will take all kinds of old rugs, carpets, and clothing, and *reclaim* the material in them so it is as good as new. This is done by a process of shredding, washing, sterilizing, carding and combing. The reclaimed material is then *dyed* any color you wish and *reweaved* on large power looms into awfully good looking rugs in the up-to-date one- and two-toned effects.

### Reclaimed Material Cannot Be Detected

I was more than surprised upon receiving my first rug to find that in every respect it was brand new. The reclaimed material was not evident to the most practiced eye. This had worried me before its arrival because my old material was a hodge podge of all kinds and colors. I know now, however, that doesn't make the slightest difference.

After seeing these

Do you know that the material in your threadbare, faded, and out-of-date rugs, carpets and clothing can be reclaimed and *reweaved* into brand new, up-to-date rugs with the close, deep nap of fine Wiltons and Chenilles? Dorothy Walsh shows how to transform a room at trifling cost and tells McCall readers where they can get, free for the asking, a beautifully illustrated book on Home Arrangement that everyone should have.

By Dorothy Ethel Walsh  
*Authority on Home Decorations*

rich-looking rugs I have no hesitation in recommending them for the finest homes.

### Your Choice of Colors

You are not limited in your choice of colors or patterns. Your new rug may be made in any of the charming new shades—Brown, Moss, Mahogany, Taupe, Mole, Blue, or Mulberry, in any of 26 soft, rich colors and combinations.

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You will be delighted to find that these rugs are woven *seamless* and *reversible*, a feature which is so hard to find in store rugs. Of course this means longer wear—a fact that is sure to be appreciated. No wonder they are in over a million homes.

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Every home lover will welcome this splendid book, beautifully illustrated in colors. It contains an authoritative showing of all the new and up-to-date colors and designs. It also gives many helpful suggestions by leading decorators on the furnishing of your home. And these valuable suggestions don't cost you a penny. As an interior decorator myself, I promise you that this book is well worth sending for. I am attaching a coupon for the convenience of McCall readers. Address the coupon to **Olson Rug Company**, Dept. E-8, 29-41 Laflin Street, Chicago, Illinois.

**OLSON RUG CO., Dept. E-8, Laflin St., Chicago**

Gentlemen: At Dorothy Walsh's suggestion I should like to receive a complimentary copy of "Beauty and Harmony in the Home," illustrated in actual colors. This is free and places me under no obligation.

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## To Dress the Spring Salad

Here Is the New, Exact Method of Making a Mayonnaise, Boiled or French Dressing

By May B. Van Arsdale and Day Monroe

Department Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University

WHAT changes can be wrought in the world of food by a salad dressing! It calls the salad into being, because the undressed food is only a kitchen incident—not ready for the dining-table. It transforms the unwanted into the sought-for.

Since so much of the responsibility for the salad falls upon the dressing this should be as good as possible and should be designed to bring out the best points of the food with which it is to be combined.

Dressings usually fall into three classes—French, cooked and mayonnaise. French dressing is universally popular and although it may be good or bad, according to the skill used in its seasoning, it can not be spoiled utterly in the making. There are also few failures with cooked dressing; but lucky is the woman who never has had her mayonnaise curdle!

The ordinary proportions for a small quantity of mayonnaise are:

Salad oil, 1 cup  
Egg yolk, 1  
Mustard,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon  
Salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon  
Pepper, sprinkle  
Vinegar, 2 tablespoons

There are no hard and fast rules governing the ingredients. Some housekeepers prefer the whole egg, to the yolk. Good mayonnaise can be made also with the egg white alone, but it is usually disappointing because it does not have the rich, appetizing, yellow color which we have come to expect.

Then too, more oil (a cup and a quarter or a cup and a half) may be used, making a stiffer dressing. However, unless the seasonings are adjusted, this is rather "oily" in taste.

While there can be this flexibility in the choice of ingredients, the real "trick" lies in their combination. A knowledge of what happens when egg, vinegar and oil combine, helps to give an understanding of the best methods for mayonnaise making. Everyone knows that it is proverbially difficult to mix oil and water. Yet in mayonnaise we do this very thing—we make an emulsion by mixing oil with the water of the vinegar and binding them together with the egg yolk. The difficulty lies in getting the right balance of oil to water and once this balance is disturbed, the dressing separates or curdles.

THE best way to commence is to add the vinegar to the seasonings and combine this mixture with the egg yolk before adding any oil. The oil is then added gradually, about two teaspoonsful at a time and the dressing is beaten after each addition. The crucial time is during these first additions of oil. If a good emulsion is produced at the beginning there is little danger later, and then oil can be added in much larger quantities. The emulsion becomes more stable if there is an occasional rest period of half a minute.

This time schedule has withstood many tests in the making of mayonnaise and has come through with credit:

Add the vinegar, salt, mustard and pepper mixed together, to the slightly

beaten egg yolk, and beat for one minute.

Add two teaspoons of oil and beat for one minute.

Add two teaspoons of oil and beat for one minute.

Add four teaspoons of oil and beat for one minute.

Rest for one-half minute.

Add four teaspoons of oil and beat for one minute.

Add two tablespoons of oil and beat for one minute.

Rest for one-half minute.

Add three tablespoons of oil and beat for one minute.

Add three tablespoons of oil and beat for one minute.

Rest for one-half minute.

Add the last one-quarter cup of oil and give a final two minute beating.

Total, eleven and one-half minutes.

If you are an expert in mayonnaise making, this schedule can be shortened considerably by the addition of larger quantities of oil toward the end of the process—but beware of too much haste in the beginning.

One of the most general fallacies is that disastrous results are likely to occur in mayonnaise making if everything is not cold. Some women painstakingly chill the oil, egg and vinegar, and perhaps even the bowl. Several hundred experiments have been made in our Food Workshop at Teachers College to discover the reason for the curdling of mayonnaise and the decision has been reached that temperature is not the important factor. Not only does mayonnaise from warm ingredients show no curdling—if the proper time schedule is followed—but it is often even stiffer.

Another fallacy is that mayonnaise cannot be redeemed when it curdles. If mayonnaise does curdle the easiest way to utilize the materials already mixed is to begin again at the beginning with a fresh egg yolk. Add the first three installments of oil, beating it well into the yolk, according to the directions above. To this emulsion, add the curdled dressing, a little at a time, beating well after each addition.

Such elaborate-sounding dressings as Russian or Thousand Islands are only mayonnaise to which chili sauce, capers, chopped peppers and pickles or similar tart relishes have been added.

In making cooked dressing probably the most important precaution is to do the cooking over hot water (the double boiler) rather than over the direct flame. This helps to prevent curdling and the formation of lumps. Egg yolks alone give a smoother dressing than the whole egg. When even a small amount of whipped cream is folded into this dressing, it is far more delicate.

The secret of French dressing lies in its seasoning rather than in the combining of ingredients. Here is a real opportunity for the art of cookery! The deft addition of mustard, paprika, Tarragon vinegar or a suggestion of garlic or onion, a dash of chili or Worcestershire sauce, or a bit of catsup can transform the dressing.

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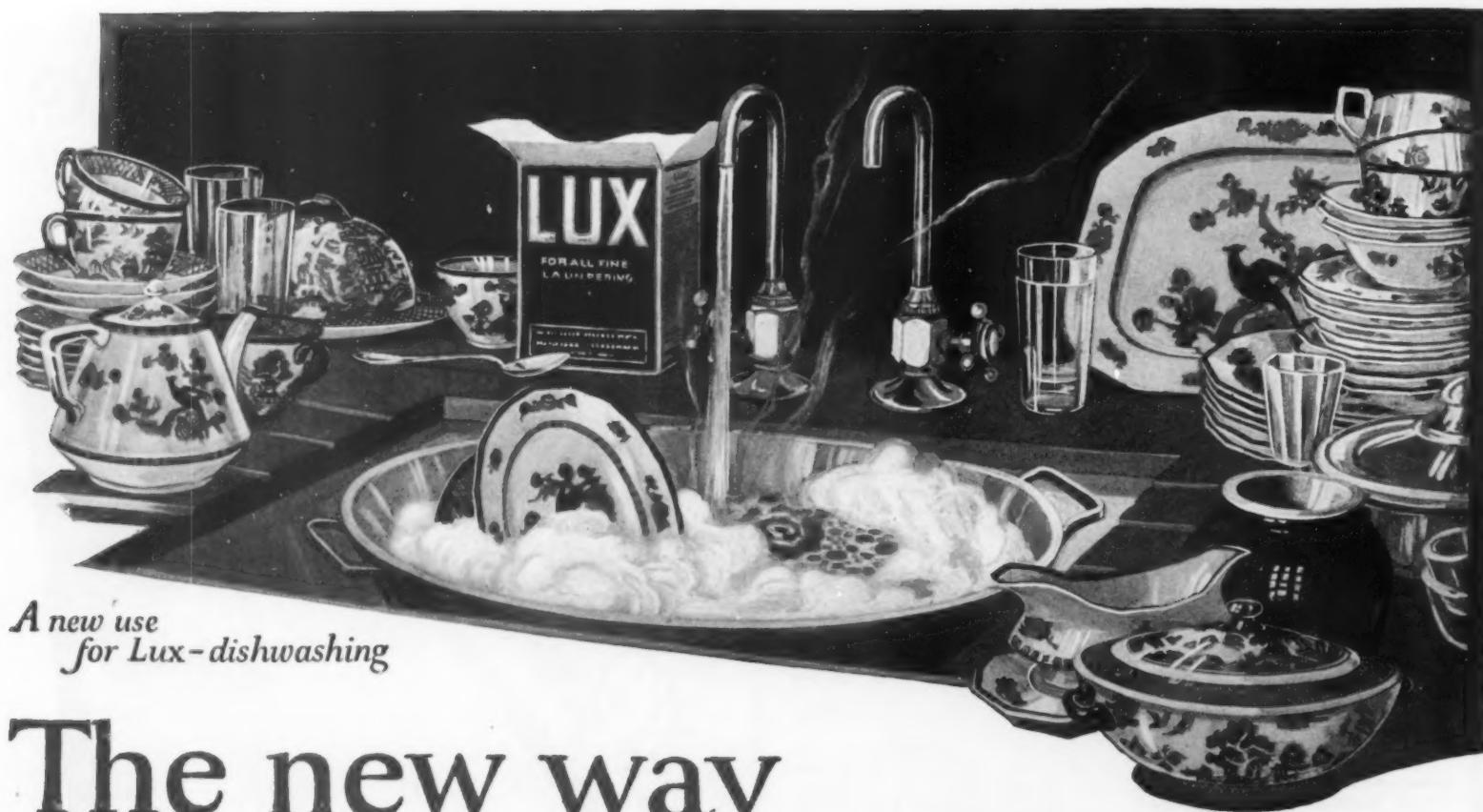
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*A new use  
for Lux-dishwashing*

# The new way to wash dishes

Rids your hands of that three-times-a-day-in-the-dishpan-look  
54 dishwashings in a single package

**Lux for washing dishes!** At last there is a way to wash dishes without coarsening and reddening your hands.

It isn't like experimenting with something new and untried. Of course Lux would be wonderful for dishwashing. You would know it—yet you feel as if you had made a delightful new discovery. Lux saves your hands. It is as easy on them as fine toilet soap.

Your hands are in the dishpan an hour and a half every day—sometimes even longer! That is why it is so important to use a soap for washing dishes that won't irritate your skin, that won't dry the indispensable natural oils.

Just underneath the surface of the skin, Nature placed these oils—secreted them in millions of tiny sacs. They nourish the chiffon-thin outer skin, keep it soft, pliable and resistant.

But Nature didn't provide against the ravages of kitchen soaps. If your hands wash dishes in harsh, alkaline soap suds three times a day these abundant oil

sacs are drained dry. Your fingertips, those sensitive organs of touch, grow rough and scratchy. Your hands show unmistakable signs of the dishpan.

With Lux in your dishpan your hands won't be robbed of their natural oils. Lux is so pure and gentle it can't dry your skin. These delicate flakes preserve the satiny softness of your hands; they won't redden or roughen the most sensitive skin.

#### *Just one teaspoonful to a pan*

Flip one teaspoonful of Lux into your dishpan. Turn on the hot water. Now

watch these fragile flakes break into instant suds. Just one teaspoonful—it sounds incredible, but try it!

A single package does at least 54 dishwashings—all the dishes, morning, noon and night, for almost three weeks. Not just the china you use on special occasions, but the regular everyday dishes as well.

#### *Dishes so clean and lustrous!*

No cloudy, dull surfaces left on your tumblers, no soapy streaks on silver and dishes.

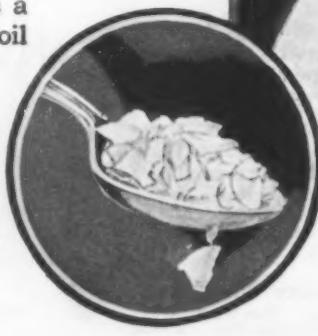
Just a swish of your dishmop in the pure Lux suds—and out come your dishes—clean and sparkling.

Lux is so speedy—so wonderfully satisfactory.

Instead of tiresome waiting for bar soap to melt or fussing to beat up a lather with an awkward soap shaker—all of the old time "getting ready" to wash dishes—here are tissue-thin flakes that dissolve the very instant the hot water touches them.

Keep a package of Lux handy on your kitchen shelf. Use it for the dishes always. Don't let that hour and a half in the dishpan every day be a hardship to your hands. Begin washing today's dishes with Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

*One teaspoonful  
makes the water  
soapy all through*



*As easy on your  
hands as fine  
toilet soap*



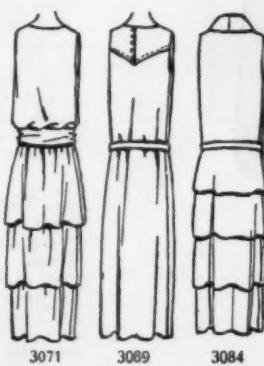
# Selections and Adaptations of the Latest Parisian Models

No. 3071, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; closing at left shoulder and underarm; ruffles attached to two-piece foundation. Size 36 requires 4 $\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 36-inch material and 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch for foundation. Width at lower edge, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards.



3089 Dress  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Transfer No. 927

3071 Dress  
6 sizes, 34-44



3071 3089 3084

## The Outlook By Anne Rittenhouse

WHEN the snow flies the south appeals to the imagination. This is true wherever the planet is peopled. Those who have vision have capitalized this appeal. They have built extravagant places of wealth and comfort which are as beautiful to the snow-bound eyes as a mirage to a desert traveler. Europe has its Riviera, America has Palm Beach and California with the pines of Georgia and the Carolinas thrown in for good measure.

To these "Fortunate Isles" go the fortunate people who have money and leisure. Trade uses this annual exodus as an excuse for the launching of new clothes.

What are these new fashions brought out at this time? One may answer that question by saying that a happy fact is their lack of revolutionary change. They reinstate a few old fashions we thought were shelved and they accentuate details and accessories which were placed under our eyes during the winter, but which left us indifferent.

There is a revival, for instance, of the straight frock. It appears here and there under high patronage which proves that it is not an accident. It stands out as clearly as a brush stroke against a mass of drapery, convolutions, circular flounces. It is not offered only for sports, but for afternoon and evening gaiety under shaded lamps. A striking gown of this type is of striped wash flannel, its straight line broken at the hips by a few gathers pulled into so small a space that they appear like pockets. The front is a panel, like the bosom of a man's skirt, the stripes going across; it extends below the belt. Black link buttons fasten it below a wide rolling collar. The long sleeves end in turn-over cuffs, also fastened with black links. Several belts are shown with this frock; one of red leather plaited like a horse bridle, another of red and blue zephyr strands held together by slides of the wool tightly knitted, the ends looped through rings of blue glass; a third of flannel with its stripes on the bias ending in tassels and loops of black silk cord.

One of these chemise frocks is of plain white flannel with monogram thickly embroidered in a circle above the waist at one side. The straight sleeves cover the elbow and are finished with a heavily embroidered edge. The belt of white suede has plaited ends which twist in and out, holding the belt in place instead of a buckle.

There are other sport frocks of leaf brown and pottery red poplin with broad belts of colored knitting wool. By the way, these trifles are important adjuncts in sport costumery. They are made of vivid zephyr strands, say, five of them, held with a knitted flower, or slide, or triangle placed at intervals to give the belt strength. Colored glass rings at the ends often give way to deep tassels. These belts are varied in color even when intended for one frock.

[Turn to page 76]



3084 Dress  
4 sizes, 14-20

No. 3084, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; four-tier skirt with two-piece foundation. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material, 1 yard of 36-inch contrasting for collar, cuffs and shield, and 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch for foundation. Width at lower edge, 1 $\frac{1}{8}$  yards.

No. 3089, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 3 $\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 40-inch material and 1 $\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 9-inch material for inset. Width at lower edge, 1 $\frac{1}{8}$  yards. Transfer No. 927 may be used to trim the pointed yoke and lower edge of skirt.

# Forerunners of Spring from the French Capital



3068 Dress  
8 sizes, 34-48

3092 Dress  
7 sizes, 34-46

## The Outlook

[Continued from page 75]

HERE are two other revivals from days that were. One is a hip frock that fits the figure and keeps the fulness of the skirt from forming a bulk over the top of hips; the other is the box-pleated skirt. Probably the revival of pleating arrived with the acceptance of circular skirts. Knife-pleating is limited to sport clothes temporarily, but the circular skirt, often six yards at the hem, is commonly accepted. There is an effort by the dressmakers to cut it in such manner that its fulness is not ungraceful.

Box-pleated skirts are easier to handle. Women wrinkled their brows at the thought of placing thick pleats over the hips, but when dressmakers launched the shaped hip yoke their brows smoothed. This yoke does not always belong to the skirt; it may be the end of a long blouse. Often there is an inside belt to hold it in place, which is a reversion to a fashion that ceased before the war. The house of Cheruit, in Paris, has been insistent upon hip yokes and skirts tightly fitted below the waist line and it is such insistence that has revived the fashion.

Sport skirts of box-pleated plaid material have leapt into fashion like a trout out of water. Blue and green, traditional plaid colors, are chosen. Such skirts carry above them a new kind of sweater somewhat suggestive of the original garment called "Jersey," which was named for the beautiful Mrs. Langtry, who was known as "the Jersey Lily."

[Turn to page 77]

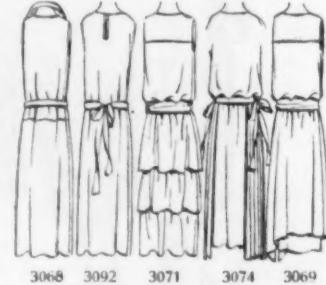
3071 Dress  
6 sizes, 34-44

3074 Dress  
7 sizes, 34-46

No. 3071, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; closing at left shoulder and underarm; ruffles attached to two-piece foundation. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch material,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 27-inch lace, and  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 36-inch material for foundation and camisole. Width,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

No. 3074, LADIES' DRESS; camisole lining; two-piece skirt. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch material and 1 yard of 40-inch for pleated side panels. Width at lower edge,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards. Daintily developed in polka-dotted georgette with panels of plain silk is this attractive dress.

No. 3069, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; two-piece skirt with two-piece tunic. Size 36 requires  $5\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards. Transfer No. 1227 may be used for the braiding which though simple is most effectively placed on the waist and the sides of the two-piece tunic.



3068

3092

3071

3074

3069

No. 3092, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; 35-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch material and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch for inset and sleeves. Width at lower edge, 2 yards. A delightful mode for combining flowered and plain silks.

No. 3068, LADIES' DRESS; with convertible collar and chemise; two-piece skirt; 35-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 32-inch material and  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width at lower edge,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards. This model is smart in gingham.

3069 Dress  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Transfer No. 1227

*Parisian Charm  
Pervades These  
Latest of Modes*



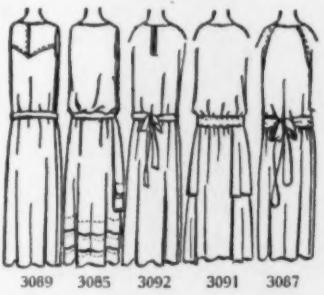
3089 Dress  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Transfer No. 1290

3085 Dress  
7 sizes, 34-46



No. 3089, LADIES' DRESS; 35-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 40-inch material and 1 yard of 36-inch for inset. Width at lower edge,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards. An unusual trimming may be developed in beads of two colors from Transfer No. 1200.

No. 3085, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with camisole lining; closing at shoulders and left underarm; gathered skirt with apron tunic. Size 36 requires  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards. Patterned silk would be charming in this simple tucked model.



No. 3087, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; two-piece skirt. Size 36 requires  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, 2 yards. The embroidery which outlines the cape sleeves and trims the front is effective in bright colors. Transfer No. 1224 may be used. Silk crêpe is suggested for the dress.

No. 3092, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; 35-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards. This smart model featuring the new jabot may be adorned with embroidery from Transfer No. 1084.

No. 3091, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with camisole lining; two-piece skirt. Size 36 requires  $6\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards. The circular front flounces are decidedly modish. Collar No. 3037, medium size, requires  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of 36-inch material.



3092 Dress  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Transfer No. 1084

3091 Dress  
7 sizes, 34-46  
3037 Set of  
Collars  
Small, medium, large

**The Outlook**

*[Continued from page 76]*

THE new sweater is like a Brittany basque, closely knitted of heavy silk or wool, fastened down the front with colored bone buttons. Often it has a high collar, always it has a long sleeve finished with a wristlet. It carries out one color of the plaid skirt and is especially smart in fir-tree green. Certain fashionable women wear these sweaters as part of a street costume under a top coat. They fasten the collar high to the chin or finish a normal neck-line with a narrow collar of batiste embroidery or Venetian lace. The lingerie collar flaunts itself in the best society.

Long sleeves create no further argument. Discussion about them is dead. They are accepted. The peasant sleeve which is gathered to a lowered arm-hole and fitted into an ornamental wristlet is continued, the long tight sleeve that reaches over the knuckle with a band of fur is put into all sorts of frocks, and a new sleeve fits the arm-hole, is gathered into a tight band below the elbow and falls by weight of its fullness almost to the wrist. Gauntlet gloves are worn with this kind of sleeve to hold it up. One sees it in the Rembrandt pictures. In truth one sees most of our new clothes in pictures in museums.

On the French Riviera women continue to wear the soft felt and suede helmet hat, its sturdiest rival being a man's hat of felt. All our sports clothes show both these hats. Ribbon is used for decoration. Cockades with ends have not lost their prestige.

Formal helmets are of cire satin, usually black with a cock's beak and colored comb as decoration. It is placed at the back in keeping with the movement to take hat trimming and skirt drapery away from the side.

3087 Dress  
6 sizes, 34-44  
Transfer No. 1224

# Delightful Things for the Coming Easter Parade



3070 Dress  
7 sizes, 34-46



3081 Dress  
9 sizes, 34-50  
Transfer No. 927

2992 Dress  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Transfer No. 1093



3012 Dress  
7 sizes, 34-46



2999 Dress  
7 sizes, 34-46

No. 3081, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards. Transfer No. 927 is suggested for trimming.

No. 3070, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt. Size 36 requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch figured material and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch plain. Width,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

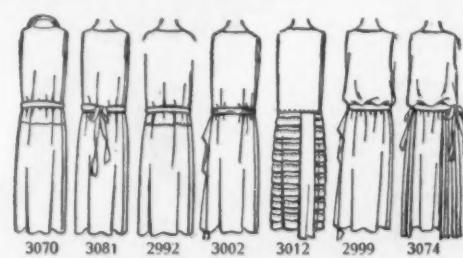
No. 2999, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; three-piece skirt with uneven lower edge. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

No. 3012, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch material and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch contrasting for bands. Width,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

No. 2992, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards. Transfer No. 1093 may be used.

No. 3002, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material. Width,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards. A smart trimming may be carried out from Transfer No. 797.

No. 3074, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch for sleeves and panels. Width,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.



3002 Dress  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Transfer No. 797



3074 Dress  
7 sizes, 34-46

# Paris Considers all Tastes in her Spring Frocks



2987 Dress  
7 sizes, 34-46



3077 Dress  
6 sizes, 34-44  
Transfer No. 1126



3087 Dress  
6 sizes, 34-44  
3088 Overdress  
9 sizes, 34-50  
Transfer No. 1243

No. 3067, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; four-piece skirt. Size 36 requires  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material. Width,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards. Transfer No. 863 is suggested for the braiding.

No. 3068, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width,  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards.

No. 2987, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 32-inch material. Width,  $1\frac{5}{8}$  yards.

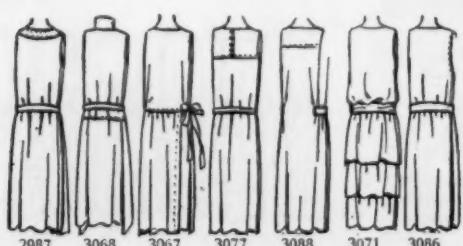
No. 3087, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires  $4\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 40-inch material. Width, 2 yards.

No. 3088, LADIES' OVERDRESS. Size 36 requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch material. Transfer No. 1243 may be used.

No. 3077, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 36-inch lace. Width,  $1\frac{5}{8}$  yards. Transfer No. 1126 may be used.

No. 3071, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; closing at left shoulder and underarm. Size 36 requires  $4\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

No. 3086, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch material. Width,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards when tacked. Transfer No. 1227 may be used for braiding.



3071 Dress  
6 sizes, 34-46

3086 Dress  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Transfer No. 1227



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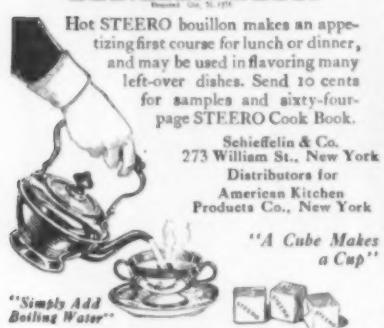
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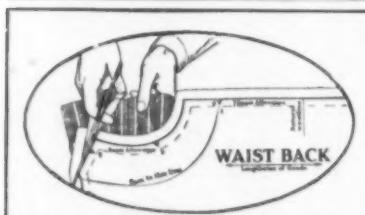
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### The McCall printed Pattern Instructs While You Cut

Printed in plain English upon each piece of the pattern itself, are instructions for cutting and making. So easy are they to follow, that even a very young child can now cut and put a dress together.

# The Tiered Dress Shares the Mode with Others

No. 3090, MISSES' DRESS. Size 16 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material and ½ yard of 10-inch for vest. Width, 1½ yards. Transfer No. 1227 may be used to trim.

No. 3084, MISSES' DRESS; four-tier skirt with two-piece foundation. Size 16 requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material and 1 yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 1½ yards.

No. 3079, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires 1½ yards of 40-inch material for upper part and 2½ yards of 40-inch for lower part. Width, 2½ yards. Transfer No. 1126 is suggested.

No. 3080, MISSES' DRESS. Size 16 requires 4½ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1½ yards. For girdle, Transfer No. 1216 may be used.



3090 Dress  
4 sizes, 14-20  
Transfer No. 1227

3084 Dress  
4 sizes, 14-20

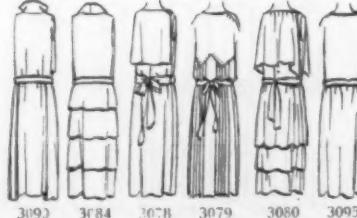


3079 Dress  
4 sizes, 14-20  
Transfer No. 1126

3080 Dress  
4 sizes, 14-20  
Girdle Transfer  
No. 1216

3095 Dress  
4 sizes, 14-20  
Transfer No. 1224

No. 3078, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material and ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 1½ yards.



No. 3095, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16, 1½ yards of 40-inch for waist, 1½ yards of 40-inch for skirt. Width, 1½ yards. Transfer No. 1224.

3073 Dress  
4 sizes, 14-203093 Dress  
4 sizes, 14-20  
Transfer No. 779No. 3097, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards 36-inch,  $2\frac{1}{8}$  yards 40-inch. Width,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards. Transfer No. 1226 may be used.

# Youth Chooses to be Slim or Slightly Bouffant

No. 3073, MISSES' DRESS; one-piece skirt with side drapery. Size 16 requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch material and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width at lower edge,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

No. 3093, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material. Width,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards when tacked. The square motifs may be worked from Transfer No. 779.

No. 3094, MISSES' DRESS. Size 16 requires  $5\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch for foundation skirt. Width at lower edge, 3 yards.

No. 3072, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch figured material and  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 36-inch plain. Width at lower edge,  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards.

## DRESS MAKING MADE EASY.

\$3 Will Bring  
This ACME  
Dress Form  
into Your Home



### Makes Dressmaking a Pleasure and Satisfaction

YOU can easily and accurately reproduce the most stylish fitting dresses over an Acme Dress Form. It makes fitting and draping the easiest part of dressmaking. It's as necessary as a sewing machine.

### DUPLICATES THE EXACT MEASUREMENTS OF "YOUR FIGURE"



### ADJUSTABLE AND COLLAPSIBLE

The Neck, Shoulders, Bust, Waist, Hips, and Skirt are each independently adjustable to any required measurements. More than a hundred independent "combination adjustments" so that it will exactly reproduce any desired size, style or figure. When not in use it COLLAPSES to half its size like illustration below.

### SPECIAL SALE OFFER

\$3 WILL  
BRING  
THIS  
**Acme**  
ADJUSTABLE  
AND COLLAPSIBLE  
DRESS FORM  
INTO YOUR HOME

In order to encourage Home Dressmaking and help you to economically reproduce the most stylish fashions shown in this magazine, we are manufacturing 10,000 improved Acme Forms to be sold on

**Easy Payment Terms**  
Remit \$3 and we will send you our guaranteed \$15 Acme Collapsible Dress Form. Pay the balance of \$12 at only \$3 per month.

**Ten Days Trial**  
If unsatisfactory return form and we'll gladly refund your \$3.



### Indispensable for Home Dressmaking. 300,000 Satisfied Users.

An Acme Form will last a lifetime. It is adjustable to any size and style change. It will enable you to reproduce quickly and easily all the latest fashions. You can have good looking dresses and be the envy of your friends.

Take advantage of Our Special Sale offer and send your order today.

### -MAIL [COUPON] TODAY-

#### Acme Sales Co.

Dept. 3-G-380 Throop Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—Send me at once full illustrated catalog with detailed information, or better still, enclose \$3 for immediate shipment of an Acme on "10 DAYS TRIAL" AND "EASY PAYMENT TERMS."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

WRITE FOR COMPLETE CATALOG



**T**HE TREO Elastic Girdle, which made possible present-day modes, has found new and even more exquisite expression in its latest models of "Trotex." This newly-invented surgical elastic web, upon which its creators worked for years, enables all women, of whatever type of figure, to enjoy the figure-freedom and dress-distinction that only the Treo Elastic Girdle imparts.

Women of fashion, corsetieres, designers, all acclaim it as the perfecting touch to the Treo lines of models, which, with their exclusive features, their smartness, and their universal utility, have made them the accepted of the fastidious.

The "Anchor Band" (the waist line band), which holds the girdle to the figure and prevents it from slipping; the "Feature Strip" (the strip above the waist line), which supports the back and restrains the diaphragm, and the new "Panel Back," which flattens the back into the new silhouette, are features to be found only in the Treo Girdle, the Original All-Elastic Corset.

Be sure to demand the Treo model which was made for your type of figure. Prices: Treo Girdles, in lighter surgical web, \$3 to \$10; Treo Girdles of mercerized Trotex surgical web, \$5.50 to \$10; Treo Girdles of Silk Trotex surgical web, \$12.50 to \$25. Your dealer will be very glad to give you a fitting. Write for illustrated booklet.

**TREO COMPANY, Inc.**  
Fifth Ave. at 29th St. New York City  
Great Britain: Distributing Corporation, Ltd.,  
60 Wilson St., Finsbury Sq., London, E. C. 4  
Canada:  
Eisman & Co., 9 Temperance Street, Toronto

**The New Panel Back  
Trotex Treo Girdle**

The new Trotex Treo Girdle Models are designed for the heavier figure, which seeks the comfort so long enjoyed in the Treo Girdle by women of slender and medium figure.



Note the Panel Back in illustration at left—it flattens the figure at the back into the new silhouette. Ask for "Trotex" Treo Girdles if yours is above the average figure!

**TREO  
GIRDLE**  
The All-Elastic Corset

*The more elastic to the corset  
—the more grace to the figure*

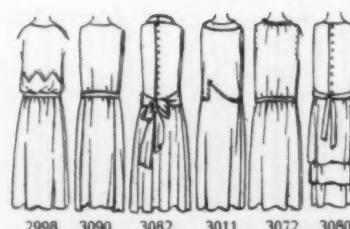


2998 Dress  
4 sizes, 14-20



3090 Dress  
4 sizes, 14-20  
Transfer No. 1054

3011 Dress  
4 sizes, 14-20  
Transfer No. 956



3082 Dress  
4 sizes, 14-20  
Transfer No. 956

2998 3090 3082 3011 3072 3080

**Spring Frocks Permit Sleeves  
of Every Possible Length**

No. 2998, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 1 yard of 36-inch material for upper part and 2½ yards of 36-inch for lower part. Width at lower edge, 1¾ yards.

No. 3090, MISSES' DRESS. Size 16 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material, and ½ yard of 10-inch for vest. Width at lower edge, 1½ yards. For braid trimming, Transfer No. 1054 may be used.

No. 3082, MISSES' DRESS. Size 16 requires 4½ yards of 40-inch dotted material and ¾ yard of 40-inch plain. Width at lower edge, 2½ yards. Transfer No. 956 is suggested for trimming.

No. 3011, MISSES' DRESS; three-piece skirt; uneven lower edge. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1½ yards.

No. 3072, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; two-piece skirt. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1¾ yards. Transfer No. 797 may be used.

No. 3080, MISSES' DRESS. Size 16 requires 5½ yards of 36-inch material, and 1½ yards of 27-inch for foundation. Width at lower edge, 1½ yards. Transfer No. 1219 may be used to trim.

3080 Dress  
4 sizes, 14-20  
Transfer No. 1219



## So simple that a child can use it

Now, for the first time, it is easy for every woman and child to have *twice as many pretty clothes* for the same money.

The economy of home sewing has not been generally practised heretofore because American women *would not* trouble to puzzle out the intricacies of the old-fashioned pattern.

The McCall Printed Pattern—the first scientifically accurate and self-explaining pattern since patterns were invented half a century ago—puts home sewing and saving within the power of everyone.

Even the children can use the *printed* pattern with complete success. Public schools from coast to coast are flooding The McCall Company with

congratulations on the value of the printed pattern in teaching home sewing to children.

“Material insurance” one woman called The New McCall Pattern, because its plain, printed instructions and error-proof features insure that expensive material will not be miscut and ruined. Patience, material and money are saved.

Add to all this the fact that every delicate line of *style*, often lost in the crude manufacture of the old-fashioned pattern, is preserved by the *printed* cutting line of the new pattern—and it is easy to understand why thousands of women who never before dared make their own clothes, now *double their year's wardrobe* without extra expense, through the help of

## THE NEW McCALL PATTERN

### The only printed pattern in the world

#### Price List of New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated below in stamps or money order. Branch Offices, 208-12 So. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill., 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal., 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga., 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.

| No. Cts. |
|----------|----------|----------|----------|----------|----------|----------|----------|----------|----------|----------|----------|----------|----------|----------|----------|----------|----------|----------|----------|
| 2967..25 | 2974..25 | 2981..25 | 2988..25 | 2995..45 | 3002..45 | 3009..30 | 3016..30 | 3023..45 | 3030..45 | 3037..30 | 3044..45 | 3051..30 | 3058..45 | 3065..35 | 3072..45 | 3079..45 | 3086..45 | 3093..45 | 3100..40 |
| 2968..40 | 2975..25 | 2982..35 | 2989..45 | 2996..45 | 3003..30 | 3010..45 | 3017..30 | 3024..45 | 3031..45 | 3038..35 | 3045..30 | 3052..45 | 3059..45 | 3066..35 | 3073..45 | 3080..45 | 3087..45 | 3094..45 | 3101..40 |
| 2969..40 | 2976..25 | 2983..30 | 2990..45 | 2997..45 | 3004..25 | 3011..45 | 3018..45 | 3025..45 | 3032..30 | 3039..45 | 3046..30 | 3053..40 | 3060..45 | 3067..45 | 3074..45 | 3081..45 | 3088..35 | 3095..45 | 3102..30 |
| 2970..30 | 2977..25 | 2984..45 | 2991..25 | 2998..45 | 3005..45 | 3012..45 | 3019..35 | 3026..45 | 3033..45 | 3040..45 | 3047..30 | 3054..40 | 3061..30 | 3068..45 | 3075..30 | 3082..45 | 3089..45 | 3096..40 | 3103..25 |
| 2971..25 | 2978..25 | 2985..45 | 2992..45 | 2999..45 | 3006..30 | 3013..40 | 3020..45 | 3027..25 | 3034..45 | 3041..45 | 3048..30 | 3055..45 | 3062..25 | 3069..45 | 3076..25 | 3083..25 | 3090..45 | 3097..45 | 3104..30 |
| 2972..25 | 2979..25 | 2986..30 | 2993..25 | 3000..45 | 3007..30 | 3014..40 | 3021..40 | 3028..25 | 3035..45 | 3042..40 | 3049..35 | 3056..45 | 3063..35 | 3070..45 | 3077..45 | 3084..45 | 3091..45 | 3098..40 | 3105..25 |
| 2973..30 | 2980..25 | 2987..45 | 2994..45 | 3001..45 | 3008..30 | 3015..40 | 3022..45 | 3029..45 | 3036..35 | 3043..45 | 3050..30 | 3057..25 | 3064..25 | 3071..45 | 3078..45 | 3085..45 | 3092..45 | 3099..25 | 3106..25 |

## Gray Hair Unnecessary

### As I Have Proved

I proved it many years ago by restoring the original color to my own prematurely gray hair with the same Restorer I now offer you. This time-tested preparation never fails, as hundreds of thousands of gray-haired people since have learned.

There is not space in this advertisement to tell my story. Send for Free Trial bottle and learn all.

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is a clear colorless liquid, clean as water. No greasy sediment to make your hair sticky and stringy; nothing to wash or rub off. Application easy, restored color perfect, in any light. Faded or discolored hair just as surely and safely restored as hair naturally gray.

### Experience my teacher

I invented my scientific hair color restorer to bring back the original color to my own hair which was prematurely gray. Since, millions have used it and so will millions more. It is the most popular and biggest selling preparation of its kind in the world.

Now I have something new to offer and almost as important, in the shape of a new preparatory powder which puts your hair in perfect condition for restoration. This powder is a recent discovery of my laboratories and its action is that of tonic and antiseptic. A package now comes with each full sized bottle and a trial sized package is included in my special patented free trial outfit. I urge you to send for this patented outfit today and prove how easily, surely and beneficially you can restore your own gray hair to its natural color.

### Mail coupon today

Send today for the special patented Free Trial outfit which contains a trial bottle of my Restorer, and full instructions for making the convincing test on a single lock of hair. Indicate color of hair with X. Print name and address plainly. If possible, enclose a lock of your hair in your letter.

### Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer

Over 10,000,000 Bottles Sold

**FREE TRIAL COUPON**

MARY T. GOLDMAN,  
49C Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black... dark brown... medium brown... auburn (dark red)... light brown... light auburn (light red)... blonde...

Name.....

Street..... City.....



**Beautifully Curly,  
Wavy Hair Like  
"Nature's Own"**

Try the new way—the Silmerine way—and you'll never again use the ruinous heated iron. The curliness will appear altogether natural.

### Liquid Silmerine

is easily applied with brush. Is neither sticky nor greasy. Perfectly harmless. Serves also as a splendid dressing for the hair. Directions with bottle. At drug and department stores \$1.

Parker-Belmont Powder Compact . . . \$1.00  
Parker-Belmont Rose Compact . . . . . 1.00  
Powdered Bergamot (deodorant) . . . . . 1.00  
Powdered Barriflower (deodorant) . . . . . 1.00  
PARKER BELMONT & CO., 2354 Clybourn Ave., Chicago



### Here's a Prescription for Coughs

For quick relief try PISO'S—A most effective syrup different from all others. Safe and sane for young and old. Pleasant—no opiates—no upset stomach. 35c and 60c sizes obtainable everywhere.

**PISO'S—For Coughs & Colds**

When answering ads. mention McCALL'S

## Sleeves Are Knitted in a Contrasting Color in the New Golf Sweaters

By

Elisabeth May Blondel



\* k 1 Or, 4 T \* repeat from \* to \* across, ending row k 2 T.

Row 7—P 1 T, \* 3 Or, 2 T \* repeat from \* to \* across ending p 2 T, 1 Or.

Row 8—K across with Or.

Row 9—P 2 T, \* 3 Or, 2 T, \* repeat from \* to \* across ending p 3 Or.

Row 10—K 2 T, \* 1 Or, 4 T, \* repeat from \* to \* across ending k 2 T.

This completes a row of orange diamonds. These two rows are repeated alternately.

When 4 patterns have been completed still increasing at neck, increase 1 st at armhole every row until 10 sts have been added. When there are 65 sts on needle (about 11 ins. from shoulder) slip

sts on holder. Pick up other front and work to this point. Join fronts and work same length as back finishing bottom with 5 ribs plain k in tan.

Sleeve—With tan pick up 65 sts around armhole, work 3 ins., then decrease 1 st each end of needle every  $\frac{3}{4}$  ins. for 7 times. Sleeve should measure about 18 ins. Change to No. 3 needles and k plain for 3 ins.

Neck binding—With tan on No. 5 needles cast on 15 sts, k 1 row, p 1 row for 28 ins. and bind off. Double lengthwise and sew on neck like a binding, crossing the ends at front of neck.

### Golf Sweater in Grey and Navy

Size 36-38

Materials required: 3 balls gray and navy blue Shetland (1½ oz. balls); 1 pair No. 5 and No. 3 knitting needles.

With gray cast on 100 sts, k 1, p 1, for 1½ ins. Sweater is now knitted in stockinette-stitch, (1 row, p 1 row). Work until back measures 19 ins. Then on beginning of next row, bind off 3 sts each end for armhole, then decrease 1 st each end

every other row for 6 times (6 sts off on each end). Work 3½ ins. work 30 sts, slip on holder, bind off 22 sts for neck, work 30. Work 1 inch straight, then increase 1 st at neck every row and when sleeve measures 3½ ins. from the shoulder, increase 1 st at armhole every row until 6 sts have been added, then cast on 4 sts at armhole. Continue increasing at front until there are 68 sts on needle. Finish front to correspond with back. Work other side the same.

Sleeve—With blue pick up 70 sts around armhole, work 3 ins.; then decrease 1 st each end of needle every 1½ ins. for 10 times (50 sts left). Sleeve measures about 18 ins.

Cuff—Pick up 50 sts, k 2, p 2 for 3 ins.

Band—On No. 3 needles with blue cast on 13 sts, k 2 ins. K 4, bind off 5, k 4. On next row cast on 5 sts where 5 were bound off. Continue work making 5 more buttonholes 3 ins. apart. When band is long enough bind off loosely and sew to sweater.

Pockets—With gray on No. 5 needles cast on 28 sts, k 1 row, p 1 row, for 3½ ins. bind off. On No. 3 needles with blue cast on 11 sts and k band to fit across.



3098 Suit Coat  
4 sizes, 14-20  
2286 Skirt  
4 sizes, 14-20

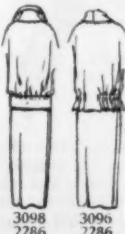
3098 Suit Coat  
4 sizes, 14-20  
2286 Skirt  
4 sizes, 14-20



3101 Cape Wrap  
Small, medium, large  
3101

3100 Cape  
Small, medium, large  
3100

3014 Coat  
7 sizes, 14-16  
36-44  
3014



## Fifth Avenue Adaptations of Parisian Street Wear

No. 3096, MISSES' BLOUSED SUIT COAT; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 1 $\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 54-inch material and  $\frac{1}{8}$  yard of 36-inch contrasting for collar and cuffs.

No. 3098, MISSES' BLOUSED SUIT COAT; suitable for small women; convertible collar. Size 16 requires 2 $\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material. The bloused coat is very popular for spring.

No. 2286, MISSES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 2 $\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch or 1 $\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1 $\frac{1}{8}$  yards.

No. 3101, LADIES' AND MISSES' CAPE WRAP; 48-inch length. Small size requires 3 $\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 54-inch material and 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch lining. Width at lower edge, 2 yards.

No. 3100, LADIES' AND MISSES' CAPE; 44-inch length. Small size requires 3 $\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 54-inch material and 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch lining. Width at lower edge, 4 $\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

No. 3014, LADIES' AND MISSES' SURPLICE COAT; uneven lower edge. Size 36 requires 5 $\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material and 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch lining. Width at lower edge, 1 $\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

## MINERVA YARNS



Model 2081, shown in upper illustration, is made of Silk Iceland and Lustredown Floss in two contrasting shades. Below is pictured Model 2089—a hat, scarf, and sweater in Camel Shetland Floss, with trimmings of green, tangerine, brown, and black. Instructions for both garments are in Minerva Knitting Book, Volume XIV, for sale at your dealer's counter, 15 cents; by mail postpaid, 20 cents (in Canada, 25 cents).

### You will enjoy the "feel" of Minerva Yarns

Develop either of these smart sweaters in soft, lustrous, and "lofty" Minerva Yarns—if you would add a really delightful garment to your spring wardrobe.

There are almost three hundred clear, fast, and beautiful colors for you to choose from—you will find every shade that fashion or fancy dictates. And you will find, too, any weight and style of yarn you may need, every one even, smooth, and pleasant to the fingers, if you always look for the name Minerva Yarns on the band.

### Sample Offer Wool Flowers

Fifteen pieces of Minerva Yarns of different colors with instructions for making the wool flowers now so fashionable will be sent for ten cents (stamps or coin). Fill out this coupon.

JAMES LEES & SONS CO.,  
220 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.  
(L-8)  
Gentlemen: I am enclosing ten cents, for which please send me Minerva Yarns and instructions for making flowers.  
Name.....  
Street.....  
City.....State.....  
My dealer is.....

# Sunset

## —One Real Dye for All Fabrics

Cotton-Wool-Silk-Mixed Goods

All Fashion's newest shades are easily obtained by combining SUNSET'S

### 22 COLORS ALL FAST

Pink, Sand, Yellow, Old Rose, Light Blue, Bright Blue, Old Blue, Purple, Scarlet, Orange, Gray, Taupe, Cardinal, Wine, Heliotrope, Khaki, Light Green, Dark Green, Light Brown, Dark Brown, Navy Blue, Black.

All are dyed a fast, beautiful SUNSET color in one dye bath. No need to buy new material—no need to take garments apart; trimmings, linings, sewing threads, etc. are dyed the same even color: soiled, faded material becomes like new, does not have a dyed look. You can harmonize stockings with slippers, trimmings with dress goods, etc., and save many weary hours of shopping. This is another point of SUNSET superiority.

Manufactured by our exclusive, patented process, expressly for home use, SUNSET is the modern way of home dyeing, entirely different from the old fashioned methods of pre-war days. No matter what your experience with other dyes may have been, try SUNSET, it will not disappoint you.

Manufactured by  
NORTH AMERICAN DYE CORPORATION  
MOUNT VERNON, N. Y.

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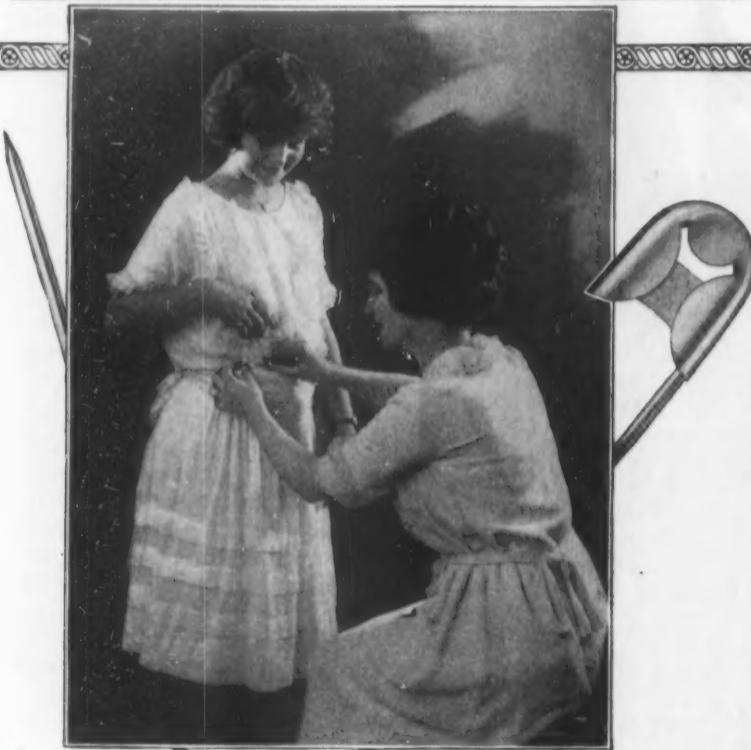
It is Clean and Easy to Use. Does not stain hands or spoil utensils. Even the inexperienced produce finest results by following simple directions. See Color Card at your dealer's. If he does not yet sell SUNSET, don't accept substitutes; mail 15c to our Dept. 18 for each color you need.

Our Home Service Department will be pleased to help solve your Dyeing Problems.



15c

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ASK for them by  
name the next  
time you buy safety pins  
and see the difference.

### STEWART'S DUPLEX SAFETY PINS

"The World's Safest Safety Pins"  
Rust-Proof—Sharp Point—Double Head  
—Guard in Head and Over Spring

Consolidated Safety Pin Co.

Bloomfield, N. J.

### Things for Big and Small



3017 Blouse  
9 sizes, 34-50  
Transfer No. 1150

3007 Blouse  
7 sizes, 34-46

No. 3105, CHILDREN'S CAPS AND BONNETS. Any size requires  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of 36-inch for No. 1 or 4,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 36-inch for No. 2 or 3. Transfer No. 1002 may be used for Fig. 1; No. 257, Fig. 2; No. 1213, Fig. 4.



Fig. 4  
Transfer No. 1213

Fig. 2  
Transfer No. 257

Fig. 1  
Transfer No. 1002

3105  
Caps and  
Bonnets  
4 sizes, 6 months  
to 3 years



2839 Slip  
7 sizes, 34-46

2971  
Brassiere  
9 sizes, 34-50

2914 Neglige  
Small, medium, large

No. 3017, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE. Size 36 requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch material. Transfer No. 1150 would make a delightful trimming for this blouse.

No. 3007, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE; closing at left shoulder and lower left side. Size 36 requires  $15\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36- or 40-inch material. Chiffon or georgette is suggested.

Simply Cut Yet  
Wholly Smart

3076 Blouse  
5 sizes, 14-16  
36-40  
Transfer No. 1252



3009 Blouse  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Transfer No. 927

3106 Hats  
and Sunbonnet  
Small, medium  
large



2546 Apron  
Small, medium, large

No. 3009, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. Very much embroidered are the season's blouses. For this model, Transfer No. 927 is appropriate.

3019 House Dress  
9 sizes, 34-50

No. 3076, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE; suitable for jersey tubing or other materials. Size 36 requires 1 3/8 yards of 54-inch jersey tubing. Transfer No. 1252 may be used for monogram.

3075 Dress Apron  
and Cap  
8 sizes, 34-48

\$1000<sup>00</sup>  
for needlework!



**BARTONS**  
will give \$1000<sup>00</sup>  
in prizes!

Thousands of women have used Bartons Double-Fold, Bias Red-E-Trim and found it superior to any other bias binding in both simplicity and variety. In order to familiarize every woman with its many uses, and to encourage proficiency in home sewing, one of the greatest of the arts, Bartons has arranged this contest. Read the following simple conditions and start to work at once to win a prize.

#### CONDITIONS

1. Make some useful or decorative article, using any doublefold novelty bias tape for a binding and trimming. (Our booklet, "A DOZEN TRIM IDEAS" may help you in deciding what to make. We will send it free, on request.)
2. Send the article to us with your name and address and the name of the store if you purchase your materials.
3. The contest closes on May 15th, 1923. No articles mailed after that date will be eligible for a prize.
4. Every article submitted in this contest is to be sent, prepaid, to Bartons Bias Narrow Fabric Co., Inc. (See last paragraph.)

#### PRIZES

All articles will be judged upon their relative excellence as to needlework, design and general appearance.

1st.	\$250
2nd.	\$125
3rd.	\$100
4th.	\$90
5th.	\$75
6th.	\$60
7th.	\$50
8th.	\$35
9th.	\$15
10th to 19th, inc.	\$10

A special prize of \$100 will be given for the article that embodies the *most practical* and *original* suggestion for the use of a doublefold bias binding and trimming. Here is a chance to use your wits as well as your needle. In case two or more people decide upon the same article, the special prize will be awarded to the one whose work shows to the best advantage.

After the awards have been made, these articles will be turned over to The Salvation Army, to be used in any way they deem best. Whether you win a prize or not you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have made a contribution to an organization that is doing wonderful work for the relief of the needy.

**BARTONS BIAS NARROW FABRIC CO.**  
61-65 WORTH ST., NEW YORK

**BARTONS**  
RED E TRIM  
"It Washes" "Fast Colors"



**A** FRAGRANCE, a fineness, a clinging quality you long have wished for in face powder comes to you in the One-Week Garda Sample. We send you this free sample because Garda alone can tell its story. No words could express the fine qualities of this powder. Send for the sample; judge for yourself.

*Watkins*  
**GARDA**  
FACE POWDER

Garda products on your dressing table assure complete harmony of fragrance and quality.

Face Powder      Cream  
 Toilet Water      Perfume  
 Nail Polish      Rouge  
 Talcum Powder

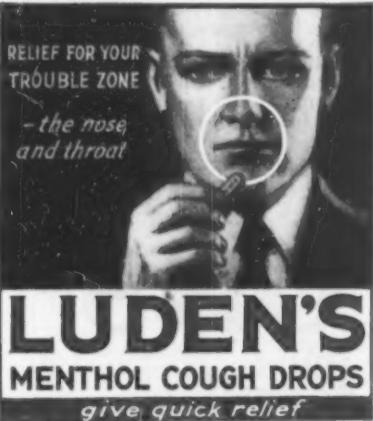
Garda toilet requisites—and over 150 other Watkins Products—are delivered direct to the home by more than 5500 Watkins Dealers. The Watkins Dealer who calls at your home is a business person of integrity. It pays you to patronize him, or her, for he renders a distinct service. He saves you time and money. And he brings you real Watkins Products, known for their quality throughout 54 years and used by more than twenty million people today! If a Watkins Dealer has not called recently, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

**One Week Sample FREE**

Send today for liberal One-Week Sample of Garda Face Powder perfumed with the dainty new Garda odor; also our attractive booklet on beauty and Garda products.

Territories open for live salespeople. Write  
**THE J. R. WATKINS CO.**  
Established 1868—The Original  
Dept. 213 Winona, Minn.

We have all kinds of **BEADS** and **BUGLES**  
for Decorating **Waists** and **Gowns** and for **Chains**  
and **Headed Bags**  
**Jet**, **Steel**, **Iridescent**, **Cut Lustre** and **Pearl Beads**  
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No. 3103, CHILD'S COAT; convertible collar. Size 4, View A, requires  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material,  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 27-inch contrasting. Size 8, View B, requires  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 54-inch material with nap and  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch lining. Transfer No. 863 may be used.

No. 2901, CHILD'S COAT; raglan sleeves. Size 2 requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch material and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch lining. In soft material if smocking is desired, Transfer No. 1192 may be used.

No. 3004, CHILD'S COAT. Size 6 requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 54-inch material with nap and  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch lining. For the touch of embroidery on sleeves and collar, Transfer No. 1065 is suggested.

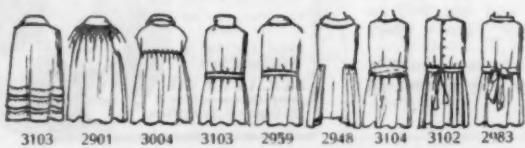
No. 2959, GIRL'S DRESS; kimono sleeves. Size 12 requires  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 32-inch material,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 27-inch contrasting, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 36-inch for collar and sleevebands.

No. 2948, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS; no hem allowed. Size 12 requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material and  $\frac{1}{8}$  yard of 36-inch for collar.

No. 3104, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 10 requires  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 36-inch material. Above the pleated inset the little girl's monogram may be embroidered using Transfer No. 1021 if desired.

No. 3102, GIRL'S DRESS; with waist lining. Size 8 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material and  $\frac{1}{8}$  yard of 27-inch for bands. The bands make an unusual trimming.

No. 2983, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 8 requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch material. Chambray embroidered in bright colors and in simple stitches is most attractive. Transfer No. 799 may be used.



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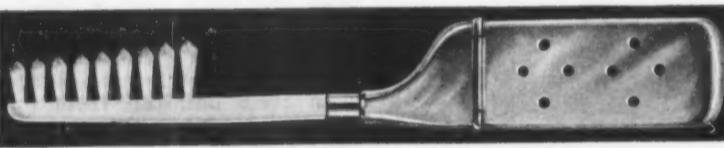
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Directions for Sweaters on page 84

## Two-Tone Scarf

Materials required: 2 balls tan and 1 ball dark brown Iceland (1½ oz. balls); 1 pair No. 5 knitting needles.

With brown, cast on 62 sts, k 1 row, p 1 row.

Row 3—K 2 brown, join tan. \* Working tan and brown together, k 8, drop tan, k 2 brown \*, repeat from \* to \* across ending k 2 brown.

Row 4—\* P 2 brown, p 8 brown and tan \*, repeat from \* to \* across ending p 2 brown.

Repeat rows 3 and 4 alternately 5 times more, drop tan. With brown, k 1 row, p 1 row. This completes a pattern. Work 3 more patterns. Drop brown and with 2 threads tan, k for 38 ins. or desired length. Finish to correspond with other end. Finish edge with 4-inch fringe using 9 strands of wool. Fringe is arranged in groups, 7 dark brown with 3 groups of tan between.

## Navajo Sweater

Size 36

Block Patterns below

Materials required: 4 balls navy blue; 2 gray Shetland floss (1½ oz. balls); 1 pair No. 7 and 1 set No. 2 needles. B—blue, G—gray.

Sweater is started at cuff. On No. 2 needles with navy cast on 48 sts, k 1, p 1, for 2½ ins. Sweater is now knitted in stockinette st, k 1 row, p 1 row. Change to No. 7 needles and work for 22 rows (about 3½ ins.).

Pattern—Join gray k 1 row, p 1 row. Drop G and with B k 1 row. Pick up G and work 5 rows.

Row 9—\* K 2 G, 4 B, \* repeat from \* to \* across ending k 4 B.

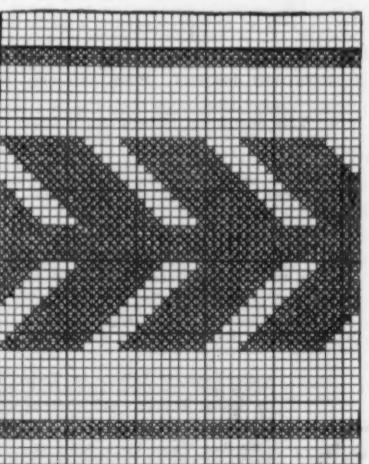
Row 10—P 1 G, \* 4 B, 2 G, \* repeat from \* to \* across ending p 1 G. Continue following block pattern. Finishing the pattern drop G and with B work increasing 1 st each end of needle every 10 rows for 6 times (60 sts on needle). Sleeve measures from cuff about 21 ins. Add on 68 sts for front, work across and add on 68 sts for back (196 sts on needle). Work for 39 rows, ending on a k row. P 98 sts, slip on holder. On remaining 98 sts, work pattern for front as follows: Join G and work 4 rows, work 2 rows B, 8 rows G.

Row 15—\* K 10 B, 4 G, \* repeat from \* to \* across ending k 4 G.

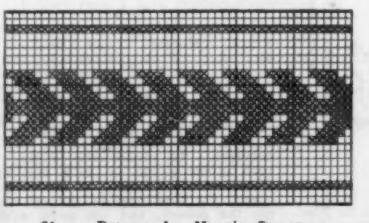
Row 16—P 3 G, \* 10 B, 4 G, \* repeat from \* to \* across ending p 1 G.

Row 17—K 2 G, \* 10 B, 4 G, \* repeat from \* to \* across ending k 2 G. Continue following block pattern. When pattern is finished slip sts on holder. Pick up sts in back and work in pattern same as front. When back is finished put all sts on one needle and work 39 rows across back and front. Bind off 68, work 60 sts and bind off remaining 68. Work remaining 60 sts same as other sleeve, decreasing as increased to 48 sts for pattern.

Neckband—With No. 2 needles pick up 88 sts around neck, 29 sts on each of 2



Block Pattern for Navajo Sweater



Sleeve Pattern for Navajo Sweater

needles and 30 on the 3rd. K 1, p 1 for 10 rows, bind off loosely.

Border—With No. 7 needles pick up 75 sts across bottom of front and k 10 rows, bind off loosely. Finish back the same.

## Crocheted Sports Hat

Materials required: 3 balls tan camel's hair wool (1½ oz. balls), 1 ball 4-fold Germantown for filler, and 1 small ball dark brown, 1 steel crochet hook No. 5, 1 piece of hat wire.

Ch 4, join with sl st in ring.

Row 1—Work 14 s c in ring.

Row 2—\* 2 s c in 1st st, 1 s c in next st \* repeat from \* to \* around, having 7 increasing places. Continue around always increasing 1 st in the 7 places until top of hat measures 7 inches across.

From this point the hat is worked in s c over a long ch of the Germantown.

Work 19 rows without increasing.

Brim—Ch 1, turn and work back.

Row 2—Work around increasing in every 5th st.

Rows 3 and 4—Work even to end of row.

Row 5—Increase in every 5th st.

Row 6—From this row on the brim is worked back and forth (instead of round and round). Work back to within 2 ins. of beginning of row, leaving this space at back of brim, turn.

Row 7—Work even to end of row, turn.

Row 8—Increase in every 4th st, turn.

Rows 9, 10 and 11—Work even, turn.

Row 12—Join wire, work even over wire all around edge of hat. In working across the back decrease in every 2nd st to shape brim.

Row 13—\* 1 s c, p \* repeat from \* to \* around.

Quill—With tan make a ch of 42 (about 9 ins.), turn.

Row 1—Work 3 s c, 36 d c, 3 s c on ch. Work round and round, make 4 rows same as row 1. Attach a piece of wire to center of quill and 2 ins. beyond end. Wind the end of wire with wool. Make a brown quill the same, join to hat as illustrated.

Cord—Make ch desired length, turn and work 1 row of s c in ch.

## Two-Tone Golf Sweater

Size 36-38

Materials required: 5 balls tan and 1 ball dark brown Iceland (1½ oz. balls); 1 pair No. 5 and 1 pair No. 3 knitting needles.

On No. 5 needles with two threads of tan, cast on 96 sts. (The entire sweater is knitted with two threads of wool). K 1 st, p 1 st, for 1½ ins. Sweater is now knitted in stockinette st, (k 1 row, p 1 row). Work for 19 ins.

On beginning of next row, bind off 3 sts each end for armhole, then decrease 1 st each end every other row for 6 times (6 sts off on each end). Work 3 ins. ending on a p row. K 28 sts, slip on holder, bind off 22 sts for neck. On remaining 28 sts, p back to neck, drop one thread of tan, join brown. (The entire front is knitted with one thread of tan and one thread of brown).

Row 1—K 8, drop tan, k 2 brown, pick up tan \*, repeat from \* to \* across.

Row 2—\* P 8, drop tan, p 2 brown, pick up tan \*, repeat from \* to \* across.

Repeat these 2 rows alternately 6 times, starting on the 5th row to increase 1 st every row at neck. When the 12th row is finished, drop tan and work 2 rows brown. This completes a block, forming pattern for front of sweater. Repeat these 14 rows adding 1 st every row at neck. When 3 rows of blocks are finished start increasing 1 st at armhole every row until 6 sts have been added, then cast on 4 sts at armhole. Continue increasing at front until 30 sts have been added (3 blocks). Work front same length as back finishing bottom with a border of plain tan k 1, p 1, to correspond with back. Work other side the same.

Sleeve—With 2 threads of tan pick up 70 sts around armhole, work 3 ins.; then decrease 1 st each end of needle every 1½ ins. for 5 times, then decrease 1 st each end every 1 in. for 7 times (46 sts left). Sleeve measures about 18 ins.

Cuff—Pick up 46 sts k 2, p 2, for 3 ins.

Pockets—With brown cast on 28 sts, work 2 rows of blocks, bind off loosely. The band for top of pockets is knitted with 2 threads of tan on No. 3 needles. Cast on 13 sts, k plain for about 4½ ins. Sew to top of pocket.

The border for fronts and around the neck is made separately. On the No. 3 needles cast on 13 sts, k 2 ins. then k 4, bind off 5, k 4. On next row cast on the 5 sts bound off for the buttonhole. Make 5 more buttonholes 2 ins. apart. When band is long enough bind off loosely and sew to sweater.



## Holeproof Hosiery

Women of fashion prefer Holeproof Hosiery because it is beautiful, sheer, exquisite. Its reasonable price and long wear are merely additional advantages.

Leading stores offer Holeproof Hosiery in Silk, Wool, Silk and Wool, Silk Faced, and Lusterized Lisle for men, women and children

HOLEPROOF HOSEY COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wisconsin  
HOLEPROOF HOSEY COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited, London, Ontario © H.H. Co.

*Dorothy Dodd*

## Faultless Fitting Footwear



The Dorothy Dodd "Meadowbrook," smartly styled in dark tones of Beige, Probus and Mahogany Calf, with welt sole and rubber heel.

## Where to Buy the New Styles

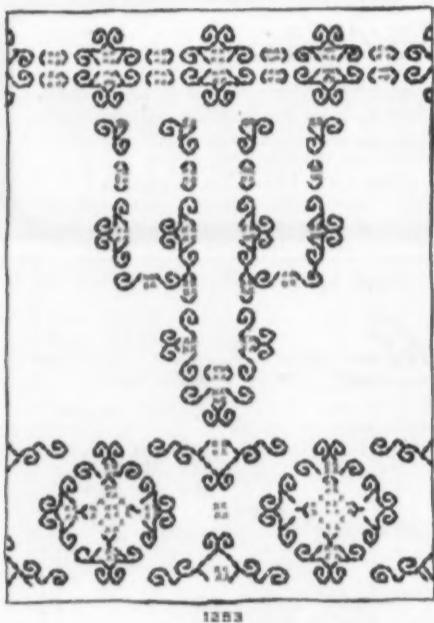
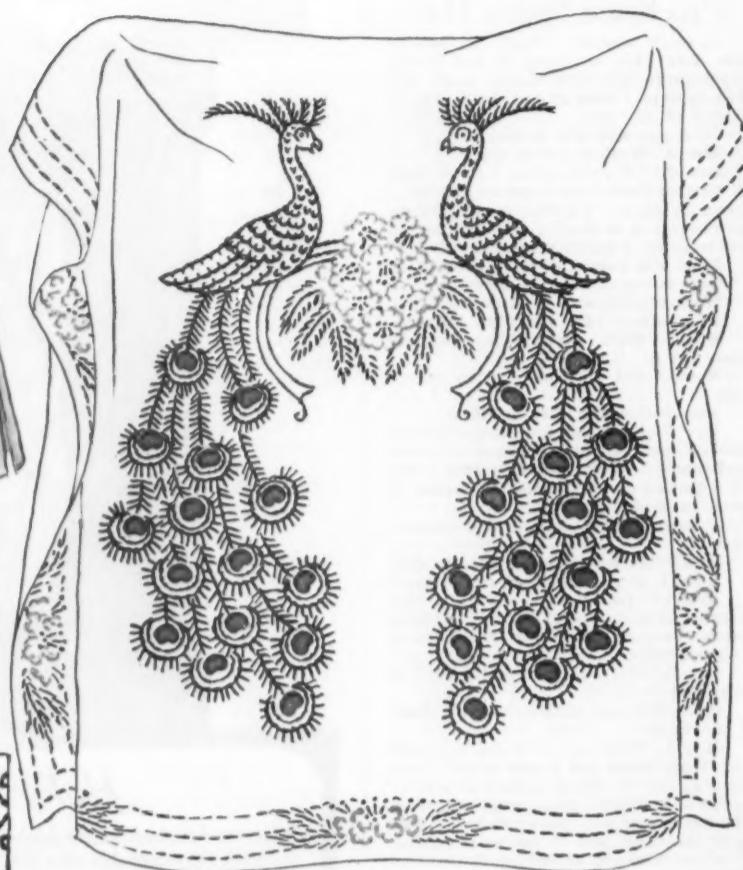
MASTER-DESIGNERS have made the DOROTHY DODD Spring Styles so delightful, their fit so faultless, their shapeliness so apparent, their value so exceptional as to win your instant approval. And the Trade Mark on every pair is your guarantee of the satisfaction to be found wherever DOROTHY DODD shoes are sold. Your dealer's address, together with a beautifully illustrated style guide, is free on request.

DOROTHY DODD SHOE COMPANY

BOSTON 20, MASSACHUSETTS

## Colorful and Distinctive Designs For Dresses and Linens

By Elisabeth May Blondel

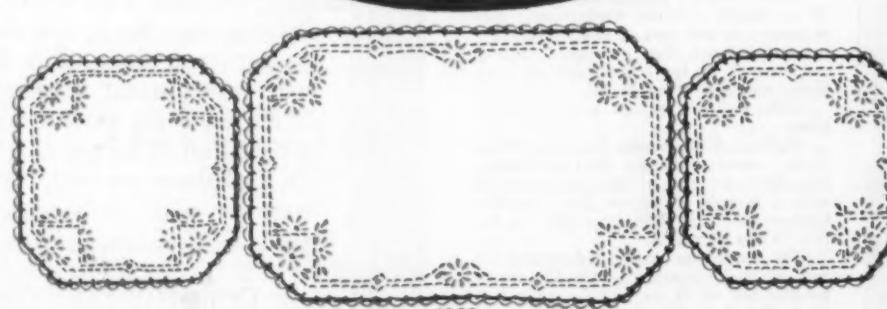
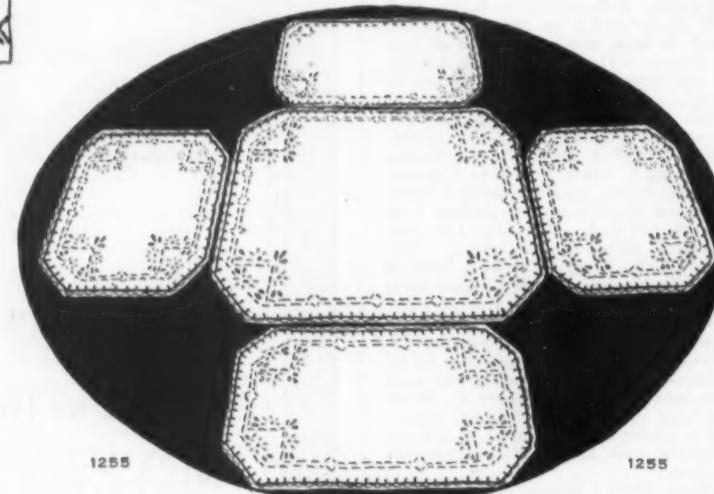


1253 — Transfer Pattern for Borders and Motifs. Includes 2 motifs 9 x 11 inches; 3 1/4 yards of border 5 inches wide; and 3 1/4 yards of border 2 1/2 inches wide which may be cut into half the width making 6 1/2 yards. This trimming for dresses or blouses is smart developed in two colors in cross-stitch and back-stitch. One large motif may be used on front of blouse, and separate motifs may be cut apart from wide banding to use on sleeves. These small motifs may also be used with the narrow border on scarfs, curtains, children's dresses, etc. Price, 40 cents. Yellow or blue.

1254 — Transfer Pattern for Peacock Bedspread. The design measures 21 inches across and is 24 1/2 inches long. Includes 8 1/2 yards of banding 2 1/2 inches wide. The pattern describes all the colors used for these brilliant birds, and the embroidery stitches. The feathers are worked in single stitches. The design is unusually handsome on sateen in a pale color such as lavender, gray or tan, or if preferred, on black. A bedspread of unbleached muslin may also be made from the same directions. The banding may be used on the border, or on curtains or scarfs. Price, 40 cents. Yellow or blue.

1257 — Transfer Pattern for Oval Monograms. Includes 9 complete alphabets from which any desired monogram may be stamped three times. The monogram measures 3 1/4 x 3 inches. (Illustrated on Slip-On Blouse No. 306, in 5 sizes, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22. Price, 25 cents.) Embroidered in satin-stitch, the monogram adds a stylish note to a blouse or dress. Price, 30 cents. Yellow or blue.

1253 — Transfer Pattern for Pointed Monograms. Each monogram measures 2 1/4 x 4 inches, and may be stamped three times. The pattern includes 9 complete alphabets. (Illustrated on Slip-On Blouse No. 306, in 5 sizes, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22. Price, 25 cents.) Very smart on blouses, bed linens and tablecloths. To embroider, first outline and pad letters in running-stitch with coarse cotton, working these in opposite directions from the satin-stitches. Then embroider letters in satin-stitch keeping the stitches very even and close together. Price, 30 cents. Yellow or blue.



### How to Obtain McCall Kaumagraph Transfer Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Transfers. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 232-250 W. 37th St., New York City or to the nearest Branch Office, 208-212 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.; 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.



1258 — Transfer Pattern for Baby Cap in 1 year size. The materials required for this dainty cap are 1/2 yard of 36-inch organdie; 3 yards of val lace and 1 1/4 of insertion; 3 yards of double-face satin ribbon 3/4 inch wide. The embroidery in eyelet- and satin-stitch and lines of double hem-stitching fully described. Price, 20 cents. Blue.

1259 — Transfer Pattern for Baby Cap in 6 months size. This fascinating infant's cap is made from 1/4 yard of 36-inch organdie; 2 1/2 yards of val lace, one-third yard insertion, 1 yard of 3/4-inch ribbon, and 1 1/4 yards of ribbon 3/4 inches wide which runs under the tabs forming rosettes at sides. Full embroidery directions are given. Price, 20 cents. Blue.

1251 — Transfer Pattern for Cross-Stitch Motifs. Includes 4 motifs 7 1/2 x 15 inches including border, and 9 yards of extra border. This design gives a striking effect embroidered in delft-blue or black in cross-stitch and back-stitch on scarf ends, pillows, centerpieces, bedspreads or curtains. For a blouse also, one motif may be placed at the low waistline. Full embroidery directions. Price, 40 cents. Yellow or blue.

1255 — Transfer Pattern for Daisy Luncheon Set. Includes centerpiece design 20 inches square, and designs for 4 place mats 11 x 17 inches. Set requires 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch material. (Matches Three-Piece Scarf No. 1256. Price, 35 cents.) Embroider daisies in lazy-daisy-stitch, using two shades of blue, yellow for centers, green for leaves. The crocheted edge also is fully described in pattern. Price, 40 cents. Blue.

1256 — Transfer Pattern for Three-Piece Scarf. (Matches Daisy Luncheon Set No. 1255. Price, 40 cents.) The design for scarf center measures 24 x 15 inches; the 2 scarf ends are 12 inches square. Requires 3/4 yard of 36-inch material. Suitable for dining-room sideboard or bedroom bureau. Complete directions given for the embroidery. To finish the edges, first turn under 1/2 of an inch and baste. Then crochet according to the directions given, the first row in the color used for the daisies, and the outer edge in another color matching the leaves. Price, 35 cents. Blue.

# Checks Like This For YOU!



## Turn Your Spare Time at Home Into Real Cash

Can you conceive of any easier way to turn your spare time at home into money than to turn a crank handle and watch 100 swift needles knit beautiful Allwear Hosiery and be handsomely paid for the work?

To women everywhere and to men also we say this:—Take up Gearhart Home Knitting, let a delightful occupation engage your spare moments and supply you with the wherewithal to realize cherished dreams.

Every day has its moments of gold for you, winter evenings their restful hours which can be made doubly enjoyable by the simple operation of our wonderful home knitting machine. Gearhart Home Work is not for only a chosen few. It is for *all*, for *you*, because you may do it as well as any one of our thousands of Gearhart Home Workers.

The occupation will be just as easy, just as delightful for you as for them and the pay checks you receive can be just as large, perhaps larger and surely just as much appreciated. Gearhart "Allwear" Pay Checks of varying amounts have been written daily for years. We do not and never have put the least restraint on the amount of Allwear Hosiery a man or woman might send in. We have paid every cent our long-time contracts called for and have even paid larger amounts when market prices for hosiery made it possible. It is our policy today when we are sending thousands of checks to our co-workers.

What stands between you and your needs? What is to prevent you from earning the tidy sum of money like other Gearhart Workers are receiving? You need only be industrious, ambitious and ordinarily capable to share in the good fortune which Gearhart Checks bring.

### Business Ready Made for You

Our records tell a remarkable story of achievement. According to their own letters invalids and folks physically disabled have found in Gearhart Home Knitting the way to earn good money. What then can you earn who are in possession of your full faculties?

The Gearhart Home Knitter is the *original* home knitter, the one that made our great home knitting industry possible, the machine perfected as a result of years of experience, the handy machine which can be set anywhere and carried anywhere.

Just how many wonderful things have been accomplished by Gearhart Home Knitting may never be fully known, but to us who know what the machine can do the reports seem not at all extraordinary that tell how home knitting has paid off mortgages, purchased pianos, autos, etc., started bank accounts and made other life desirabilities possible for men and women who had the gumption, courage and determination to take advantage of the opportunity Gearhart points out.

We want to place a Gearhart Home Knitter in *your* hands so that you can help keep us supplied with Allwear Hosiery. The work comes from you—the money from us.

### Dreams Can Come True

Make your dreams of \$500, \$1,000, or even more come true. It is only a question of how quickly you can do it and that only depends on how much time you can spare and how skillful an operator you can become. Earn *all* you can or as little as you like, either by sending your work to Gearhart or selling it at handsome prices to friends, neighbors or local stores.

**"I learned to knit in one hour,"**

Said MRS. LEAKE

**Some amounts we paid for home knitting, week of Nov. 13th, 1922:**

Mrs. Albert...	\$10.50
Mr. Tabaska...	6.48
Mrs. Bradney...	17.00
Mrs. Brandt...	7.25
Mrs. Gauthier...	10.38
Mr. Corner...	15.84
Mr. Dean....	9.00
Mrs. Patterson...	16.94

**Thousands of other checks sent to Gearhart Home Workers**

*The Gearhart Knitting Machine Co. is the birthplace of the ORIGINAL home knitter.*

*It has been made and improved by us since 1888.*



"It is the machine on which no previous knitting experience is necessary."

"Mary," you say to your little girl, "just turn the crank for mother" and she can do it.

That is how Gearhart Knitting is done after you have started. All want to try it, all want to help you.

You know that you can do as thousands of others have done and nobody should discourage you. Send the coupon at once for full particulars. It may be the turn of the tide of your fortunes. Address:

### This Coupon to End Home Money Problems

Gearhart Knitting Machine Company  
Dept. MCM, Clearfield, Pa.

Date.....

Send me, without obligation, particulars about Gearhart Home Knitting, description of machine, samples of the work it does and your Home Earning Guide Book.

Name.....  
Address.....

**GEARHART KNITTING MACHINE COMPANY**  
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## A Dollar will put yourself in Her Place

No matter who you are or where you live; no matter what your circumstances may be or how little or how much you spend on clothes, I think I can make it all a little pleasanter, easier and more satisfactory in the future.

Whatever dreams of stylish clothes you may have, here is an opportunity to make your dream come true. However much you have ever admired some woman of your acquaintance for the clothes she wears, here is an opportunity for you without trouble or bother or extra expense to put yourself in her place.

### One Example Among Thousands

On this page I show you a perfectly lovely model in one of the season's newest fashions, exquisitely tailored in all wool Foirot Twill. It is a gem of a style. As you examine it on the *fashion* figure you may wonder how you would look in her place. I'd love to actually put you in her place without promise or obligation, without expense or risk of any sort to you.

### Take All Spring and Summer to Pay

If you find you would rather return it, do so without question. I'll refund your dollar at once. I'll also pay the return express. Money is the last thing you really need to worry about, because if you are delighted, you can pay the balance of my bargain price almost as you please. I want you to spread the cost over all this Spring and Summer, taking a full six months, paying little in small sums, evenly divided, coming a month apart. My whole business is conducted in exactly the same manner as this one example.

### A Postal Card Brings My Free Style Book

This advertisement is intended simply as an example of my styles, my prices, my credit and my terms. My new *Free Style Book* shows thousands of beautiful fashions, wonderfully complete departments in all lines of women's wear, as well as for the boys, little girls, misses and infants. It is by far the finest and biggest book I have ever seen. It is nearly double the size of former seasons.

### All Selections Sent Prepaid on Approval

With it, for a dollar or two you can make every dress dream come true. Everything will be sent you postage prepaid on approval. There will never be any embarrasement or red tape. I always allow at least a month to pay. But as for my great book I anticipate a much larger demand than ever before, so please ask for copy early. A plain letter or postal card is enough.

### Here Are a Few Departments:

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Baby Needs	Coats	Goods	Shoes
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## Dye any Garment or Drapery with "Diamond Dyes"

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can dye or tint faded, shabby skirts, dresses, waists, coats, sweaters, stockings, hangings, draperies, everything, a new, rich, fadeless color. Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is guaranteed, even if you have never dyed before. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods. Diamond Dyes never streak, fade, or run.

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COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF  
mixed with milk is a splendid body-building food for children, invalids, nursing mothers and old people.

**Infants Style Book Free**  
BEAUTIFUL Infants Style Book sent free. Pictures everything to outfit babies and little tots (up to 6 years of age). Everything from simplest separate garments to the most elaborate hand-made layette. Tasteful designs, exclusive materials, fancy trimmings; also nursery furniture. All at low prices. Satisfaction guaranteed. Style Book Free. Write today.

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### AGENTS! A SALE IN EVERY HOME

Oh How Lovely!  
Take orders for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks, Wash Fabrics and General Yard Goods. Our agents get big business. Large Book of over 1000 hand-some fabric samples furnished to agents. Write today!

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The Superior Macaroni

### Perfume Your Bath—Softens Hard Water Instantly

Bathe with Bathasweet. It adds the final touch of dainty luxuriance to your bath—it refreshes and invigorates. Bathasweet keeps the skin soft and smooth. Bathasweet imparts the softness of rain-water and the fragrance of a thousand flowers. Always keep a can in your bath room. Three sizes: 25c, 50c and \$1. At drug and department stores or by mail. Send 10c for miniature can. The C. S. Welch Co., Dept. M. S., New York City.

TRADE MARK REG.

**BATHASWEET**

### Mary Pickford Talks

[Continued from page 7]

comfortably settled in Mary Pickford's own room, with a dainty tea-tray between us.

"What kind of girl has the best chance in the movies?" she repeated after me. "Well, what kind of girl has the best chance as a writer? You'd answer that by saying that it was the girl who—granted a little spark of the thing we call talent to build her fire with in the beginning, the little spark that no girl can succeed without, no matter what she wants to do—had patience, and courage, and persistence, and above all, who was willing to work; wouldn't you?"

"Of course," I said.

Well, that's exactly the same kind of girl who is likely to succeed in the movies. The only two extra requirements that she wouldn't need so much as a writer, are youth—extreme youth to begin with; for age shows very quickly on the screen—and she must have time to develop her talent before age begins its inroads, and a reasonable amount of good looks. She doesn't have to be a beauty, and beauty without brains will not take her anywhere; but there are certain unfortunate facial handicaps which can be disguised fairly successfully on the regular stage, which are mercilessly disclosed by a camera. A girl whose eyes are too small and too close together, whose teeth are not good, who is too heavy, and who hasn't a delicately moulded throat and chin can't possibly photograph well. But if she has fine teeth and eyes and a lovely profile, nature has added something to that little spark of talent which is going to help her instantly. Look. This is the type I mean."

Mary Pickford took up a photograph—the photograph of an exquisitely lovely young creature—and handed it to me. "I've put that girl under contract for two years," she said. "She has the ideal 'movie face' of the best kind—a face that shows refinement and intelligence as well as possessing regular features. Doug and I both feel that she's going to be a real success."

"But even if a girl feels," Mary Pickford went on, laying down the photograph, "that she has talent and looks and perseverance and health—Good health is very important, for the work is very hard, and the hours very long—enough to justify her in making an attempt to become a movie actress, I think she still ought to proceed very slowly and carefully. If she has a good position in some other kind of work, she would make a great mistake if she threw it over hastily, on the slim chance of getting a part in one of the big studios. It would be much better for her to take her vacation time and look into the possibilities without cutting herself loose from her other job. And if she goes to Hollywood to do this, she ought to take her mother with her. Not because the movies contain any more 'pitfalls,' as they are called, than any other profession, but because, even if she gets her chance right away, which is very unlikely, she'll have a tremendous amount of weariness and discouragement and disillusion to fight against, and she'll need someone to go to when she comes home at night that's ready to give her all the love and sympathy and understanding that she's going to need, and which no one but her mother can give her. And if she doesn't get her chance right away, which is much more likely, or if she doesn't get it at all—which she mustn't forget is entirely possible!—she'll need someone close to her with faith in her while she goes through the period of waiting or failure; and no one but her mother will have that faith in her." Mary Pickford stopped to take up a photograph and show it to me.

"That's my mother when she was sixteen," she said. "Isn't she pretty? She would have made a lovely movie star, if there had been any movies when she was a girl. But she helped make me into one more than anyone else on earth by doing for me just what I've described to you, when I was a little 'extra' getting five dollars a day. . . . You've always had plenty of chances to read, haven't you?"

"Why, yes," I said, a little surprised at the abrupt change of subject, and thinking affectionately of the book-lined walls of the big library at home which is the first room that I can remember distinctly.

"You've read a great deal—and that's one of the things that has helped you to write?"

"Yes."

"Well, a movie actress, if she loves her art, if she honestly means to reach a high place in it, needs to read a lot, too. She must know something about literature—real literature; not light current fiction—in order to learn to interpret human nature on the screen. I didn't have any chance to read when I was a young girl. I worked too hard all the time. And when the chance came, I didn't seem to enjoy and understand the books I knew I ought to like, the books I knew would help me—

[Turn to page 96]

## When Children Cough Use Musterole

When you are wakened in the dead of night by that warning, croupy cough, get up and get the jar of Musterole.

Rub the clean, white ointment gently over the child's throat and chest, and then go back to bed.

Musterole penetrates the skin with a warming tingle and goes right to the seat of trouble.

Will not blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster and it is not messy to apply.

Made from pure oil of mustard, Musterole takes the kink out of stiff necks, makes sore throats well, stops croupy coughs and colds.

Sold by druggists everywhere, in jars and tubes, 35c and 65c; hospital size, \$3.

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BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER



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Bronchial TROCHES  
COUGH AND VOICE LOZENGES

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Banish coughing, sore throat, hoarseness—relieve catarrhal and asthmatic conditions. Not candy but a cough remedy. At druggists.

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Send for free bird book, "Canaries for Pleasure and Profit." Gives valuable information about breeding, training, rearing, feeding, care and full description of canaries. Written by an expert. Sent free together with samples of West's Quality Bird Foods on receipt of 10 cents stamp to cover mailing costs.

MAGNESIA PRODUCTS COMPANY  
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### Here's a Prescription for Coughs

For quick relief try PISO'S—A most effective syrup different from all others. Safe and sane for young and old. Pleasant—no opiates—no upset stomach. 35c and 60c sizes obtainable everywhere.

PISO'S—For Coughs & Colds

### Really Removes Superfluous Hair Roots—Phelactine Plan

A boon to women disfigured with hairy or fuzzy growths is Phelactine—for it actually removes the roots! Easily, quickly, harmlessly. Not a caustic, to merely burn off the surface hair. Not a paste, powder or liquid. Not electrical. It is "different," and truly wonderful. No odor, no irritation, no scar—skin is left clean, white and smooth. Get a stick of Phelactine today, try it, and with your own eyes see the roots come out! At drugstores and toilet counters, \$1.

DEARBORN SUPPLY CO., 2358 Clybourn Ave., Chicago

### An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio



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All Four only

**\$15.95**

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The price of the famous Congoleum Gold Seal Art Rug is just as well known, absolutely as standard, as sugar, salt or flour used to be.

Go anywhere, look everywhere, in stores, catalogs, magazines and newspapers—and once more refresh your memory of the actual universal standard price of a full size Gold Seal Congoleum Art Rug.

Here we bring you not one rug alone, but four—and all four for less than the regular price of one. A full room size, 9 foot x 12 foot, Congoleum Rug and three small companion Congoleum Rugs to match, each small rug 18 x 36 inches.

#### Just Pin a Dollar to Coupon Below

And that's not all! No matter who you are, or where you live—regardless of your circumstances—we'll send all four rugs immediately, without waiting, red tape or bother, for just a dollar pinned to coupon.

#### 30 Days Free Trial

We'll send all four rugs on trial for 30 days. We want you and urge you to put them down on the floor and use them for a whole month—free of expense and without promise or obligation of any kind.

We guarantee that if you would rather return the rugs after making this kind of a trial, just say so and send them back. We will refund to you every penny of transportation charges, both going and coming. We'll refund your dollar and we'll make this complete refund in cash without asking you for any sort of an explanation.

#### Pay Little by Little Take a Full Year

Still there's another advantage—in spite of the lowest price in existence—in spite of giving three small rugs to match absolutely free.

One dollar with the coupon brings all four rugs immediately. And we'll wait a year for the balance of the money. If you keep your rugs after making a 30 day's trial, you can pay little by little, almost as you please, taking a full year. That's the way we sell everything.

#### We Want to Place a Congoleum Rug in Every American Home

Congoleum Gold Seal Art Rugs are rapidly becoming the national floor covering—universally used in the kitchens, bathroom and dining room in good homes.

They lay flat from the very first moment without fastening. They never curl or kick up at edges or corners. No need to tack them down. Dirt cannot accumulate underneath.

Less wear, Congoleum floors mean less worry and no back breaking dredging. Dirt, ashes, grit, dust or mud cannot "grind into" Congoleum Rugs, because the surface is hard and does not absorb. And a diamond pattern keeps a Gold Seal Congoleum Art Rug clean and doesn't hurt it.

Waterproof. These rugs are guaranteed waterproof. There is no burlap in Gold Seal Congoleum Art Rugs for water to rot. The surface is hard and smooth and wear resisting.

#### FREE Mail Postcard for Book of 10,000 Bargains

This Congoleum Rug bargain is just a sample of the ten thousand other bargains in our great big furniture book. A postcard will bring it to you free for the asking. It shows everything for the home. It is probably the largest book of the kind published. A great many things are shown in their actual colors. You may furnish your home from it completely and at saving prices, on long credit, from cellar to garret.

#### Always a Year to Pay

When we mail you our free bargain book, we open your credit account in advance. You never need to ask for credit. It's the way we sell everything. And we always loan articles free for a whole month before we need to decide.

#### A Few Departments

Wood Beds Glass Curtains  
Furniture Steel Beds Sewing  
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Rugs and carpets in all weaves and patterns. Rugs in all sizes and ends like wringers, irons, drapes, tools, fixtures, trunks and bags. And great big department of diamonds, watches and jewelry.

Ask for it now. A plain letter or postcard will do.

#### The Most Famous of All Congoleum Patterns

This stunning pattern is a superb tile design that looks exactly like the finest mosaic tile that you have ever seen, in lovely robins' egg blue and stone grey. Such a pattern in your kitchen will change the appearance of the whole room. In the dining room it gives an effect impossible to describe. For a bedroom it is the most appropriate pattern imaginable. For the bathroom it is absolutely ideal.

#### This Offer Ends in 30 Days Send Your Dollar NOW

There never has been a bargain in any kind of merchandise to equal this offer we are making you. Prove this to your own satisfaction by just looking up the price of Congoleum Rugs anywhere. But we cannot hold this offer open long. We make it for quick

#### Clip the Coupon and Pin a Dollar to it.

#### No. D4C408 9 ft. x 12 ft. Genuine Congoleum Gold Seal Art Rug

and three companion rugs \$15.95

to match, each 18 x 36 in.

Mosaic Tile Pattern in Robins' Egg Blue and Stone Grey. All four rugs on 30 Days Trial.

action to prove to you our ability to sell you similar bargains in all kinds of house furnishings from cellar to garret, on the same wonderful terms.

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## The Affair at Gray Walls

[Continued from page 56]

of her death the baby would be well provided for. Well, without letting you, Miss Page, stay on long enough for serious harm, it was through your help that—we got it!" He grinned at me here. "You will be interested to know that as a subject to help Mrs. Cassington you were considered a rank failure. Pietro told me so with his ugliest sneer — this was after Johnny had seen the Cassington lawyers in his presence, had got the fifty thousand dollars he had demanded as damages, and had left. Yes, Pietro said you had about as much staying power as a cobweb."

He was silent for a bit, his eyes darkening. "Almost all the rest that I know was told me by Miss Loder. That woman! There's mystery, too, if you like—tragedy!"

"Oh, yes," I said. "My last sight of her has haunted me. I want to forget her."

"Then I'm sorry that I gave her this address and told her I'd be here today. When I saw her at the lawyer's, she said several times: 'I wish I could see Miss Page!' However," he said consolingly, "she won't show up. The decision won't come to anything. She's like water held in the hand and that must drip away."

Luther was wrong. She came.

The moment of her entrance is vividly before me as I write. It was startling. She was in the never-changing taupe, and she was a weary, dowdy woman. Yet in some way she was alive where before she had been dead. She gave a circular sort of bow as she seated herself at the table opposite me in the chair that Luther drew forward. Her lips kept moving without opening, exactly as if she tasted some pleasant flavor upon them, and the picture of one who, after a jading race, rested, while looking back on its heat and press, occurred to me.

"I'm so glad you've come, Miss Loder." As Luther said this he sat down near her and bent forward. "You told me a lot the other day. Now I'd like Miss Page to hear what you have to say of your—er—late mistress."

She trembled. Fire showed in her memory-laden gaze. "Mistress? Often that's a har-r-d enough word. For her it is lying praise. Jailer was her right title—slaver, vampire and leech!"

What afterward passed her lips I will give without attempting her corrugated English.

A smile with loathing in it showed through the ravage of Miss Loder's face when, with gaze fixed ahead, she began to speak quietly. "You told me," she said to Luther, "that if I came today I was to tell what happened to Mrs. Cassington after she ran from her parent's home. I have often listened to the story in every detail. She was arrogantly proud of her dark powers by which, stealthily, she could hurt and crush and rob. . . . She used to tell me that if she had lived hundreds of years earlier she would have been executed by law."

Hatred, like ripples in water, moved over her face. She sneered silently and then went on: "Several years passed after her departure from Florence before her parents had word of her. She had married a young Englishman, an explorer, and was traveling with him in Asia. After more years she was again heard from. The Englishman had died, and she was living in Turkey. She had settled down among the Moslems, had apparently become one of the order of saintly women devoting themselves to the impalpable secrets of Sufism. For years in this experience, which intensified the horrid powers that naturally were hers, she lived as an ascetic and mystic, wearing the one garment of wool, called *sufi*, from which the order was named.

Just when she married for a second time, I forgot. It was long after her parents were dead that she became Lady Crawford, the wife of a small Scotch laird, living on a modest Highland estate. A little while—and he, too, died."

"Excuse me!" Miss Cruthie gulped excitedly at this point. "I'm so excited. Did she kill off these husbands?"

Miss Loder's low laugh was a shivery sort of wonder. "I always thought so. She never confessed it, though. She would not to me, of course, as fear for my bodily death under her will might have brought me just the modicum of desperation needed to set me free. . . . Of myself I will tell you more later.

"It was somewhere in the seventies that her marriage to the enormously wealthy Roger Cassington took place," she resumed in the still, breathless way that was but a thin veil to the excitement beyond it. "The widow met him on the Continent, and he did not bring her to America until eighteen ninety-nine when both were old. In the meantime her variegated, remote experiences had wiped out all knowledge of her identity as the Lucrezia Costanzo who in her youth had terrified the Florentines. In this country she was merely Mrs. Cassington, a foreigner, who, after the death of her husband—from whom she had inherited everything during her life-

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Warns U. S. Public Health Service

(Page 12—"Good Teeth," U. S. Public Health Service.)  
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### The Affair at Gray Walls

time—continued to occupy the old Cassington homestead with a troop of European servants, seeing only her husband's relatives, when business connected with the estate required her to do so. Now that you know she was born a Florentine, you realize why all those about her, except myself, were Italians. More than that, they were all relatives of hers, grand- and great-grand-nephews and distant cousins, and all of peasant stock as, on her mother's side, she once confessed to me that she was herself.

"Doctors began coming to Gray Walls—this was after Mrs. Cassington had passed ninety. She puzzled them all—oh, mightily! They would expect her to die month by month, week by week. She would seem feebler and feebler, then suddenly take a new hold on life. They did not realize that this recurrent rejuvenation had begun only after American girls were engaged as companions for her; nor did they wonder why, after a few weeks or months, one was replaced by another; nor remark—for, by degrees, they were seldom admitted to Gray Walls—what splendid specimens of physical health these young women were.

"Of course," said Miss Loder, "you all realize now what was happening in that house. This woman who knew death was approaching had summoned the old magnetism to build a barrier against it. One of her sayings was that in every one of us there is a latent, obscure receptivity. So she used her abnormal powers to draw out from her subjects the vitality she needed, while draining and depleting them. Why, if the companion's place was left vacant even for a month, the false vitality would fade, and she would sink to the lowest rung of life. That, Miss Page, was her condition when you came to Gray Walls. That was why you were rushed to her the instant you entered the house."

The held-down resentment all through her recital broke here and she sprang up, her voice shaken. "Now to speak of what happened to you, Miss Page, and my part in it. To understand some things I must tell you first about Mrs. Cassington's eyes—the strangest eyes!"

"No, no," Luther broke in impulsively going to her, and seizing her arm. "I want to tell about them—because I suspected, in a hazy way, just what part they played in her game."

"That was clever of you. So really you know about all the rest, and I will go now." She looked vaguely about before lifting her drabbing gloves that lay like two strings on the table, then with a sudden spurt of energy faced me fully. "Please look at me, Miss Page!" she begged.

I did so, and she must have seen the amazement that came to my gaze as I sat hushed and waiting before her. Never before had Miss Loder's eyes showed their blueness to me. And with the blueness they were radiant.

"You hated me," she said regretfully. "How could you do otherwise? The woman who was cruel to you at Gray Walls was no more myself than the voice out of the phonograph is the flesh and blood making the sounds. I was Mrs. Cassington's manikin that moved as she willed. I was the sort of victim she tried to make of you. My case was worse, though. She met me in Amsterdam when her powers were still at their fullest—and I was a girl, weak of will, wretchedly poor, ignorant, lonely. I was as pretty then as you, with the same fresh color. This youth, even before she needed it in any dire way, she stole from me." The condemnation in her muted tone was like a look into a morass. "And stealing my youth," she continued, "she planted instead a fear of her that would change as she directed to unquestioning obedience, to worship. From the moment that she 'controlled' me, as she called it, I was—dead. Oh, what she has robbed me of, and the pain of seeing it all so clearly now!"

As she drew the gloves on her shaking hands she spoke as if to herself. "It is not altogether too late. Well invested I have nearly all the money I earned while with her and with it the miserable sum she bequeathed to me. I shall snatch at what is left of life in being *myself*."

She walked silently to the door and paused there. A glory was strengthening in her face that seemed to lift its lines out of the hollows where they had been set like wires, while a bloom like the faint pink in the inside of an oyster shell, glimmered under her skin. "I laughed when I looked at her—dead," she said, a victorious chuckle mixing with the words. "Because I was *real*, myself, alive as I had not been for twenty-six years." She nodded heavily, slowly, and she slipped out.

We were so held that no one stirred until the metal clasp of the elevator gate was distantly heard.

"Wonderful!" Luther murmured, "I know now how she looked as a girl—and before, I couldn't fancy her young. She was one of those women who suggested having been forty at birth."

"Ah! Ah, ha!" This was such a boyish shout from Luther as he flung himself into a chair and sat facing us. "We have

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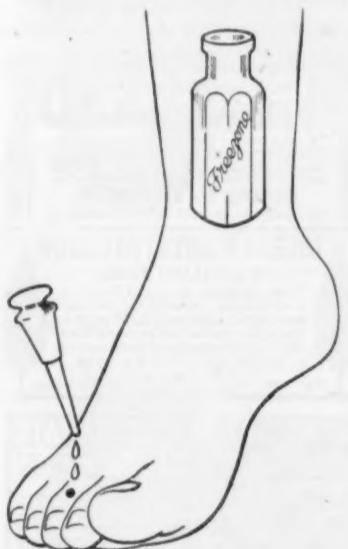
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### The Affair at Gray Walls

come to my moment," he explained with a joyous self-importance, "to what I told you would be my epilogue." He took my hand here with a strong, gentle sort of sympathy and kept it as he continued:

"The man who was with Johnny and me that last night at Gray Walls was Doctor Osborn, the oculist. When, from my visits into the house I learned how the woman spent her life in shadow, and knew that you, like Johnny's sister, had to sit in attendance on her nearly all the time in half-lights or darkness, I told the doctor that I felt there was something mighty queer about it, and he gave me a possible explanation I was most eager to see tested. If I'd let her go on, Miss Loder would have told you that all her life Mrs. Cassington had had strange eyes. Probably few knew the secret of them. In early years their oddness was very likely but partial. As she grew old this clearly changed into a condition that at times exists, as authorities will tell you. She was nyctalopic."

"You mean—what?" I whispered, cold, as an intuition of the truth spread through me, while Miss Cruith could only stare, her mouth opened to its fullest.

"She was utterly blind in the daytime or in a bright light; saw vaguely in half-lights; had normal sight only in total darkness."

"An owl!" Miss Cruith cried. "Like—an owl! That's why she kept you in the dark. She could get her crawl work in on you, for she could see you. There isn't an inch of me that isn't goose-flesh!"

I was silent, living in fancy that last night at Gray Walls; the shadows of the bedroom, I retreating in horror from eyes that I glimpsed through them and that I knew now had been able to watch my every desperate move. As my hand chilled in Luther's clasp, he held it tighter.

"Yes," he said, "born unconformable in so many many ways, Mrs. Cassington was also that rare thing—a nyctalope."

Miss McKenzie came in a moment after. She had shopped for the dinner. Miss Cruith was to cook it. And oh, how good it was to get back to the cozy, ordinary life of the little apartment!

"Chicken fricassee, asparagus and a strawberry shortcake," she announced to Luther, as sweeping Miss McKenzie into the kitchen she prepared to follow her. "We'd love to have you stay for pot-luck with us, Mr. Marquand, if you will."

They left us alone. Luther stood up and took his hat from the table. He was looking down at me, I up at him.

"What do you say?" he asked. "Shall I stay? Do you want me?"

"Oh, I do," I said. And these were almost the exact words that formed my answer to a more important question from him nearly a year later, when the grim adventure at Gray Walls had paled behind many soft veils woven of happy days.

Eris

[Continued from page 69]

"That's for you to say, sir. You brought 'er ere. She wants to dress and go away but I wouldn't 'ave it, Mr. Barry. Ambulance and 'ospital—that's what would 'appen next. And I 'ad a time with 'er, Mr. Barry. She said she was in the way and didn't want to give trouble. Hup she must get and hoff to the streets— But I 'ad 'er clothes, I did, soaking in my tubs. I let 'er cry."

After a moment's frowning reflection, "It will be awkward tonight," he suggested.

Mrs. Sniffin's nose went up. "The ladies will 'ave to powder their faces in your room, Mr. Barry, and keep their 'ands hoff the piano."

He scowled at the prospect, then—"Here, give me that tray. I'll feed her myself."

He went upstairs with the tray, knocked at the closed door.

"Tuck yourself in," he called to her. "I've come to nourish you. All set?"

After a few moments: "Yes," she said calmly.

He went in. She sat huddled up in bed, swathed to the throat in a blue bathrobe.

"Well," he exclaimed gaily, "I hear unruly reports about you. What do you mean by demanding to get up and beat it?"

She was very pale, and there were dark smears under her eyes. Her chestnut hair accented the slender purity of face and neck. Her hands seemed plump, but the bathrobe sleeve revealed a wrist and forearm much too thin.

"I can't expect you to keep me here, Mr. Annan. I've been so much trouble already—"

"Eris!" he interrupted sharply.

She looked up, startled, her gray eyes brilliant with unshed tears, and saw the boyish grin on his face.

"No weeps," he said. "No apologies. It's no trouble to have you here. And here you remain, my gay and independent little friend, until you're fit to resume this disconcerting career of yours."

[Continued in the April McCall's]



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## Now That Spring Is Here

It Calls Us to Adventure in Fields and Woods, and in Our Gardens Too

By Dorothy Giles

SPRING, being a temperamental young thing, pays slight heed to the calendar. Long before the twenty-first of March, the day set for her appearing, she is apt to grow impatient, and takes furtive peeps at the world, beguiling the pussy-willows into hasty blooming. The sky grows daily bluer and more blue; the pines, warmed by the ascending sun, give off their invigorating perfume; the peach tree twigs flush with the promise of blossom to come, and one morning a bluebird wings his shining flight across the grass. Prut! The curtain is up. Spring is here. All nature wakes and stirs and sets about a vigorous rebuilding.

For nature, infinitely wiser than we, understands how powerful is beauty, knows how barren would be our lives without its constant presence, and seeks to teach us year by year that man has an abiding kinship with the warm brown earth and green growing things.

The world's market places are thronged with hawkers, each crying the merits of his pet panacea for the ills of the world. If we would but try this remedy or that, experiment in this direction or follow that new train of thought, all our troubles would be ended, and civilization might begin to civilize. The very number of their voices grows confusing. Yet, all the while, in the fields and gardenened suburbs beyond the town, men and women are building out of living green, the stoutest bulwark of our civilization. For, as long as the ploughman continues to drive his share deep into the fruitful earth, as long as men school their hands to gentleness in contact with seedlings and budded spray, we have little to fear. Our safeguard and our pride lie not

in great cities or universities, but in our farms and village gardens. It was a French statesman, grown gray in the service of diplomacy, who pleaded: "Fathers, inspire your children with the gardening mania. They will be the better for it when grown up. Engaged in planning how to shade a glen, one is too busy to become a dangerous citizen."

We Americans have a rich garden heritage. In the cramped hold of the Mayflower we're many packets of seeds, and that first spring in the new land saw tiny gardens stretching frail fingers into the forest—tended, oh, how carefully! Here grew such comfortable old world posies as hearts-ease and London Pride—the dianthus barbatus which we call Sweet William, Prince's

Feather or cockscomb, and tall blue larkspur known too, as "larks'-heels" or "Elijah's chariot."

Still earlier, the Spanish missionaries who ventured across the Southwest brought with them the seeds of a blue flower which grew originally on the hillsides round about Jerusalem. They planted it within the walls of the mission gardens. But alien as it was, it quickly over-ran the garden walls and flung itself across the Texas fields in a riot of happy color. So came the bluebonnet, lupin polyphyllus, now the state flower of Texas.

WHEN the prairie schooners wound their creaking way over the Alleghenies, the women who looked out wistfully from the canvas hoods brought with them from their old homes, seeds and roots and slender cuttings of lilac and syringa and flowery almond. It was another version of the old story of Rachel, journeying beside her husband into a strange country, and seeking, for homesickness, to carry away the household gods of her childhood.

To each one who is garden-bred there is one flower infinitely more dear than all the rest. It may be the hollyhocks against those tall spires you measured your six-year height, or the brave blue scillas you once found flowering at the very edge of a lingering snowdrift, or the delicate sweet alyssum—only a pure white flower could have that scent. Only, wherever you may make your home, there must be a sheltered corner for that flower which has its roots deep within your heart.

What is more poignant as one drives through the country, than the sight of some ruined farmhouse, its generous chimney rising staunchly against all weathers from a thicket of lilac or snowberry or flaming Japan quince? Often there may be nothing left to mark the site save a slight depression in the ground and a loose heap of stones. The wilderness has crept close about the threshold. Yet, if an apple tree still spreads its gnarled limbs over the cellar hole, or a clump of white phlox blooms in the wilderness of milkweed and chokeberry, the heart cries out, "Here was a home!"

Stones and wood are passing things. Men bend them to their will. Only gardens remain. True immortality is theirs. And, since it is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait—come, let us plant a garden!



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## Which Was the Greater Victory?

"Look on This Picture—And on This—"

**P**ROPINQUITY is the psychological explanation of many love affairs; on the other hand persists the popular theory that one man and one woman are fated to love, that this love is worth waiting for, and that for it there can be no substitute.

The two letters following detail the diametrically opposed experiences of two women, one a spinster and another who won a husband from a wife and eventually married him. From different data, they arrive at the same conclusion, that of predestined love, or one man for one woman.

These stories raise another issue. One woman won through sacrifice, the other through achievement. Which was the greater victory?

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

I have had my share of beaus, good men, honest men, thrifty men, professional men, even some scapegoats among them. I've had a few proposals, I have even begun a trousseau. It never was completed because of the eternal questioning of my soul, "Am I doing right?"

There came a sunset hour on the summit of a beautiful mountain peak and at last my soul knew it had found the love for which it had been waiting. The beauty, the peace, the joy and thrill of that moment never have been forgotten.

In a day or two the man and I went our different ways. Though we never meet again, though wifehood and motherhood and the glad wonder of both be denied me, I shall still possess that one moment of life when the truth set me free! In that moment I understood why the other men had failed to interest me, why my trousseau had not been finished.

I desire motherhood and home and love and yet I could not accept them from another man without feeling my soul besmirched. I am not foolish enough to expect to see him again for his work leads him to far off lands.

Often something of the primitive stirs within me and there is a hurt in my heart because I am not wholly a woman with a woman's heritage—the child. Yet children I could possess only at the cost of questioning and—well—we women want happiness at its fullest and if there are question marks all along the way of life, we are either not getting what we want most or are not willing to wait until we get it.

As for me, I know that it is possible for one man to still the questioning of a woman's soul. And I would rather have this knowledge than share any counterfeit of love which life might bring me.—L. B. C., Montana.

"Unto each man his handiwork, unto each his crown, the just fate gives." But our preference in crowns varies; some easily are pleased with gold, some covet roses, some prefer the wild olive, some aspire to a crown of thorns—for sacrifice has its crown too.

In the above romance, the physical beauty of love is absolutely neglected and it ends in eternal separation, nevertheless the narrative runs like a paean and I am sure the idealist who writes rejoices in an invisible garland of gray olive leaves.

The second letter deals with the apparently successful culmination of an affinity case. But the writer mourns because the petals of her rose wreath are withering.

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

Through a business relationship, I met the man who is my husband. He was then married, he had children and as nice a home as a man could wish for. His wife was pleasant, poised, socially popular, and a good mother but she was peculiarly unemotional. I do not suppose she ever realized this fact.

The man craved sympathy and understanding. Really he craved it from his wife. Failing to get it there, a serious situation developed.

He is the only man for whom I ever could have cared. There is no doubt of my love and loyalty. But the happiness that is ours is clouded by the fact that we broke all the conventions, although neither his wife nor anyone else ever suspected the truth.

But he and I know, now, that the coldness which developed in that home undermined the wife's health. A long illness terminated fatally.

When two persons go blindly ahead in such an affair, eventually they will come to realize that winning a coveted happiness through the suffering of a third party is certain to entail remorse.

To any woman who feels attracted to a man already married let me say: Forget it now! Do not fancy for a single moment that there could be perfect happiness for you were it not for the wife.

There is something about a first marriage which makes it too sacred ever to be forgotten and no matter how much a man may think he cares for a younger woman met in later life, back in his heart is always a greater love for the bride of his youth.

If any woman feels that her husband is being attracted elsewhere, let her start in at once to conform her life to his, to make him happy at all costs. The "other woman" will win his love in that way, the wife can hold it in the



TO get one's trouble off one's mind by telling it to someone else is an old practice which modern psychology recognizes and commends. If you have a personal problem which baffles you, if you feel the need of an understanding and sympathetic listener, submit your perplexity to a woman who has read over 100,000 letters from confused and harassed persons. Sign initials only if you prefer. For a personal reply, send a stamped and self-addressed envelope. Address your letters to Mrs. Winona Wilcox, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

same way. I know that no husband turns from his wife to another woman if she makes his wishes her first interest.

To the girl who is trying to win the love of a married man, and to her who does so unintentionally, let me say that he never will forget that wife, nor cease to love her, no matter how happy he may seem to be with you.—F. N. M., Ohio.

### No Exit by This Door

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

When a wife refuses her husband's devotion, would not the man be justified in offering his love to another woman whom he admires greatly?—M. E. S., New York City.

THERE are no unwritten laws to cover such an event. The written laws are known to all. When a man's wife turns away from him, the law warrants him in divorcing her; but neither religion, convention nor law justify any married man in making love to a woman not his wife.

Cults based on the right of the individual to personal happiness at anybody's cost are mere excuses for those who lack the wish and the will to live by the hard standards of civilization. Persons of sturdier moral stock do not find it impossible to believe that it is unnecessary to be happy, but it is necessary to be right.

### Jealousy an Unescapable Instinct

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

I am ashamed to say that I am a jealous wife. When my husband refers to any girl he used to go with, I am furious.

Lately we passed one of them and my husband spoke of her with admiration. The tears came to my eyes, I could not reply. He did not understand. When I tried to explain, I acted like a silly baby. How can I check my awful fault?—O. H., Minnesota.

JEALOUSY is not always a fault. It is one of the primitive instincts. We cannot escape the emotion it produces in us but what we do with it or permit it to do with us is within our control.

The little wife who complains can prevent her feeling from making herself and her husband miserable. If she becomes madly jealous when he mentions a girl with whom he formerly "stepped around" then it is time for her to remember her former admirers. It should be easy for her to recall incidents in her own experience similar to those quoted by her husband. Thus she can balance accounts neatly. The process of curing her jealousy will be perfectly successful if carried out either verbally or mentally. More than one useless worry can be overcome in the same way.

### Glands and Eugenics

THE page about the relation of the ductless glands to conduct called out a great many inquiries which prove how earnestly modern woman is seeking scientific explanations for her age-old problems. Only in the mind of an up-to-date girl could the following doubt have arisen.

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

Physical examinations at college proved to my surprise that I am a hyper-thyroid. No one knows except my parents.

I am engaged to a splendid man who, I am sure, will be devoted to his children and lately I have been wondering if I ought to tell him of my limitation. Is it necessary to do so, in your opinion?—Marcella B., Philadelphia, Pa.

UNDoubtedly every student of eugenics would insist that a prospective father is entitled to any such information concerning the prospective mother of his children.

Only a scant store of reliable facts about the ductless glands has been accumulated by the specialists but so important is its significance that one investigator asserts, "Internal glandular analysis may become legally compulsory for those about to mate before the end of the present century."

More has been ascertained about the thyroid than about the other ductless glands. No victim of thyroid instability need remain in ignorance of the fact. Already it has been proved that cretins are born of mothers with thyroid deficiency, and that hysteria, mania, brain storms and general emotional instability of the mother before the birth of a child are explainable by thyroid excess.

What the effect of endocrine disturbances in the mother may be upon the infant cannot yet be foretold other than that an unbalanced nervous condition or deplorable abnormality is fairly certain.

Surely a man is entitled to know the probability before he assumes the responsibility of paternity.

Extravagance and a lack of the right moral attitude in money matters characterize certain glandular defectives. Both the genius and the criminal are considered the products of unbalanced endocrines.

Is it not just that such information should be exchanged by those about to marry?

Winona Wilcox

# GOLD DUST



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